

# **The Spiritual Journey** **of** **JOEL S. GOLDSMITH** *Modern Mystic*

by  
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BRGINNING OF PART A

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## **Preface**

The material for this book has been taken from many sources: the tape recordings of Joel Goldsmith's lectures and classes, letters written by him to me, conversations with him, and other unpublished material he gave me to use as I saw fit. Wherever possible, as indicated by the indented material, I have let

him tell the story in his own words which have been taken directly from the above mentioned sources. Because of this, practically every statement can be documented, and the accuracy of this work is thereby assured.

Beyond all that, however, is my personal recollection of him. I was privileged to have a close contact with Joel Goldsmith for fifteen years. For several of those fifteen years, as many as twenty-six weeks out of a year were spent in Hawaii, working with him from ten o'clock in the morning until eight or nine o'clock in the evening, and at one time I had the privilege of living in the Goldsmith home for three months. Day after day I found myself listening spellbound to Joel as he reeled off - one fascinating story after another about his experiences. When I could no longer contain myself, I told him that I thought I should write down some of the things he was saying. This met with a quick response: "Yes, you must do that. In fact, you should carry a notebook with you wherever you go because one day you will have to write my story and that of The Infinite way."

To aid in writing that story and in fulfilling what from that time on became a commitment, Joel sent me bundles of private papers he had accumulated over the years, some dating as far back as 1940, the first of which he sent in a 957 and the last in 1964, shortly before he left on his final trip to England. So I have a priceless treasure of little scribbled notes in his own handwriting, many of them on scraps of paper yellowed with age, a diary, and other bits of writing, including a skeleton outline of what he called his spiritual autobiography. All of this, plus an exchange of an average of from two to six letters a week from October, 1949, to May,

1964, made an indelible impression on me and gave me an unusual opportunity to observe at firsthand this remarkable man.

While every fact in this book is correct according to the records available to me, it is primarily an impression of the life and work of a man whose influence was of such tremendous significance to me that my first contact with him marked a turning point in my life. Because of this close association, this account of the life of Joel Goldsmith is inevitably altered through my own experience with him over those eventful years and is replete with personal incidentally all of which show the character of the man and are an integral part of the spiritual journey of Joel Goldsmith. Therefore, I ask the reader's forbearance in what may at times seem to be too frequent reference to myself, because whatever material has been used serves only to illustrate the way in which this man faced life situations and to show how the spiritual principles set forth in the message of *The Infinite Way* were evolving in his consciousness.

Many friends have played a part in the making of this book. To these I give grateful acknowledgment: Emma A. Goldsmith for permission to quote and use material from the tape recordings and writings of Joel Goldsmith; Bettie Boos Burkhart for her indefatigable work, almost around the clock, typing the work sheets; Margaret Wacker leaves for typing the manuscript in final form; and Gwen Larder Sharer for reading the manuscript and for her invaluable suggestions. To my sister Valborg Sinkler Crossland who has worked faithfully, devotedly, and with great dedication side by side with me in the preparation of this book

as she has with all the books of Joel S. Goldsmith I have edited, my gratitude is beyond measure. The importance and value of her assistance can never be fully expressed. For all these persons who have been such beautiful transparencies of Consciousness unfolding and fulfilling Itself, I am most grateful.

*L.S. Palm Beach, Florida*

## Prologue

It was the 28th day of September, 1949, for me just another day and another routine appointment. There was little expectation that the day would have any special meaning or that anything would come of that five o'clock meeting. So many such interviews had been fruitless, not only fruitless, but frustrating and disappointing.

Almost seven years before this I had realized that my search for ultimate Reality must be aided and the way pointed out by a teacher who could take me to that final step which I had begun to suspect was the goal of life. That no slightest opportunity to find that one teacher should be passed by, I not only studied the religious announcements in the Saturday newspapers to see who was coming to the city, but I went to hear everyone who purported to have any kind of a spiritual message and, if possible arranged for an appointment with each one to be sure that I would not judge hastily and thereby miss my great opportunity.

And there were all kinds: sincere, inept, uninspired men and women, some preying upon an undiscerning public, unenlightened

but ambitious persons, sometimes somewhat pathetic in their ignorance. Nearly all of them made great promises, but instinctively I felt that their promises were nothing more than that. An inner intuition enabled me very quickly to separate those persons who were sincere, even though they had nothing for me, from those who were charlatans.

So when I drove some thirty miles from Highland Park down to the Loop in Chicago to see Joel Goldsmith, there was little anticipation that this would mark the end of my search for a teacher. Promptly at the appointed hour of five o'clock I opened the door of a small room to find a short, stocky man pacing up and down, wondering why his last appointment had not arrived minutes before the scheduled time, quite typical of a man who wanted tomorrow's work finished yesterday.

A cursory glance at this man would reveal little to the casual observer. Quite unprepossessing to look at, perhaps the one thing about him that stood out most was his piercing eyes that seemed to see right through a person. He had a shock of thick, rather wavy hair, black but with a sprinkling of gray throughout. He was immaculately dressed, and his custom of wearing a string tie, black and tied in a small bow, with long ends hanging down, further distinguished him from most other men.

Nearly fifty people had come to see him that day, and each one had been allotted about ten minutes. But because so many of the appointments were even less than ten minutes, he had finished early, probably weary of those who came, some eagerly, some desperately, with lists of things they wanted to get, while none or few came for

what he really had to give. As I walked in, I found myself wondering what I could say to such a man. Most of his sixteen years as a practitioner of spiritual healing must have been spent listening to people who went to him for help with various kinds of problems. But I had no problem, no problem except the big one of wanting to know God. How could I say this to a complete and total stranger? It seemed too sacred to reveal to someone I had never met before and whom I might never see again.

As I sat down, in order to hide my real purpose, I thought of something about which I could ask for spiritual help and quickly stated it. Without saying a word, this quiet man closed his eyes and sat in an attitude of meditation for perhaps five minutes. When he opened his eyes, he looked at me and asked, "What is God?"

That was quite unexpected, and I found myself hesitating and halting, although I had already devoted years and years to the search for God and probably knew most of the words used to describe the Unknowable. To name It was something I could not do. There were no words until finally, shyly and almost apologetically, the words 'I am a part of God --'

"Oh no you are not!" he interrupted me emphatically. "You are the fullness of God." This was all that was necessary, and somehow or other we found ourselves talking animatedly about God and the spiritual path and the Way. For about an hour! As I left, he urged me to keep in touch with him, and this contact which began then has never been broken.

When the interview was terminated, I knew

that I had found the teacher for whom I had been searching, and a strange kind of irrepressible joy filled my whole being. It was past six o'clock and, although I felt as if I had wings on my feet and certainly had no need or desire for such a down-to-earth thing as food, nevertheless, my sister, a friend, and I went out for dinner immediately after this appointment. When the waitress came up to serve us a totally strange and unknown person - she turned to me and said, "Congratulations on your birthday."

"But it's not my birthday" I responded.

"It must be something special because I feel so much joy."

She was right; it was my *real* birthday, the day when I caught a glimpse of my Self and Its potentialities. There was joy then, as there has been from that day on and forever. My feet have walked over some rough places, very rocky ones, but that inner joy has remained, and somehow the vision has continued to soar high above the rocks, the lions, and the tigers of this world.

## 1. **Beginnings: Human and Spiritual**

How does a person tell the story of a man who defies description, but in whose presence one felt stirred to reach for Something beyond the limited horizon of this three dimensional world? It is a well-nigh impossible task to portray a living soul such as that. Yet this story of a modern mystic whose work has affected deeply the lives of thousands of persons must be told.

His beginnings and early life gave little indication of the fire within him which was to ignite a light in so many whose lives he touched. How could a man who, in his first thirty-six years, had lived a completely worldly life become a mystic and a spiritual teacher, both healing and teaching from the mystical state of consciousness? What a journey! From traveling salesman to mystic! A man with only an eighth grade education, the author of some thirty books! A publisher in Germany who asked permission to publish his writings in German said that many men wrote books about mysticism, but Joel Goldsmith was one of the few men who not only wrote about it, but who was himself a mystic with his entire work stemming from the mystical experience.

Over and over again Joel Goldsmith told me that when I wrote his biography there was to be a minimum of factual data because that was not the measure of the man: what counted was what he was and his work. Always the work was the most important consideration to him. Joel knew that someday someone would write his life story, and he hoped it would be written by a person who had been close enough to him to understand his work. It was for this reason that he sent me approximately eight pages setting forth what he considered the essential biographical data necessary, along with the following letter:

October 11, 1957

Dear Lorraine:

This is a skeleton. At each major point I will elaborate, but wished you to see what is in thought. All comments welcome.

Love,  
Joel

Interestingly enough, the material he sent was written in the third person and in it of his antecedents he wrote as follows:

Joel Goldsmith was born in New York City on March 10, 1892. His parents were also born in New York City, his father on March 10, 1872, and his mother on October 10, 1872. His father and mother's parents were both English and came to the United States sometime during or before the Civil War. They were singers in opera, and her father was a cigar maker by trade. He was associated with Samuel Gompers in the organization of the first trade union in the United States in the tobacco industry, but being sensitive by nature, he could not stand the rough and tumble of unionism and soon left that activity.

His father's mother was a German girl who came to the United States when she was nine years of age. His father's father was from Holland. There is no record of when he came to the United States. He passed on when Joel's father was two years of age. Joel's mother lost her mother at nine years of age, so both parents of Joel were brought up in the Hebrew Orphan Asylum in New York City, the mother until about the age of ten and the father until the age of thirteen, when he went out to carve his own way in life. Joel's parents married in New York City in 1891. Joel was their first child; he had a brother two years and four months younger than he, and a sister two years younger than the brother.

There was nothing particularly unusual about his birth or early life, nothing to point the direction future years would take. Like all babies, he came into the world crying lustily,

but unlike most of them, according to his mother, he continued crying for two years. Later he said it must have been because he took one quick look at the world about him and found it not to his liking.

According to family tradition, he was named Joel Sol Goldsmith because the firstborn son was called either Joel Sol or Sol Joel, depending upon the name of the father. His grandfather was Joel Sol, his father Sol Joel, so he became Joel Sol. It was a name of which he was so proud that even on his elementary school papers he never omitted the middle name Sol, nor as a young adult would he even permit the "S" to be omitted when his name was written. After his first spiritual experience, however, the "S" did not interest him any more and he stopped using it except for legal purposes. Later even his last name dropped away, and the only name he used was Joel. Everyone who knew him called him Joel, and gradually it came about that as he wrote "Joel," the signature seemed to be complete.

His life was probably like that of most youngsters of that age and time, even though, young as he was, he later confessed to feeling a certain sense of detachment and even sadness about the world into which he had been thrust by birth, a feeling not usually found in children.

After Joel's father left the orphanage, he began working for \$5.50 a week, but about ten years later while in his twenties, his importing business was yielding him an income of from \$12,000 to \$15,000 a year, quite a substantial amount for the early 1900's. The family lived on Riverside Drive in a tastefully furnished ten-room apartment with three baths and paid the awesome rental

of \$125 a month.

Their home life was pleasant, especially when the father was away on business. They gathered as a closely knit family group each night for dinner, followed by a game of bridge. This routine was broken by frequent visits to the theater and the opera.

A housekeeper and a houseman, who doubled as a chauffeur, maintained the apartment, thus freeing Joel's mother for charitable work, which occupied much of her time. Her other great interest lay in music, stemming perhaps from her parents' interest in music and from her years as a protégée of Walter Damrosch, the famous musician and music critic. In 1957 and 1958, when I spent several months in the home of the Goldsmiths in Hawai'i, I often found myself humming some bit from one of my favorite operas, which brought forth this response from Joel: "That's like my mother. She, too, went about our home singing all day long.

A very close relationship existed between Joel and his mother, a bond that he felt had begun in some lifetime other than this. In spite of their closeness, however, a credibility gap almost developed between them when one day, shortly before Christmas, his mother told him that there was no Santa Claus and so there was no use for him to hang up his stocking. She took him around to the various department stores to prove it. Every store had a Santa Claus. As they went from store to store she said, "You see, there is no Santa Claus. He is just a man made up to look like Santa Claus."

Of this Joel later said, "My mother didn't convince me at all, so I hung up my stocking just in case. He went on to make the point

that no one can convince us that our convictions due to early conditioning are wrong, just as no one can convince us that the God of our ancestors does not exist. We have to outgrow these ingrained concepts ourselves and we have to do it consciously, which is not easy to do.

Since his father traveled extensively in the course of his business, Joel, as the elder son, and his mother spent much time together. Every Friday and Saturday night he would take her out to dinner and to the theater, all dressed up in a little tuxedo suit she had made for him when he was just past thirteen.

Then the day came when he had to travel, and he began to write her a letter every day, seven days a week, a portent of his proclivity for letter writing in later years. Throughout their entire experience together he said that there was hardly a day when he did not write her a letter. They were not always mailed each day, but there were times when she received as many as five letters at once.

When she left his visible sight, it was a moment of complete torture for him. He knew then what it was to lose his God because at that time there was no God closer to him than his mother.

On many occasions during the years I knew him, Joel spoke of his early life, often remarking about how little there was in it outwardly to give any indication of what his life was to become. He wondered how he could have lived two such completely different lives in the same lifetime. In 1958 in Chicago he said:

How could this happen: What could make such a thing happen? Then I go back inside

and I say, "Is that really true? Am I not now the person that I always was, but couldn't show outwardly because I didn't know how to reach it? Isn't this what I always longed for? Isn't this what I always visioned but couldn't break through?"

I know the answer. I can go all the way back and hear my mother saying, "I know what's wrong with you, Joel. You are looking for God."

I said, "Mom, how can you say that? I don't even know if there is a God.

"Oh but I know that you are looking for God."

Certainly I was, and this life today is just the fruition. I came into this world looking for God. You can't tell it if you look at my first thirty-eight years. It was all locked up inside of me. I wouldn't have dared tell that to anybody except my own mother. Later, when I was nineteen, I did tell my mother, "I have discovered you are right. There is a God, but I can't find Him. No matter to whom I talk, they don't seem to know Him.

And she said, "Well, please don't stop, and when you find Him, come and tell me. And I hope I am telling her.

It was a very tender moment in that Chicago class when Joel told this incident long after his mother had gone on.

While Joel's mother and father were God-fearing people of Hebrew ancestry, they were not practicing Jews, and Joel was never taught any of the precepts of the Judaic faith except that all the children were given instruction in the Ten Commandants. Holy

days, such as the Day of Atonement and Passover, were observed in what would be considered a very unsatisfactory manner by orthodox Jews; that is, the Goldsmith family observed these days by recognizing that the Jews were observing them. They did not go to temple or synagogue, and if they had matzoth in the home at Passover, it was only because they enjoyed eating them.

For this family the two principal holidays in the year were Christmas and Easter, not for any religious reason, but because they all liked to give and receive gifts, and these holidays gave them a good excuse for gift giving. So for the first few years of Joel's life there was no formal religious training whatever with the exception of "the advice from my mother that obeying the Ten Commandments would keep me out of trouble, make me a decent citizen, and if I had an interest then in religious subjects, I could follow out my search in any way that opened to me, without being handicapped by any one religious teaching,

When Joel was a little past twelve, his mother told him that some day he might want to know more about the different churches and religions in the world and especially about God. If he wanted to begin, he could have the opportunity to gain some of that knowledge in the Jewish temple because traditionally, at thirteen a boy in the Jewish faith takes on the responsibilities of manhood, and then is supposed to begin deciding his future. At about twelve and a half years, therefore, he was sent to a Reform Jewish temple and given some instruction so that he could be confirmed at thirteen. To him confirmation was an unpleasant experience; he rebelled against the kind of prayers uttered on that day, and he never

went back to temple afterwards except many years later when a customer, while he was on the road, insisted on taking him there one holiday.

In 1907 he met a young German boy who was in New York for the purpose of learning English, and who later returned home for business reasons. Out of this meeting grew a friendship which lasted for forty-nine years, a bond so strong that in later years Joel recognized it as a spiritual relationship.

In all those years there was never a misunderstanding between them, years in which there were occasions when if Joel needed money it was always available from Hans, while Hans would always find Joel ready to share with him. During those forty-nine years of friendship in which two wars divided them and in which Hans was on the German side and Joel on the American side, never for one minute was the bond between them broken. When Hans passed on, he paid Joel the honor of leaving his family, a widow with three children, to his care. They continued to be his family and Joel a part of their family. He saw that they did not lack, and every year that he went to Germany he visited them.

Joel completed the eighth grade, but his formal schooling terminated after a few months in high school, due to an argument he had with the principal. Even those first eight years were frequently interrupted when he played hooky to steal away to matinee performances of Shakespeare at a nearby theater. Then as always the theater had a tremendous fascination for him. Years later, in fact, when he was conducting an Infinite Way class in Los Angeles, he found himself quoting Shakespeare accurately on the

subject of defamation of character, adding proudly, "Not bad after fifty-four years.

The very day Joel quit school, his father began to teach him all that he knew about the importing business. A few years after that, when he was sixteen and a half, Joel was taken to Europe on a buying expedition as an assistant to his father, who was a buyer of European laces and allied lines of merchandise. To this work Joel brought an innate intuitive faculty that knew exactly the right laces to buy at the right time. So his travels began, at first in connection with the business world that was to occupy him for the early part of his life.

Joel's father had begun to travel to Europe on business about 1900. Whenever the father made a trip, a little black case had to be taken down to the drug store to be filled with bicarbonate of soda, other aids to digestion, and aspirin. There were twelve remedies that had to be ready for each trip, and the little black case usually came home practically empty. In fact there was so much illness in the family when he was a child that at one time Joel wanted to become a doctor and began reading medical books.

In 1915 on one of these buying trips his father became ill, was taken off a ship at Southampton, and rushed to Nottingham, where he was in a hospital seventy-seven days. Then the cable came, "Goldsmith dying. Send for body." This news, of course, created pandemonium in the household, and in the confusion that followed Joel took charge, arranged the details, and saw his mother off to England.

That night Joel had an engagement to take a friend to dinner, so he decided that he should



call at her home and explain the situation. When he arrived there, he met her father, to whom he confided that he had put his mother on a steamer that afternoon to go to Europe to bring back his father's body. The conversation as Joel described it ran somewhat like this:

The girl's father then asked, "When did your father die?"

"He is not dead yet but he is dying or he may be dead by now," and Joel showed him the cable.

"Oh no," he said "you are a very young man, and your father must be comparatively young, too. He doesn't have to die."

To Joel that seemed a strange comment. "He doesn't have to die? The doctors say so. He has been in the hospital for seventy-seven days."

"Well, have you ever heard of prayer and prayer healing?"

"No the only prayer I know is 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' Do you mean Christian science?"

"Yes."

"Mind over matter! I've read about that in the paper. You don't really think that that would help anybody, do you?"

"I am a Christian Science practitioner, and I do believe it? This came as almost as much of a shock to Joel as the cable had been. But his courteous reply was, "If you can help him, of course, do so. It would be a marvelous thing if he could come home,"

The practitioner did not try to explain the principle involved to Joel or probably he would not even have asked him to help his father. He thought the practitioner was just going to pray to God, and if he were holy enough maybe God would answer him. Joel knew nothing about healing by prayer but felt that it could do no harm. Certainly it did no harm because when Joel's mother landed in England his father was up, dressed, and ready to go home, and for twenty-five years after that knew very little of illness, even surviving his wife by a number of years.

The miraculous recovery of his father led Joel to begin a desultory study of Christian Science, in which he sought answers to the questions that naturally arose in the mind of a person who had traveled the world as he had, questions that kept plaguing him with an urgency that drove him on.

On his first trip to Europe in 1909, when the German and the English fleets were facing each other in the North Sea and he heard the newsboys on the streets of London calling out their "Extra! Extra!" telling of the imminence of war, he began to wonder where God was in all that. Then a few weeks later his father took him to Paris and wisely showed him the darkest and most wicked side of night life in Paris which the father thought could serve only to disgust Joel so that he would have no illusions about it and not believe that it was something attractive or glamorous. Again his thought went to the question: Where is God? How do men and women get into this condition, with all the churches in the world and all the praying?

My entire family background is Hebrew, and never in my life had I known anything of a

Christian teaching. In fact, I had never known anything of any teaching except the Ten Commandments. But when I was nineteen, whether it was the Voice or an impression, Something within me said, "Find the man Jesus, and you will have the secret of life." That was a strange thing to say to me because I knew nothing of Jesus Christ beyond the name and that Christmas was a holiday celebrating his birth. But from that minute on my life has been dedicated to that man Jesus and his secret.

Six months after that, this Voice or impression said, "Become a Mason and learn about God? I knew nothing about Masonry, and there was no one in my family who knew anything about it. So I learned that I would be eligible to join a Masonic Order when I was twenty-one. My business associate helped me become a Mason, and the Voice fulfilled Itself in Its promise because the First night in the Masonic Lodge, I learned something about God that I had never known before and also something about prayer<sup>3</sup> I was given the First Degree the week after I was twenty-one, and at twenty-two I had my Thirty-second Degree.

At that First Degree of initiation, I was presented with a Bible, and while I had been traveling since I was sixteen and a half years of age and had seen many Gideon Bibles in hotel rooms, believe it or not, this was the first time I ever knew what a Bible was. So you see I was pretty ignorant of religion, and of course I had never studied anything in the way of philosophy or anything of that kind because my school days ended with six months of high school. . . . So I had no knowledge of philosophy or religion, and yet all the time I was searching, searching for something we call God. It was from then on

that this search for God or this search for an answer to the mystery of life became active within me.<sup>4</sup>

All his life, Joel maintained a serious interest in Masonry and kept a close association with the Masonic Order. In 1923 he received an honorary membership in a Masonic Lodge in Germany, and of his work in Masonry, Darcy Lodge of New York City wrote the following on the program introducing him when he gave a talk there on May 12 , 1958:

Brother Joel S. Goldsmith was raised in Darcy Lodge on February 13, 1914. . . . During World War 1, Brother Goldsmith was a founder and president of the Marines' Masonic Club of Quantico, Virginia. His services as such received the recognition of several 33rd Degree and KCCH Masons in Washington.

In later years he became vitally interested in Esoteric Masonry and the work of Wilmhurst, giving talks on this little understood subject to many different lodges. In 1957 he was made an honorary member of the Lodge of Living Stones #4957, of Leeds, England. His Scottish Rite affiliation was in Honolulu where he was a member of the Aloha Temple Shrine, and where on several different occasions he gave the Maundy Thursday and Easter Sunday work for the Scottish Rite Body.

When the United States entered World War I, Joe1, in his enthusiasm to "lick the Kaiser" volunteered in the Marines. He was stationed at Parris Island and there underwent the rigorous training to which Marines are subjected.

During this time he served as Second Reader

in a Christian Science Society organized for a little group of Marines. There were many long hours of pondering on how it was possible to follow the teaching of the Master, Christ Jesus, and go out and kill. It was then that the Bible, which was at his bedside, dropped on the floor and opened to the passage, "Neither pray I for these alone."

In that moment the passage was illumined for him, and he saw the mistaken zeal in the practice of the churches that opened their doors to pray for victory while none of them was praying for the enemy. Suddenly he knew that the only righteous or effectual prayer anyone could pray is the prayer for the enemy, a form of prayer which from that moment on he began to practice diligently.

Shortly thereafter his platoon was divided in half on the basis of a numbering-off system. One-half of the men were sent to Europe where nearly all of them perished in the Battle of Château-Thierry. The other half remained to be given further artillery practice. Joel, along with a young corporal named Perry Wheeler who knew him well in those days and who many years later became the husband of my sister Swanhild, remained in the United States and never had to fire a shot at anyone.

Sitting in the Wheeler living room one day early in July of 1958 and looking at some snapshots my sister Valborg was going to incorporate in a family album for Swanhild and Perry, our eyes lighted upon a picture of our brother-in-law and three other Marines. Valborg and I looked questioningly at each other as our eyes fell upon the third man in the picture and as Perry retold that same story of the division of the men in his platoon into two groups.

When we asked Perry who this man was, he casually told us that his name was Goldsmith, but did not recall his given name. Furthermore, on the Masonic program Perry had saved from his Parris Island days a bugler by the name of Julius Goldsmith was listed, but no Joel Goldsmith. It did not add up although the likeness of the man in the picture to Joel was so great and the stories so identical that we had a duplicate made, which I hesitatingly sent to Joel in London with the query as to who these men were and if he might possibly be one of them. His reply was like the man and showed his delightful sense of humor better than any descriptive words could possibly do:

July 25, 1958

Dear Lorraine:

You shock me! Even if you did not know the name, how you could possibly not recognize me - since I have hardly changed even a tiny bit since then? I just looked in the mirror and I truly believe this is a photo of me taken very, very recently, with the others dubbed in! Of course, that is Joel, buck private in the rear ranks - 10 Regt-Artillery Quantico, Va.- Associate Editor of the Quantico Leatherneck, Second Reader of C. S. Services, and President and Chairman of the Board, Marines Masonic Club, Quantico. On one side is Corp. Wheeler, on the other is Estes, and on his side is the brains whose name this instant eludes me, but it will come back as I knew him well.

Now where did you unearth this? Is Wheeler still about? Or Estes? The latter had a brother with us.

I understand your query - how could one as young as Joel have been in that photo in

1918? How my past rises up! . . .

Love,  
Joel

After the war was over Joel found that it marked the end of an era for the world as well as for his father's importing business. By this time handmade dresses had become almost obsolete and mass production of clothing had taken over. Handmade imported lace was no longer in demand, and Joel was called upon to try to hold together the family business. In this effort he failed, and the business collapsed.

In addition to business difficulties he became critically ill with tuberculosis and was given three months to live. Since there was no medical hope, he decided that he would seek help from a Christian Science practitioner, which he did, and in three months he made a complete recovery. When Joel was telling of this experience a few years ago, a skeptic insisted that a wrong diagnosis had been made and that Joel had never had such a thing, because if he had, it could not have been cured. Joel agreed to submit to an X-ray examination, which showed that he had only one lung, but where the other lung should have been, there was, as he described it to me, a wall of muscle.

After the family business collapsed, Joel once more became a traveling man, selling different kinds of articles, most of them in some way connected with women's apparel. Even then, before he had been touched by any kind of spiritual experience, his attitude toward selling was quite different from that of the average salesman, which is perhaps why he was so successful.

The firm that he represented sent him to Pittsburgh to take over that territory for a year. His first call was upon a buyer in the largest department store in the area, and the first thing she said after he introduced himself was, "No, I don't need anything."

"Well, of course, you don't know me, so would you mind if I explained a little about myself?" He went on to tell her that he would be there for a year in accordance with his contract. That meant that he would be calling on her twice a month for about nine months out of the year, eighteen times in all. "Each time I'm going to come in and call on you. If you say to me, 'No, I don't need anything,' I'll either walk out or talk to you about something else. But never will I say, 'Will you reconsidered or I have something else.'"

She looked at him and said, "You will never make good as a salesman. You know a salesman's work only begins when the buyer says, No."

"You've met an entirely different type of salesman. I know what I have in my trunk. I have a marvelous line of merchandise. It is as important for the buyer to have it as it is for me to sell it, and it is up to the buyer to know that. So I will offer it with all the love in my heart, and if the buyer doesn't want it, that will be all right with me, too."

In his entire territory that year, that buyer became Joel's best customer because she came to realize he was telling her the truth. He had unbounded confidence in what he had to sell; he knew that it was good, and he knew it was good for her. It might not be good for her department every time he called, but it was a good article, and on that basis he worked.

Even in those early days Joel was intuitively aware of certain spiritual principles, and so he recognized that when a salesman goes into a business house to sell, normally the buyer immediately puts up a defense, and then the salesman is supposed to break down that defense. If a salesman, however, were to go into a business house in the realization that he had a good product and that if the buyer needed it today, it was available to him, and if he didn't need it that was all right too, the buyer would feel that the salesman was not coming there to make a sale, but coming to be of service.

Of this period of his life, while he was selling on the road, endlessly traveling, Joel sent me a notation which he had written in Hawai'i on July 11, 1963:

My life has been told in two Bible passages; "My kingdom is not of this world" and "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." At no time have I known pleasure, or profit, or success in "this world." There was no interest in school except in the reading of books.

In my years of business and travel, there were no delights. Business was merely a livelihood, and travel was a means to that end.

And in family life, which was surely above the average in comfort and fellowship, there was no pleasure, no joy, no satisfaction. I still have no awareness of what kept me going on the fruitless rounds of days and nights because there was no hope of attaining anything better.

There were many years of trying to lose myself in theaters, restaurants, and night

clubs in New York, Paris, Berlin, and many other cities, but these pleasures were but means of forgetting.

Strange, indeed, and unhappy is the life devoid of human satisfaction and means of human peace, more especially when no thought of possible spiritual joys and victories enters in. Even when I sought for spiritual knowledge there was no hope or sense that fulfillment would come. In fact, how could I know the meaning of fulfillment?

This chapter is no gloomier to hear than my life was to live, although this could not have been visible to those around me. Always there was a sufficiency of the things money will buy, always lots of baubles and bangles.

What must have appeared outwardly as a very mediocre life was passed with no deep drama and certainly no light comedy until That Day when, in meditation with an acquaintance, the veil was lifted, and I entered another world, actually another state of consciousness.

It seemed like a dream world, because I went through the motions of daily living without any apparent change. Yet the whole outer experience was as if walking through a dream. Many who came to me seeking healing, for no known reason, received it although I know not how or why.

Although Joel was a master salesman and very successful for a number of years, a time came when his business became less and less, diminishing to the point of no return, even with all the spiritual help that he sought. Still at this time he had no thought of anything other than a business career. It was

during that period that he contracted a very bad cold. What happened he tells in his own words:

I was taken sick in the city of Detroit, went to a building that was filled with Christian Science practitioners, found the name of a practitioner on the board, went up to this man's office, and asked him to help me. He told me that it was Saturday and that he didn't take patients on Saturday. That day he always spent in meditation and prayer.

To this I said, "Of course you wouldn't turn me out looking the way I do," and I really was looking bad.

"No come on in."

And I went in, and he permitted me to stay there two hours with him. He talked to me of the Bible; he talked to me of truth. Long before the two hours were up, I was healed of that cold, and when I went out on the street I found I couldn't smoke any more. When eating my dinner I found I couldn't drink any more. The following week I found I couldn't play cards any more, and I also found that I couldn't go to the horse races any more. And the businessman had died.

Within thirty-six hours after my first spiritual experience, a woman buyer who was a customer of mine said that if I would pray for her she would be healed. The only prayer I knew at that moment was "Now I lay me down to sleeper," and I didn't see that that was going to do much healing.

But she insisted that if I would pray for her she would be healed and there was nothing for me to do but pray. So I closed my eyes, and I am happy to say that I have always

been honest with God. I said, "Father, You know that I don't know how to pray, and I certainly know nothing about healing. So if there is anything I should do, tell me," And very, very clearly, as much so as if I were hearing a voice, I realized that man is not a healer. That satisfied me.

That was the extent of my praying, but the woman had her healing, a healing of alcoholism.

The next day a traveling salesman came in and said, Joel, I don't know what your religion is, but I do know that if you pray for me, I could get well."

What are you going to do about that? Argue? No. "Let's close our eyes and pray." And so I closed my eyes and said, "Father, here's another customer!" But while my eyes were closed and nothing was happening, the salesman touched me and said, "Wonderful, the pain is gone."<sup>6</sup>

That was a daily experience. The only problem was that I had too few customers and too many patients. A transformation had taken place. Where had it taken place? It had taken place in my consciousness, not anywhere else, not outside. It was the same individual whose whole thought had been on business and pleasure. All of a sudden his whole thought was on God and healing, the same individual, only with a transformation such as took place in the experience of Moses, a realization of true identity, an experience that must have taken place in the minds of many others before and since.<sup>7</sup>

From this moment on there were two men. There was Joel, an individual always hovering around somewhere in the

background, but showing tendencies which continuously led to many human mistakes, many human errors of judgment, many human discords, but fortunately only apparent to himself at intervals. On the other hand, there was the individual who on that day of revelation or regeneration was ordained within as a spiritual healer.<sup>8</sup>

From that day to this I have paid respect to the practitioner for having been responsible for the entire change in my life and for all that has happened to me in a spiritual way since then. . . . It is true that my thirteen years of work prepared me for such an experience, but his was the touch that brought about the transformation. It was he who changed my life, he who was accustomed to spend one whole day every week without taking a patient, without attempting to earn a dollar, without attempting to use spiritual power, one whole day a week in every week just to renew and fulfill himself with the Spirit. And look what that practice of spending a day like that did for me!<sup>9</sup>

## 2. The Preparation

And so the businessman in Joel died. Although five Christian Science practitioners had been helping him at various times so that his business would improve, it continued to dwindle until finally he found himself penniless. Strangely enough, though, with this failure of his business, many business acquaintances began asking him to pray for them, which was certainly a twist. By this time Joel had entered upon a serious study of Christian Science: he joined the church and took class instruction.

One morning after Joel's partner told him that he had had twenty-two calls and not one from a customer, he took the partner's advice, went uptown, and opened an office to engage in the healing ministry under the banner of Christian Science. His resources were so depleted that he did not have an extra dime to his name and, in order to embark on this new venture, he had to borrow \$200, using \$125 for rent and the other \$125 for living expenses. His hope had been that through prayer he would be able to see God's hand manifest in more orders, but as he said years later, God paid no attention to him or to the five very good practitioners who had been helping him. Joel did not understand how God could have done this to him, but he recognized that the will of God does not operate according to the stupidity or personal will of man.

Shortly after he had become a member of a Christian Science branch church in New York, a young man came to him and said that he was serving as usher at the Christian Science Services in Rikers Island Prison and wanted to go on vacation but would not be able to go unless a substitute could be provided. He explained to Joel what the work entailed, and asked him if he would like to substitute for him, to which Joel replied that he would be interested.

The young man went to the chairman of the committee who had charge of the prison work, and when the chairman was told the name of the proposed substitute, she said, "Oh, no, he is not your substitute", he is my reader."

"What do mean?"

"That is my demonstration. We have an opening for a reader at the prison service. I knew the reader would be supplied, and the other night the name Goldsmith came to me. I didn't know any Goldsmith and didn't know what connection it had with our reader. But the man you have met is my Goldsmith, and he is our reader.

Usually before such an appointment could be made one had to have an audition to prove that he would be satisfactory, but Joel immediately received a three-year appointment over the telephone simply because the chairman had had a dream of a man named Goldsmith as the reader.

Joel was told to spend a great deal of time doing "protective work" against sin-filled thoughts before each service he read. So he worked diligently from Friday night to Sunday morning, but the more work of this type he did, the more difficult his job became until he realized that Christ was the mind of these men and that Christ was the only identity with which he was faced.

After that the attendance grew rapidly at the prison service, and the work progressed so well that soon some of the prisoners were doing healing work inside the prison. All this took place within a period of two years, Joel said, by a conscious act of forgiving, not saying, "Oh, you sinner, I will let you off." That is not forgiving. The forgiving was real forgiveness. "Thy sins be forgiven thee. Now let us start all over and let me recognize your true identity and no longer feel that I am more righteous than you, but rather that spiritually we are one."

The men in the prison who had enough spiritual attunement were drawn to that

service. Interestingly enough, on Thanksgiving morning one could hear the guards going through the prison, announcing services of the various church denominations and that free gifts such as cigarettes and candy would be distributed. Following this came the announcement, "Eleven o'clock, Christian Science Service. No free gifts." But there was still a full attendance without free gifts because there was this act of forgiveness, this act of understanding.

Forgiveness as a principle of life, the first glimpse of which came to him as a Marine, played an important part in Joel's practice and life. Its efficacy was demonstrated in the case of a man who was an architect and builder, with his work largely in the area of building Christian Science churches and luxury homes for those in the upper income bracket. During the depression of 1929 he lost everything he had, and he and his wife, in order to support themselves, went out to do Christian Science nursing.

One day he turned to Joel, asking for spiritual help in order to collect a large sum of money someone owed him. If he could collect that money, he felt it would be enough to carry him through the depression. Could Joel help him collect it?

God very quickly gave Joel the words, "No, I can't, and if I could I wouldn't, because maybe the man who owes you the money is in worse position than you are and, in taking it from him, you might be depriving him or his wife or children or grandchildren. I am not interested in helping you collect your money but I can give you spiritual help."

"How?"



"Well, I don't know. Let's see." And as they sat for a few moments in meditation, the answer came to Joel out of the Lord's Prayer, "' Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.' There's your answer. Forgive this man his debt, and you will be forgiven your lack.

"That's the only thing I've got left."

"No," Joel said, "you are in the position of a lot of us. God is the only thing you have left. Everything else has flown, so let's see what God can do. Actually God can't do anything: God is doing all He can do, but you and I can do something, and that is to come into harmony with the law. We have been given the law in accord with the Lord's Prayer, the prayer of law. And what is the law? Forgive me as I forgive others."

The man, desperate as he was, agreed to try to put this principle into practice and to forgive his debtor. ' I am not going to say anything to him. If he wants to pay it, he can; but as far as I am concerned, that is dead. Now if I am to live, I will have to live through the Grace of God. I will have no more reliance on anything in this human world."

That night he was called upon to help design a building, and his check for his work on that project was not only enough for him to live on for two weeks but also to pay up a few back debts. When the two weeks were up he received a call from Long Island and was asked, "Are you the architect who designed a Christian Science Church in 1919 that has never been built?"

"Yes I am that man."

"Well, now we are ready to build it." He started the building, and at the same time he was called to New Jersey to begin work on a government project. In two years he was a partner in a building and construction company. True, this man was a capable person, but the point is that the miracle took place not through anything that was in a book, not through reading the Lord's Prayer, but through acting upon it, through an act of consciousness.

The sick - those sick, physically, mentally, morally, and financially - came to Joel and found release. He was driven by a tremendous force within him that would not let him rest. Hour after hour he studied, prayed, and studied.

At the beginning of my work, I did not know truth. . . .When I began healing work, it was by closing my eyes, just sitting there quietly waiting. A deep breath would come to me, and the patient was very quickly healed. In those days most of the healings were quick ones and many of them instantaneous, but there was no knowledge behind my work. There was only the gift of the Spirit.<sup>1</sup>

In his early days of study Joel would spend four, five, and six hours a day with concordances, the Bible, and Mary Baker Eddy's writings, poring over them and then meditating. He soon found out which Christian Science lecturers had the Spirit and would go to hear them, often attending three or four lectures a week. It was not always that he felt that what they said was absolute truth, but there was enough realized consciousness in these lecturers to help break down the resistance to truth that is in most of us by birth.

Those early days of the practice were difficult ones. Far from improving his condition, Joel found his situation considerably worsening:

If I had been looking for supply, I will tell you truthfully, I found more lack than I had ever known before. If I had been looking for health, I didn't find it; and if I had been looking for home and companionship, I can tell you that I was down to no friends and no home.

When the spiritual light touched me, it took from me everything in my human world: position, income, friends, family, home, and money. It was a housecleaning, and I am sure that some of my former friends looked at my experience and, knowing that I was trying to make a spiritual demonstration, must have said that they would rather get along without God. I can hardly blame them, judging from appearances, because the outer picture was bleak, and it wasn't bleak for only a week or two.

As far as I was concerned, I wasn't aware of the outer picture except that it was happening, but it wasn't touching me because inside something wonderful had taken place. I had really left this world and come into a realization of "My\* kingdom," and so probably wasn't as aware as my friends were of all the lacks and limitations that I was going through. But the point is that it was a spiritual experience, a religious experience. It really was an act of Grace, but it had the effect of what the Master called overcoming the world, although I don't know if it was overctlmns it or just destroying it because it was bombed out.

\* *My and Me, capitalized, refer to God.*

For several years it was a hard struggle, years of knowing friendlessness and what it was to be without family. Yet during those years healing works were coming through. Other people were being benefited and blessed, and I am sure that if it hadn't been that this time just coincided with the beginning of the Great Depression, those who had benefited would have been happy to share with me and to express gratitude, but financially they themselves were going through terrible days and so sharing wasn't easy.

Then, of course, gradually as more and more light came, as greater awareness came, the situation eased, and finally came into harmony. But the main point that I am making is this, that it is difficult to look at the life of those who have been spiritually touched and realize that the land of milk and honey sometimes comes forty years later.<sup>2</sup>

On August 24, 1956, Joel wrote the following in a letter to me which perhaps sums up his struggles and his attitude toward those struggles more clearly than anything anyone could say:

Problems - my own problems - have never disturbed me. In periods of actual lack - there were days when (the corner restaurant?) ten cents for coffee and doughnuts was a blessing and a full day's intake! There was one night of sleeping in the New York Subway and another in a parked car in January in New York! But there was no "down-heartedness"- no discouragement - no doubt and no fear. I was the beholder watching the play go through Acts I, 2, 3, and 4. There were always four acts in the ten cent, twenty cent, and thirty cent

melodramas!

And I went through a very serious illness - with no sense of failure - just the ever - watching to see the next scene of the present act! Having known both health and abundant supply most of my life. I was not fooled into seeking these. What I wanted far transcended these - and I soon realized the price is high.

Early in this new career of spiritual healing Joel was called to give help to a young Finnish serving girl stricken with tuberculosis. The disease had worked such havoc that the patient had been placed in the death shack of the sanitarium to await death. It took thirteen weeks of consistent prayer work, sometimes ten and twenty times a day, before she was removed from the death shack to the other part of the sanitarium and then another thirteen months before she was released and pronounced cured.

Joel wrote countless letters to her which he maintained she did not understand because of her meager knowledge of English. But she was aware of far more than he realized. In the past few years I have had some correspondence with her, and she has even shared with me parts of his letters to her which she has treasured all these years. Here is one of them which was written in 1935 in New York and which she gave to me just recently:

Dear Friend:

Mrs. Eddy says in S & H,\* "In Science, all being is eternal, spiritual, perfect, harmonious, in, every action." Please look up in your dictionary the meaning of all the words I have underlined, and then remember that you are that being. Also memorize the above statement, which is on page 407:22-

24.

Your being is perfect; therefore it includes every quality of perfection which also includes love, friendship, companionship, peace, and freedom. There is no worry, no fear, no fretting, no lack of faith and truth in your being. Your being is the expression of substance, of love, of home.

Thank you for your prayers for me and for my home. God hears every prayer for good, and He answers all prayers. We must remember not to pray for material things, but for spiritual qualities. Never pray or ask for a well body, a material home or friends, but pray for the understanding of perfection, for spiritual understanding of heaven as home, for harmony, peace, joy, the abundance of all good. Those are the things we pray for, and we receive the outward manifestation in the form of human friends, home, health, etc. Do you understand that?

All good wishes, sincerely,  
Joel Goldsmith

The letters Joel wrote, he felt, were not really for the development of her spiritual consciousness but for his own. In them he clarified for himself every principle that could visibly relate to the problem. This particular case proved to be of great significance because it showed him the value of unswerving dedication to a principle. Furthermore, although many cases of tuberculosis were brought to him in the ensuing years, he lost only two of them. The rest were quickly healed.

By this time most of Joel's friends and relatives had all concluded that he was cracked on the subject of truth, and so they would have nothing to do with him because

they said he was not sensible. They saw, too, that he who had always been so free and easy with his money now had no money at all to spend.

I conformed to the pattern that most Christian Science practitioners observed. I kept an account book, and in that book the names of everyone who came to my office were entered and everyone who telephoned or wrote to me for help. At the end of the month they were sent statements. Three dollars was charged for each visit to my office and two dollars for each absent treatment whether patients phoned or wrote for it. It was expected that sometime after they received the bill, the patients would pay it.

The just seven months of my practice I was earning enough to support myself, but in this seventh month a strange thing happened. On the tenth of the month I did not have enough money come in to pay all the previous month's bills, and so I looked at my accounts and found that my patients owed me \$150 but I only owed \$100 so I was solvent. Everything was all right, and I went to bed and slept peacefully until three o'clock in the morning. Then something woke me up and said, "Hey! hey! What is this? You are perfectly content to sleep because you are owed \$150, but you only owe \$100?"

"Yes, sure, sure, everything is all right."

"Oh, everything is all right because you are owed \$50 more than you owe? God doesn't enter into this picture at all, does He? You don't need God this month, do you?"

"No, I really don't, do I? I have Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Smith to the tune of

\$50 to the good."

"Oh no " It said "that won't do Joel. That's not right. That isn't the kind of teaching that you have accepted that you are all right because these people owe you \$ z 50. The teaching you have accepted is that you are all right because you have found God."

"That's right "

"Well, haven't you found God without that \$150?"

"Certainly."

"It doesn't seem so."

"I need that \$150."

So I realized that I might as well make up my mind then and there that I had either found God or I hadn't. If I had found God, I certainly was not dependent upon these things. If I had not found God I had better get out of the practice because I would only be cheating those who came to me.

So I got out of bed, wrote out receipted bills for the \$150 and put this note at the bottom of each one, "A beautiful thing has just come into my life for which I wish to express gratitude, so please accept this receipted bill with no questions asked. "

I went out in the hall, dropped them into the mailbox, and said, "Now, Father, I still owe \$100, but I have nothing but God. And if God isn't adequate, here goes one practitioner out of business."

The next night I went to a church Board Meeting and afterward we went out for some

coffee or chocolate, so it was after eleven o'clock when I got back to my hotel. There in the lobby, standing against the desk, was a traveling salesman I hadn't seen in thirteen years. He drank a little too heavily in those earlier days. And the last time I saw him he was a little under the weather. I had taken him to my room, sent his clothes out to be pressed, let him sleep all night, and had given him some money to get back into his territory in the morning. Then came World War I, and he enlisted and I enlisted and never again did we meet during all those years. But here he was smoking a cigar in the lobby of the hotel, late at night.

"What are you doing here?"

"Well, I'm on my honeymoon, and we came to this small uptown hotel to be away from the big noise downtown. My wife doesn't like smoking, so I have come down to the lobby to smoke before I retire."

We stood talking, and finally he said, "You know, I owe you of some money."

"You did " I said "but it's probably outlawed by now."

His reply was, "What do you mean outlawed? I have nothing to do with the law. I owe you the money. I have never sent it to you as I didn't have your address, and then when it did enter my mind, I thought that there's one man of all men who will never need money. Of course remembering me from the days when he got the money, he might well be able to believe that. So he went on and said, "How much is it, and I will give you a check."

We got our heads together and started a little

mathematical thinking, and when we got through we decided that the nearest thing we could tally it with was about \$100. Since that time I have never sent out a bill or statement, nor have I ever asked anyone for money.

Supply began to come in gradually, but there was always a sufficiency.

In the early 1930's, after Joel had had considerable success in his work and a goodly measure of prosperity, he married Rose Cobb, a brilliant woman with great intellectual capacity, who at one time had been the music critic for a Philadelphia newspaper. She spoke seven languages fluently, but best of all she had a very extensive library which was Joel's first introduction to some of the great masterpieces of literature. He quickly fastened upon Eliot's Five Foot bookshelf and Elbert Hubbard's Little-Journey to the homes of famous men, and became acquainted with the books of religionists and philosophers that he had not known existed. He read voraciously into the long hours of the night, maintaining himself on only three and a half hours of sleep.

Since Rose had two children and one of them wanted to attend Harvard, it seemed wise for them to move to Boston, which they did about 1953. Joel's Christian Science teacher, who lived in Boston, discouraged him about making this move, saying, "I can't have you in Boston; you are too good a man. I have plans for you, and you will just break your heart here. You can't make good here.

What's wrong?

"Well, this is New England. You have a Jewish name and Jewish face, and they are

not going to like it. New Englanders are very conservative. Furthermore, they don't pay a practitioner enough to support your family the way you want to live.

He went on to tell Joel what some of the practitioners earned in Boston, some of the very good ones. So Joel said, "Well, you have forced me to move to Boston, because to me this is a principle. If it doesn't work in Boston, it isn't a principle. It's got to work even if I were cast out on the ocean or in the desert. If it doesn't, I will have to give this up and go back to business, because business does operate on principle. If you know your product and if you give good service, you can't fail, and I can always go back to business.

"Oh, that would be very foolishly."

"All right " was Joel's response. "Let's make it more foolish. For one year I will not go inside of a church or to a lecture or to any place where Christian Scientists gather. I will not permit a Christian Scientist to come into my home unless he is a patient. Furthermore, I will not enter the home of a Christian Scientist unless it is that of a patient to whom I am called. I will go to my office, and I will stay there from nine in the morning until four or five o'clock in the afternoon even if no one comes to me. Then I'll go home. I will stay at home until the next morning in time to get to the office so that no one is going to know that Joel Goldsmith is in Boston and no one is going to know that he is a practitioner. If at the end of the year I do not have a good practice, I am not only going out of the practice, I am going out of Christian Science too.

Joel's attitude was that if there is God, then

he had no problem; if there is no God, he was in for some real trouble. So he sat in his office alone day after day. And what an office it was! A bare room without curtains or carpet. Four gas pipes with a board on top served as a table. There was one kitchen chair and on the radiator a breadboard for the second chair. Four months passed before there was any additional furniture and two years before there was a carpet or a curtain. It was almost as barren as the Manger, this beginning of a worldwide ministry. Yet, as he sat there alone, he was not alone.

This Presence that had been with him since August, 1928, was with him there and became an ever expanding awareness.

To all intents and appearances it seemed as if he had made a mistake. His healing work continued to be successful, but in spite of that he found himself faced with the problem of maintaining a family with insufficient income all the while he was doing this beautiful healing work, being busy with it day and night, and still not having sufficient return to meet the financial demands made upon him.

One day as he was walking to his office, a distance of three and one-half miles, which he walked back and forth for lack of five cents carfare, he found himself puzzled as to why this should be. It was then that it came to him very strongly that the only reason he had such a problem was because he did not know God. That was quite a jolt to him after he had been devoting years of his life to the pursuit of God and to helping other people through this God which he now felt he did not know.

It was then that he looked down at his feet and began to realize that he was not in those

feet. From there he went to other parts of the body and saw that he, the identity that he was, could not possibly be found any place in the body, nor could he be confined in a body. He saw that he was not a body but that he was Consciousness. He was *I*. \* limitless and fatherless *I*, and that *I* was God.

It was revealed to me in my inner work that the I is God: I is Self-maintaining and Self-sustaining; I is the source of supply. So I thought, "Oh, *I AM THAT I AM* means that I embody supply, I include it. It is embraced within my own being. It does not come to me: it flows out from me.

But it was not an hour later before someone asked me to pay a bill that I owed, and I had to give lip service to the appearance by saying, "Certainly, as soon as possible. I haven't it at this moment but the moment it arrives, you will have it," and then to myself saying, "You are a liar because you know that I is God and you know that that I has sufficiency, has abundance.

It wasn't many hours until another demand came, and I had to pay outward lip service to the situation again by saying, "Be patient; be patient; it will all be taken care of. You know I am not a thief; you be patient and it will be met." Then to myself I had to say, "Oh, no, I is God; I does not receive anything. I is the source; I can feed five thousand." The next day more demands came and the next day and the next day. But with all the appearances against me and having outwardly to deny my Christidentity by pleading for time or promising to pay, inwardly I stood fast. . . .

It took five days before the first fifty cents came in. It took another week before the

trickles of income began to come in. Then gradually a little bit more, a little more, a little bit more, until in a few months harmony was restored. The heavens did not open up and pour down thousand-dollar bills; it came slowly, and it came almost grudgingly, forcing me to acknowledge humanly my lack and inwardly to stand fast in the realization of this truth.<sup>4</sup>

\**I*, italicized, refers to God.

Actually I just had to be a little patient until the first person came and got a healing. From there on it went gradually. One told another, and one told another, and finally a man came in who had such a visible illness that when he was healed within twenty-four hours and there wasn't a sign of it left, many from that church flocked over and from then on I had chairs, not only in the waiting room, but out in the hallway, too. That was the end of waiting. That was the end of lack. That was the end of not being known. . . .

If you sit in the Silence wherever it is, your own will come to you. Sit right down in the middle of the woods and let them beat a pathway to your door. And so it will be, for what God sees in secret is rewarded openly. The state of consciousness that you are is made manifests.<sup>3</sup>

At the end of that year my practice was completely established. It didn't take courage: it took understanding. That is why all my work is conducted without fanfare, without advertising, without promotion.<sup>6</sup>

When Joel moved into an office at 236 Huntington Avenue in Boston, right across the street from The Mother Church, he was the only Christian Science practitioner in the

building. For three years he remained the only one there in spite of the fact that his practice was so large that he couldn't take care of it and asked other practitioners to move into the buildup. They were not interested but finally one decided to move in and then a second. Before Joel left that building twenty-three registered practitioners had offices there, and his work had not decreased at all.

There were many times when some of these practitioners met together socially and almost always the conversation centered around the work in which they were all engaged. On one occasion Joel was talking to three practitioner friends, he expressed his annoyance over the frequent and indiscriminate use of the word "love" by metaphysicians because he maintained that he could not understand it, nor did he feel love. He asked, "What is love? What is the love that I am reading about in the books? How do you love the Lord thy God? How do you love your neighbor as yourself when you do not feel any love?"

They looked at him as if he had lost his mind, protesting that he was one of the most loving persons they knew.

"Me? Oh, don't say anything like that because I must be truthful with you. I do not even feel anything like love. I have no sense of what it means. And truthfully I do not love anybody, and I do not seem to love anything.

"But Joel, you sit up all night to heal somebody and you would go to any lengths to visit a patient; you go to a hospital if there is a need; you do anything that is necessary in the ministry, and that's why we call you loving."

Nevertheless Joel had no sense of being loving or loving anybody. He did all the things his associates thought of as loving for only one reason. It was because he had discovered a principle, and his job was to show it forth, to bring it through, to prove it, not only for the world, but for himself. He could not live with himself unless he proved the principle of the work he was doing. For him, the only love that was involved was the love of this principle, the love of this work, and wanting to see that the whole world caught it.

In the first month of his healing work on one of the occasions when he was having a little talk with God, he promised that he would never refuse any call for help that came to him regardless of where it came from, from whom, what the circumstances were, or what amount of work or labor or anything else was involved in it. He would consider every call for help made to him as if it were coming from God.

It was not long before he was called to visit patients who could not leave their beds or their homes, and within a few years it was taking one whole day a week to drive from place to place to fulfill these demands upon him. Then the work increased so that it took very nearly a second day, and in those two days he was driving over 250 miles every week just calling on those who could not leave their homes.

This phase of the work, he realized, could not continue expanding or he would be frittering away all his time making house calls. That raised certain questions in his mind: Why should that be necessary? What could he do there in the flesh that he could



not do sitting quietly in the Spirit? What would be the end of all this if he found that it took seven days a week and more calls came and there were no more days? As he pondered these questions, it became clear to him that he was taking upon himself unnecessary human tasks. He could take on as much of the spiritual activity as was brought to him, but not the human.

Gradually Joel cut down on his visits to patients until in the last ten years of his ministry he made not more than ten calls in all because he had learned that if he sat until he achieved that inner peace and waited for an assurance that God was on the field, the cases were met. To call on a very earnest student who found himself in some kind of difficulty and needed the assurance that Joel was standing by might be an expression of love, not that Joel felt it would be necessary to bring out the healing.

It was during this period that he decided to study Sanskrit so that he could become more familiar with parts of the Hindu Scriptures, and the one place where he could do that was Harvard University.

When he applied there, however, he was told that he could not be enrolled in the class because he had no academic background from a recognized educational institution.

I tried to convince them that I had been a reader in a prison service for three years but that didn't seem to constitute institutional background, so I couldn't get in. I wrote a letter to the dean of that department and told him how necessary it was for me to take the course. Incidentally it was a postgraduate course. Without any question, an application form came back with a request for so many

dollars, and there I was in Harvard.

An eighth grade graduate in Harvard! At the end of the year, when I asked the dean if I could come back for a second year, he said, "Of course, if you could survive the first year, you can come back for as many as you like. But how did you get here? He didn't remember allowing me in the course even though I had had no institutional background. But I had an inner drive that had to be satisfied.

Believe it or not, I got to my office at seven o'clock in the morning to begin my healing work, and I went to Harvard at three o'clock in the afternoon and then back to my office. I would work until midnight to make up for lost time, and from midnight until three o'clock in the morning I did my homework. That is a drive. That's not leisure; that's not having money; that's not having somebody to support you. That is drive, and if you have that drive, you can start with one hour that you have now and eventually make room for as many hours as you need. I know these things from personal experience. I know you can do without sleep. I know you can do without food, that is, without a lot of food.

Many interesting experiences came tolled during his sixteen years as a Christian Science-journal practitioner. On one occasion his Christian Science teacher, Charles Heitman, who was a member of the Board of Directors of The Mother Church, asked him for suggestions for a First Reader for The Mother Church, and Joel suggested George Channing.

"But." Mr. Heitman said "he's been lecturing less than a year and is untried. No one knows his work."

"But I know what he has to offer. He's the only lecturer I go to hear twice in one day? George Channing was appointed, and the attendance at The Mother Church increased noticeably in a few months.

During the time Joel served as First Reader of Third Church of Christ Scientist, in Boston, it was customary for either the First or Second Reader to introduce the lecturers, and in order to avoid long-drawn-out introductions, the reader was required to submit his introduction in writing to the Board of Directors. In his capacity as First Reader Joel did this, and then one of the Directors of Third Church came to him considerably embarrassed. "You have three paragraphs in your introduction," he said, "and in each paragraph we find incorrect Christian Science. You will have to change it."

"That's easy, but this criticism is more serious than that. If I have written three paragraphs and each one is incorrect, I have no choice. I shall resign at once as Reader and practitioner."

"Oh no."

"Oh, yes, However, because my teacher is on the Board of The Mother Church, let me submit this to the Directors of The Mother Church."

It was agreed that he should submit his introduction to Mr. Heitman with a letter which said, "This is my introduction for our Christian Science lecturer. Please comment."

Mr. Heitman returned it to Joel in fifteen minutes with the comment.'

"An excellent job, Joel."

Joel showed it to the Director of Third Church and said, "Now if your Directors and practitioners have any integrity they should all do what I was willing to do, resign." And that ended it.

Joel's experience in the Christian Science movement was a happy and fulfilling one, which he often spoke about not only in private but in public:

The Board of Directors never limited or restricted our activities except in one way. As long as we were listed in the Journal, we were not permitted to recommend openly the use of unauthorized literature, but they did not restrict us from reading it. The Directors knew that we were reading the First Edition of our textbook; the Directors knew that we were reading other literature. They knew what we were doing. They weren't blind. They knew that any practitioner who was doing good work had found out some things, and they didn't object to that. They only objected to our confusing our patients by introducing them to things that would bring confusion to them. . . . 8

And so it was that I watched the Board of Directors in Boston for ten years and I can tell you that they do a magnificent job, a wonderful job with adverse circumstances meeting them every single day of the week. Although they do a lot of things we might not do, nevertheless they are guided by their prayers, they are guided by their intuition; and knowing that about them I appreciate their work.<sup>9</sup>

At some stage of consciousness organization

is absolutely necessary to some people. I am one of those who have been deeply blessed by organization. I haven't a word of complaint about it, not a word of criticism, because in my entire experience in organization I was blessed at every step of the way. In fact, I wouldn't take a million dollars in cold cash for my experience in the Christian Science Church. At no time was I oppressed; at no time was my freedom taken from me; at no time was I ever asked to compromise my principles. And so I have nothing but the loudest of praise for organization as I experienced it.

That doesn't mean that everyone experiences the same freedom that I did. Fortunately, I had a very fine Christian Science teacher who blinked his eyes at a lot of things that a lot of other people don't blink their eyes at, and thereby I had a greater degree of freedom. That was my demonstration probably, but the point is this: organization blessed me at that level of consciousness. It couldn't bless me now. Why? Because now I see that it is the activity of truth in consciousness that does this work for me, not whether I go to church on Sunday or Wednesday or give a testimony or whether I get on my knees on Communion Sunday, or whether I do a Daily Lesson. But there are those who need the discipline of organization; there are those who need the coming together in groups, working cooperatively.<sup>10</sup>

I don't know of any more wonderful period of my life than the sixteen years that I was a Christian Science Journal practitioner, for I lived morning, noon, and night in the company of those engaged in that church work, and I don't mind telling you they were marvelous people. They didn't all have the

full vision. Neither do we all have the full vision. They were living consecrated lives up to the height of their understanding; they were living in and by the Bible. They were living in the Textbook and living by it up to the highest sense of their ability.

That was all I was doing, only up to the highest sense. But what a blessing to come in contact for sixteen years with people who were making a daily study of the Bible, of spiritual writings, spiritual books and magazines, people who were trying to live their lives by demonstration instead of by force! Oh, I count those sixteen years as among my greatest treasures, because they were the preparation for all that followed.<sup>11</sup>

### **3. Interlude**

After ten years in Boston Joel and Rose moved to Florida. Joel was now exceptionally successful in the practice of Christian Science healing, numbering an average of 155 patients a day. Nevertheless he felt that the work could be carried on just as well from Florida or any other place because he had learned that the I of him was omnipresent, and therefore, he was not localized in one spot.

They had lived in Florida only a short time when Rose passed away. Joel had been praying for days, praying with all his heart, mind, and soul to save her, and when he was called at three o'clock in the morning to be told that she had gone on, he continued praying until five o'clock, finally going to sleep with a violent headache. When he awakened at nine o'clock the next morning, it was as if Rose appeared to him and said just

three words, "Urim and Thummim," which, spiritually interpreted, he understood to mean illumination and the weeding out of personal sense that the disciple might be an instrument for the divine activity.

Twelve hours later, still going through severe pain from the headache brought on through the excitement and stress of the early morning struggle to help Rose, still fighting and arguing with himself that he was able to help other people but could not help his own wife or himself, and wondering where this God was that he had relied upon, he again felt the presence of Rose standing at his side and speaking to him, "Oh, Joel, why don't you stop that battle? The battle is not yours but God? "

This made him see clearly that the battleground of every problem is in a person's consciousness, that consciousness is the arena where the struggle takes place between what we call God, which is good, and the nonexistent, illusory thing called evil, and that if a person does not enter into the battle with evil, good will dissolve the illusory appearance of the evil. That quickly was he healed.

Joel told me that Rose studied the Christian Science textbook twelve hours a day, but inasmuch as her approach was entirely on the mental level, she could not understand his way of healing. In fact, she never quite approved of his somewhat unorthodox ideas, unorthodox, that is, from the standpoint of most metaphysicians. When she made the transition, however, she evidently saw the correctness of his teaching and put her seal of approval on it when she appeared to him after her passing.

The following morning when he awakened he wondered what his next step should be. Again feeling the presence of Rose, he was led to the bookcase and opened one of the books to a page where he read, "In your new consciousness, you will have health and wealth: health to enjoy wealth, and wealth to enjoy health. " Within twenty- four hours that new consciousness began to take over.

When two friends in New York heard of Rose's passing, they immediately went down to Florida to be with Joel, and as soon as they could politely do so, asked him, "What do you expect to do next? Joel said that he was going back to practice in Boston as he had been doing before moving to Florida and that he had already been able to obtain his former office and an apartment.

It is interesting to note that one of these friends, who had never given any indication of psychic leanings, turned to him and said, "No, you are not going to Boston: you are going to California, and you are going into a new work that is to be widespread and very successful. Massachusetts won't be able to hold you, and California won't be big enough either."

Rose and Joel had planned to make a new will so that whoever remained would be taken care of by the considerable estate that had been accumulated. Rose made the transition before this was done, however, and when the estate was being settled, difficulties arose which resulted in a long legal battle. This was the reason for Joel's later admonition never to go into court if it could be avoided by any possible sacrifice. Of this experience Joel said:

The still small Voice said to me, "Those who

live by the sword will die by the sword? It came to me in such a way as to make me understand that I had no right to go to law, not even in this case where I was morally right and where I had been assured, not only by attorneys but by judges, that I was legally right. But instead of taking the word of God, I decided to seek the advice of men, who told me that I was very foolish and was just letting my substance be taken from me.

It did not represent too great a sum of money, but that money was all that I had, so I was convinced by others that it was right to fight for it. But the warning came the second time: "Those who live by the sword will die by the sword. Do not go into court."

My friends, however, prevailed over God. I went into court.

. . . I lost the case. . . . It was very sad and pitiful, a hard lesson, but one that I learned. The law is a fine thing just as armies and navies are one for those on the level of consciousness where life is lived by might and by power. But to those who come to a higher level of living by the Spirit, it is wrong to use the weapons of the earth. Let us stand clad in the armor of Spirit, and we will never find injustice. I know now that I would not have suffered injustice had I not gone to court. I brought it on myself.<sup>1</sup>

Joel returned to Boston shortly after Rose's passing, and soon thereafter Nellie Steeves, a devoted student, who had been his secretary, called to invite him to Sunday dinner. This invitation he was unable to accept owing to a previous appointment, but it was heartwarming to Joel to have her say to him, "The Steeves' door is always open whenever you can come."

The next day, Sunday, he went to Third Church, and when he met Nellie after the service, he told her that his appointment had been changed and asked her if she still had the roast beef on hand or if she would like to go out for dinner. Nellie, of course, insisted that he have dinner at her home. They had a long talk, and after dinner they went to see her mother, who was in a rest home. Joel then stayed on for the remainder of the afternoon. It could have been that very day when Joel indicated how much he loved Nellie's elderly mother by saying, "Nellie, I can sit in a room with your mother, close my eyes, and reach out and touch God."

Although Nellie was close to Joel during her many years as his secretary, she never knew until some time later when he was giving a talk about supply to a group, that when he returned to Boston from Florida he had only ten dollars in his pocket. It so deeply touched her to think that he would have taken her out to dinner in spite of his empty wallet that she never forgot this example of his total lack of concern about money. He had absolutely no fear of spending his last dollar for dinner or for whatever else the occasion demanded.

Joel was always grateful and appreciative of the work that Nellie Steeves did for him. In fact, at one time he said to me, "It was Nellie Steeves who looked at all the letters I had written to students and patients and said, 'You have material here for a book'; and then she went ahead and helped me get together the book *The Letters*."<sup>2</sup>

During the past several years I have been in correspondence with Nellie, who has told me many things about Joel in those early days. In June, 1971, she sent me the following

letter which Joel wrote her from London on October 14, 1955, eight years after Joel's first book, *The Infinite Way*, had found a goodly measure of success.

Dear Nellie:

Another *Infinite Way* book (not titled yet) went to the publishers today here in London, a new manuscript. Next week the Dutch translation of *The Infinite Way* will be mailed to you from Holland, and *The Deep Silence* is just translated into Afrikaans.

So thought I would celebrate by writing you and sending you a remembrance of your part. All those who now work with me know Nellie Steeves and the work she did, and it has been written into the records of the start of *The Infinite Way* that you were the very first to work with me, and a record of all you did.

Nellie Steeves is a part of the history of *The Infinite Way*.

Welcome and Aloha, Joel

Joel worked hard day and night after his return to Boston, so hard, in fact, that his good friends Dorothy Pendelton and Henry Williams decided that he needed a vacation. They put him on a train bound for California, which seemed the logical place for him to go to escape the rigors of the Boston winter and where he could bask in the sunshine. Actually this marked the end of his Boston days because soon he was involved in teaching spiritual principles in California. Of this move Joel said:

There was a movement from one plane of consciousness to another that outwardly revealed itself by moving from one state to

another, but even that was a temporary move because now my home is under my hat, and my hat is somewhere in transit between Hawai'i and New York. Evidently the work that has been given me to do could not have been done in Boston, and the farthest place from Boston was California until Hawai'i appeared on the scene and now London, Stockholm, and the world.<sup>3</sup>

This move occurred during World War II when apartments were very difficult to find, so he made contact with Nadea Allen, who had been one of Rose's classmates in the Christian Science Class she had taken under Herbert Eustace. Nadea and her mother lived in Santa Monica, and Joel was able to rent rooms on the second floor of their home, office space, too, was not easy to find. However, he made an arrangement with a Christian Science practitioner, Alex Swan, to use his office in Hollywood from Friday noon until Monday noon while Mr. Swan was at his ranch over the week end.

Later, when Mr. Swan had an accident, Joel was able to give him such excellent help that Alex said to him, "Now I know that you can take care of my practice. For years I have been wanting to go to England to buy cattle for my ranch but I haven't been able to get away from my office."

For nine months Joel used Mr. Swan's office and took care of his practice. When he returned he told Joel that he had done such a good job and his patients were so well satisfied that he had decided Joel should stay and take over his practice, since he had earned it. He would move away and start fresh again.

Joel would have none of that and made it very clear that Alex Swan's practice had come out of his consciousness and no one could take it away from him. They settled the problem by putting up a glass partition and making one office into two. For a whole year they shared this office, and those who came in could get help from whoever was free.

Living in the Allen home in Santa Monica proved to be a pleasant experience. At least once a week on Sunday evenings Nadea invited friends in for supper, during and after which there was much talk of the spiritual way of life. Joel thoroughly enjoyed these soirees and this informal kind of entertaining and conversation. Being with friends who had similar interests always appealed greatly to Joel. He liked visiting and enjoyed recounting the fascinating and sometimes unbelievable experiences life had put in his lap. Always he found himself the center of any gathering as he shared the continuous flow of ideas that kept popping into his head.

In the summer of 1945 he made a quick trip back to Boston to pack up his belongings and send them to California. Just two or three days before he was to return to California, Nellie Steeves' mother fell and broke her wrist and was hospitalized. Nellie called Joel for help, and when she wrote me about this, she said, "Bless his heart, he offered to delay his trip as he thought Mother and I would feel better if he were standing by." Of course, Nellie refused to permit him to do this, telling him that he could help her mother in California just as well as in Boston, which proved to be true. This is another example of that love that Joel said he never felt but which he demonstrated so clearly and poured out so freely.

About this time Joel and Nadea decided to be married. It seemed an ideal arrangement, since both of them were in the healing practice and devoted to the spiritual life.

The night before their marriage a friend gave Joel a chain reference Bible which he scanned with great interest, especially certain passages of Paul's on immortality which challenged his attention. He put the Bible in his bag to take with him the next day when they left for their honeymoon after a simple marriage ceremony. The minute they arrived at their hotel in Desert Hot Springs, he said to his bride, "Let me get at this book right way." That day and that night Joel wrote feverishly, with Nadea encouraging him, and the first chapter of *The Infinite Way* took form.

For some time Joel had pondered over the limitations that he felt resulted from organization, and as the work on *The Infinite Way* progressed, he decided that in order to be free to follow the way that was revealing itself to him he should sever his ties with organized activities and proceed alone. Consequently he withdrew from the Christian Science Church, gave up the office which he had shared with Alex Swan and set out to publish *The Infinite Way*. He had only two thousand copies printed, because he did not think the book would be taken seriously by anybody but a few friends and patients to whom he thought he might possibly give five hundred copies. The other fifteen hundred were stored in the garage of their new home on Sierra Bonita Avenue in Hollywood with no idea of what to do with them.

Since Joel had separated himself from the

Christian Science movement before publishing his first book, he was convinced that this marked the end of his active career. He often said that he expected to spend the rest of his days in California doing a little healing work and staying quietly at home with Nadea, enjoying the good California weather. He envisioned a beautiful office in Hollywood where he would go every day about nine o'clock and stay until four or five and where people could drop in who were seeking healing. Then if some of them wanted to buy the little book, they could learn how it happened.

This whole period of his life was a very happy one. Practically every day for luncheon he went over to the Farmers' Market for a salad and some iced tea. In the winter Nadea and he went down to Desert Hot Springs or Palm Springs for the week end and in the summer they would go up to Santa Barbara.

This semiretirement was of short duration, however. It was soon broken when a mother, father, and son drove out to California from Ohio and asked Joel to give them class instruction.

"That's impossible " he said "I'm not a teacher."

"Well, but you are not in Christian Science now, so you can teach if you want to, in fact, do whatever you want to do."

"How can you teach if you're not a teacher, whether you are in or out? And I am not a teacher."

"Well, we are here because we think that you know something that we want to know."

"Can't imagine what it is."

At last Joel agreed that since they had made the trip he would work with them in his home every night for two weeks as best he could. This he did. When they left they were very appreciative, felt that Joel had given them a great deal, and left him a check for an amount which would have covered the class instruction fee for the three in a Christian Science class. It was a mystery to Joel why they had sought him out. He could not understand it, but he thought it was because they were good friends of his.

A few days later four couples came and asked him if he would teach them the Bible, to which Joel replied that he could not teach them anything about the Bible because he understood exactly two statements in it and knew nothing of its history and background. For two weeks, however, they gave him no rest, telling him that they knew that he must know something that he had not told them. Finally he decided that the only way to end this would be for them to come one night a week for four weeks, and by that time they would understand that he did not know enough about the Bible to teach them. That is the way they began.

A few days before that first Friday night Joel went to his office and spoke to God: "Look, Father, if You sent these people to me, it must be for a reason. Tell me what it is. If You didn't send them, that's all right. Within four weeks, they will know all about it, but if You sent them, let me in on the secret. What are they here for? What is it You want me to do?"

I talked to the Father as if the Father were



another man. That isn't very metaphysical, but that is my way, and that is the way I still talk to the Father. So I sat with the Bible in my hand, waited, waited, and waited, and finally I opened it and found myself reading something about Moses. Now if there ever was a mystery to me, it was the man Moses and the flight out of Egypt and across the desert with forty years of travel. So as I was reading that, I thought that I might as well go back to the beginning of the account of Moses and read it all the way through. This I did.

When we met on the first Friday, there were four married couples who came to my home. They were very much shocked when I told them that the ministry of Moses was a human ministry, leading ignorance, superstition, and illiteracy out of itself into a preparation for something better. That is why Moses did not enter the Promised Land. Good humanhood will never take a person into the Promised Land. Good humanhood is a preparation for it, but then your teacher who told you about being good has to leave you, and the spiritual one has to come along to lift you into divine Consciousness. That was the subject of the first lesson.

Three of those couples thought it was wonderful, but the other couple thought it was shocking and dropped out. The next Friday night, however, because of what they had heard from the first three, four new couples took the place of the one couple who had dropped out. Before that Friday night I went back to the Father and said, "Where do we go from here? It was You that started me off last week. I think You did all right, and You must have something for me this week, too.

When I opened the Bible, it was to the book of Ruth. I had read the story of Ruth and Naomi many times and appreciated the beauty of the passage, "Entreat me not to leave thee," but I could not see the spiritual message in it. I read it over several times, and then all of a sudden its meaning dawned on me.<sup>4</sup>

After the fourth week it was decided to continue the class for another six weeks. Thirty-two people were now meeting together and that was all the room would hold. In order to take care of the students who wanted to participate in this work, he began holding classes two nights of the week. Then it was necessary to move to an office that held fifty persons, and the meetings were extended to three nights a week. Finally fifty people were meeting five nights a week in an office, and another group two nights a week either in San Francisco or down on the desert. With each of these meetings there came an unfoldment of some passage or some story from the Bible, and, through this, Joel himself was learning about the Bible. For sixty weeks the class continued, and then some of the students asked for a summation of the work in written form.

Several members of the class who had taken notes gave them to Joel, and out of their notes came the book *Spiritual Interpretation of Scripture*.<sup>5</sup> This book was never a book written by an author: it was the fruitage of meditation brought to light.

One step followed another. Ernest Holmes invited Joel to speak at the Science of Mind Center, where, as usual, Joel did not present orthodox metaphysics, instead giving out the truth as he saw it. So, without thinking,

because he never planned what he was going to say in advance, out came the shattering statement: "One of the basic principles of The Infinite Way is that thought is not power."

The audience reacted as if a ton of bricks had hit them. Two women jumped up immediately after the meeting and came up to him, saying, "You told us tonight that thought is not power, and here we have come all the way from New York to California to learn how to use the power of thought."

"Well," Joel said, "when you succeed, I don't suppose you would have any objection to money, as long as you get it honestly?"

"No, of course not."

"You can take back about a million dollars to your husbands. California is really a paradise. California has the most perfect of everything except for one little fault. It doesn't rain here all summer. Things get dry, so as soon as you learn how to use the power of thought, for heaven's sake give us some rain. There's a fortune waiting here for you."

Being the forthright person that he was, this was typical of Joel. He could be very tactless and abrupt, and certainly he never made any attempt to curry favor with people or to draw them to him.

Some of the Bible lessons had been given in San Francisco, so now he found himself invited there to give lectures and classes. Students felt that the things Joel was saying should be recorded on a wire recorder and then distributed in typewritten form so that they would be able to go over them again, read, study, and bring them back to their remembrance. Joel was reluctant to have this

done because he felt he was not saying anything that was particularly important or worthwhile. The students were sufficiently persuasive, however, so he consented on the condition that if he did not like the result of their work, it would be destroyed.

As soon as a class session was over, a secretary sat up all night to make a transcript of the material, which she gave to Joel at four o'clock in the morning. When he read it, he could not believe that he had said some of those things, but he was told that all he would have to do to verify the transcript was to listen to the recording. He thereupon corrected the transcript, and by two o'clock the following afternoon it was ready to be mimeographed. Then came pressure on him to have the notes of the entire class assembled into a book. He asked how much it would cost to do this, and when he was told that it would be \$7.50 a copy, he said that nobody would pay that for it. Nevertheless it was done, and although there were only sixty-six students in the class, one hundred copies were sold. This mimeographed paper-covered volume was entitled *Metaphysical Notes*.<sup>6</sup>

During this class in San Francisco Joel experienced what he considered one of the most sacred nights that had ever happened to him in all his work.

My wife came up for a few days for the close of the class, and that night I retired and evidently went to sleep. Along about three o'clock in the morning I was awakened, and an inner urge told me to get out of bed. As I did so and sat up in a chair, I was flooded with a message. I sat there and listened to every word of it. Never had I heard such words. Never had such a message come

through me before. It held me spellbound. I didn't think it up: I heard it. I felt it coming through.

My wife awakened and wanted to know what I was doing and I said, "You just lie there quietly. Something is coming." As she had had that experience with me before, she knew enough to be still.

After this, came the Voice that said to me, "Now write it down." I went to the desk and wrote as it came again word for word, slowly enough so that I could write it. Then It said, "Give this to the class tonight," and this is the message that is called "Ordination" in Conscious Union with God.

When I had finished writing, I can hardly tell you what happened. All I know is that I began to cry, and Nadea told me that the stirring within that came with that ordination lasted until six o'clock in the morning. Why? After a person has been talking, contemplating, and thinking about God continuously, he gets into a depth of meditation where he touches the place that Jesus called the kingdom of God, the realm of God within. Then it begins to unfold and reveal itself as an inner communion, but it takes him so completely out of this world that sometimes on coming back into the world, there may be that period of weeping and crying.

That night when I gave the lesson on Ordination to the class there was a stillness that could have been cut with a knife. I couldn't speak afterwards, and nobody even wanted to hear anything more, so we just remained quiet for a few minutes and everyone filed out and went home, with not a word spoken.<sup>7</sup>

When Joel read that message again years afterwards, he could still feel that quickening of the Spirit from head to foot, remembering the experience during which it was given to him twice in one night.

After that Joel was invited to go to Portland, Oregon, to address a healing conference, and then received invitations to go to Victoria and Vancouver, B. C., and Seattle, Washington. While he was in Portland in 1951, Mrs. Nellie Kloh, who was in charge of a metaphysical center there, asked if he would permit her to have the class and lecture work recorded on a tape recorder. At that time Joel had never heard of a tape recorder, but he consented, and it was there that the tape recording work which was to be such an important factor in the spread of the message began, with Joel greatly opposed to every step of it.

During this period, by a curious set of circumstances, Joel was called to Hawai'i. The chain of events began in 1950 when Joel was driving to Los Angeles after some work he had done in San Francisco. While he was going through San Luis Obispo, he heard within himself these words: "God performers that which is given me to do." He could not recall ever having consciously heard them before and did not know where they came from, but to him the words sounded like a passage from Scripture. After he had heard them repeated two or three times, he pulled up alongside the road and looked in the concordance of the Bible he always carried with him. He found these two verses: "He performers the thing that is appointed for me." and "He perfecteth that which concerneth me." It was an enigma to him why these two passages should come to him

at this time, but all he could say was, "Thank You, Father; just bring it along and let me have it. As long as You are going to do it, I have no fear ."

When he arrived home in Los Angeles, Nadea said, "Dinner will be ready in about twenty minutes so just wait in your study." As he sat down in his study, the telephone rang. It was Hawai'i, a friend who with great urgency in her voice asked, "Can you come to Honolulu? My husband is ill, and the doctors have said that he can't live this week out."

"Yes, I can come. I have just finished a class, and I have some weeks ahead of me without having made any arrangements for the next work. I will be glad to come, but remember that your husband's healing is not dependent on my coming. I will get to work right away. What about transportation? How do I get there?"

"Oh," she said, "we'll take care of that. You will have a call." A couple of days later the telephone rang with news that his ticket was awaiting him in San Francisco, and he was to sail Saturday for Honolulu. Then the doorbell rang and there was an airmail special delivery letter from a couple on the Island of Maui, saying, "We have just discovered your writings out here and think they are wonderful. Do you ever come to Hawai'i? We would like some instruction." Joel cabeled immediately that he was sailing on Saturday for Honolulu.

When he arrived, the friend who had first telephoned him met him at the ship with her husband, now completely recovered from his illness. Then at the hotel he received a telephone call that the couple from Maui

were registered there and waiting to see him.

It was not long afterward that Joel received an invitation to give a series of talks at the Unity Center in Waikiki, Honolulu. There he met Emma Lindsay, a beautiful woman, slender, with soft brown hair and large blue eyes that could become warm or cold, depending upon whom they rested. Actually he did not meet Emma first but her six-year-old son Sam, who came to place a lei on Joel at this meeting. With true Hawaiian hospitality Emma asked Joel if he would like to take a drive around the island, and, having a little free time, he accepted with pleasure. From then on they saw each other often during his visit at that time and also on his subsequent trips to Hawai'i.

Emma was working as a bookkeeper at a world-famous beauty salon and boutique in Honolulu, and living with her daughter Geri and son-in-law Lieutenant Commander Jack McDonald. Not long after meeting Joel she became interested in helping him make tape recordings on a very simple and unprofessional scale and soon left the salon to devote her entire time to that activity. At first there was not even a connection from one tape recorder to the other, so Emma simply played the recording on one tape recorder and let the other pick it up through the microphone, together with all the noise from outside and inside caught on the recording - a time-consuming and often frustrating undertaking at which she worked tirelessly and with great devotion.

To Joel, life in Hawai'i became more and more appealing. He liked the climate, the pure air, the quiet, and his daily swim in the Pacific, so after several trips to Hawai'i he decided to make his home there permanently.

He asked Nadea to go with him, but for a number of reasons she seemed unwilling to move to the Islands. Thus the relationship between Joel and Nadea became increasingly strained. While Nadea appreciated and encouraged Joel in the work he was doing, she remained loyal to Christian Science and her teacher and was either unwilling or unable to go along with Joel in this new dimension in which he found himself. Friction increased to the point of no return. When Nadea continued to refuse to make the move to Honolulu, Joel finally asked for a divorce, which led to considerable hard feelings and a great deal of misunderstanding. Those who knew and loved them both began to take sides, and the lines were sharply drawn.

Several years passed before the divorce was granted, but on January 16, 1956, Joel wrote me from Kailua:

Divorce granted Jan. 10 and all payments have been completed. Was able to pay every cent, and now have only a monthly payment . . . to make.

Joel always recognized his great debt to Nadea. It was in her home that The Infinite Way was born, and he felt that she had been largely responsible for encouraging him to go ahead and write the book The Infinite Way. Strange that the very thing she wanted him to do was the thing that eventually separated them! Joel often told me how she worked indefatigably, distributing his early writings and keeping in touch with those who were interested in the work. She was a warm and vital woman, highly intelligent and alert, and an excellent practitioner, so excellent that whenever Joel had a severe migraine headache - and they came to him on occasion

- Nadea could snap him out of it instantaneously. To her, every such thing was mental malpractice.

Joel had wanted very much to have Nadea travel with him wherever he went, but this she could not or would not do, perhaps partly because she felt she could not leave her mother, who was advanced in years, and who after breaking her hip could not be left alone. Furthermore Nadea was tied to old allegiances and old patterns of thinking, and no matter how much Joel longed to be able to take the one closest to him with him on his human journey and much more so on his spiritual journey, it was not to be. So Joel continued as the lone traveler.

#### **4. Initiation**

In his sixteen years of healing work the Bible, for the most part, has been a closed book to Joel. He read it; he was familiar with many passages that were in it; but, as he explained to those first students who persuaded him to teach them the Bible, there were only two statements that he could truthfully say he understood. One was from Isaiah: "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils: for wherein is he to be accounted of." He caught a vision of what that meant, and that was enough to make his practice flourish. Joel spent eight months with that one statement until its companion statement came to him from the book of John in the New Testament: "My kingdom is not of this world."

Out of these two statements came the whole message of The Infinite Way, and while there were many other passages and some poetry

in the Bible that Joel liked very much, they had little actual meaning or attraction for him. Those two statements, however, were always present in his consciousness.

Every day people were coming to him for healing, and he had to do one of two things: try to heal them or forget them. Scripture says, "Cease ye from man," meaning forget man, let the human being go, drop him out of consciousness: do not try to heal him; do not try to reform him; do not try to enrich him. Look through the masquerade and behold the Christ. Can you imagine a man, sitting in a busy office with a busy practice, people of all kinds and with all sorts of things of this world coming to him, and having to say to them, "My kingdom is not of this world?" which really meant that he was not interested in their problems? But Joel had caught a glimpse of the spiritual kingdom and knew that there was no use in trying to patch up a human world or a human body. What was necessary was to rise into a new dimension of consciousness.

As early as 1952 it had become clear to Joel that meditation was the way, and he began an earnest search to discover the secret. The few books he found on the subject, some from the Occident and some from the Orient, he read with avidity but none gave him what he was seeking.

One day the idea came to him that he should sit in quiet and silence and see what would happen. He did this and nothing happened. Later that same day he tried it again with the same lack of results.

Finally, he was at the point where he was sitting quietly in silence eight times a day, from two to five minutes each time, trying to

meditate, but still nothing whatsoever happened, that is, nothing of which he was aware. It was only after eight months that he felt what he described as the "click," no sound as such, but a pulling in, a deep breath, and he knew then that something of a different nature had happened. That day, the rest of his morning was more harmonious and peaceful, more successful than what he had known previously. It seemed to wear off, however, before noontime, and he tried several times during the afternoon to re-create that morning's experience and renew it, but without success.

A number of days went by before he achieved that sense of the "click" again. Eventually, the experience came twice in one day out of eight or ten attempts. When it did come, even though it was nothing more than a deep breath, it changed his day. The harmony in his relationship with others began to improve and there was a noticeable increase in his income. As far back as 1933 he had been meditating some part of every hour of the day and most of the hours of the night, which resulted in his sleeping only three and a half hours out of the twenty-four. He continued to maintain his practice, did a vast amount of reading, and at the same time attended Harvard University studying Sanskrit.

Sitting at his desk in 1934, a startling message came to him out of the nowhere: thought is not power. It was startling to him because that was the era when the idea that thought is power was sweeping the country, and not only that, some persons were beginning to believe that thought was the real power and the only power. And then here came this disquieting unfoldment: thought is not power.

This was as upsetting to him as must have been the revelation centuries ago, to those entrenched in the old belief of a flat world, that the earth was round. Inside he churned; inside he was disturbed; inside a revolution was going on. Thought is not power in this age when so many teachings are dedicated to that very idea? Isn't thought power? Isn't thought all power? Doesn't thought govern? It took days and days of meditation, days and days of pondering to learn whether he was being deceived from inside or whether something of an important nature was coming through.

But Joel had ample opportunity to prove how ineffectual thought can be. He learned that thought might serve to lift a person to a place of stillness, but he knew. that when a person is up against a really serious problem, there is not a thought anywhere that will really help. Only the realization of God can bring harmony into such a situation. It is not the form of prayer that brings the miracle of Grace that appears as healing; it is not the truth that a person knows; it is the Spirit that becomes active in consciousness. If it is active, it will raise up edifices; It will raise up dead bodies. " If you destroy this body, in three days, I," this Christ, "will raise it up again."

Of this period, when Joel sat in a practitioner's office doling healing work from morning until night, six days a week, he wrote:

For sixteen years, I lived between two worlds, outwardly as a healer, living a normal family life, inwardly apart from "this world" as if I had already departed it. All these years were unhappy ones for the outer

man, and probably for the family also, and inwardly a sensation less life of learning. Secrets of the Orient and the Occident were revealed to me, secrets of the mind of man and of the spiritual realm. Laws of mind and the Grace of Spirit revealed themselves to me.

I have never minded the misery of my personal life, only the unhappiness of those who touched my outer life and couldn't enter into the inner with me. Never having experienced either the victories or the defeats of human existence, it was a complete transition to the life of the Spirit.

It is not a pleasant experience to witness neophytes seeking the spiritual way, because they are looking so eagerly to imagined joys, successes, and honors, and these I have never found. Why, then, the spiritual life? It is given to those who receive it for some special purpose of the inner Realm, and not for an individual's triumphant life. It is given by an act of Grace for a mission; and as one's life is not one's own, there can be no victories, no profits, no satisfaction of any personal nature. Those who receive ordination are fortunate that they are called to serve, but they must remember that it is not for their benefit or glory, but that a work be accomplished.

Think, neophytes, before you knock seriously. Think! You will live in two worlds, in this world but not of it. Your standards, your emotions, your words, and your ways will not be of "this world," and so you will be alienated from your friends and family and community, and yet compelled to live and work among them. You will meet only a few of your own household, and these seldom, and each will be fully occupied with his own

mission. Your relationship with those of the world will be unsatisfactory; your periods of peace only when in inner contemplation and communion.<sup>1</sup>

As he became more adept at meditation, more spiritual experiences began to come, and these increased until in 1945 an impartation from within told him in no uncertain terms, "Next year is your year of transition."

I didn't like that. That sounded to me too much like dying or passing on, and I had long since agreed that I liked life well enough to stay here for about two hundred years and then decide whether I would like to continue a little longer. Here I was being told by the Voice that I had learned to trust that next year was to be my year of transition. When I protested about it, the Voice came right back and said, "Not that kind of transition. This is a transition into a different state of consciousness."<sup>2</sup>

Joel was devoting his full time to healing work and teaching what he had learned of the nature of God and prayer to individuals who came to him, but more particularly teaching meditation. As those who came to him learned how to meditate, they were able to make an inner contact, and then they had no further need to go back to him except for the joy of spiritual communion and of further meditation with him.

In 1946, the year after I was told that that would be my year of transition, a member of my family said that for several days I had eaten no meat and asked if that was intentional and if there were any reason for it. It was the first that I was aware of it. Evidently it had been an unconscious act.

Within a day or two after that, however, in July, the spiritual experience of initiation began and lasted for two months.<sup>3</sup>

Every morning at five o'clock I was awakened and made to sit in a chair until seven o'clock, two solid hours. Every day I went through an inner illumination that seemed to open my consciousness, and it was as if I were witnessing the equivalent of a Masonic initiation. It seemed that I was witnessing an awesome ceremony and being initiated into spiritual truth. I considered this the first illumination which was a revelation of something I could specifically grasp hold of and say, "Now, I know what this is and I can tell it." And that was the year in which The Infinite Way was completed.

It was the most beautiful two months of my entire life, and at the end of that time I was told in very plain words, "From now on you will teach, but you will never seek a student. You will accept those students who are led to you. You will never need anything, but you will let transpire whatever transpires."<sup>4</sup>

From one of Joel's personal notes that he sent me in January, 1964, but which he had written many years before, he gave further information about what he learned during this initiation:

"The prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Heretofore we have sought to have God purify us. We have waited for some visitation from without or from within, which should miraculously cleanse us, purge us, and eventually forgive us our sins.

In my own initiation and purification, I learned this: We ourselves must initiate the steps necessary to the unfoldment of God



within and to His government of our lives.

In 1957 Joel told me that when he visited the Parthenon in Athens in 1955 he found it strangely familiar because it seemed to him to have been the exact place where his initiation had come about in those early morning hours in Santa Monica in 1946.

That was not the only initiation he experienced, however. There were many in the years that followed, but for the most part he was reluctant to share any of these beyond what is recorded here.

Experienced an initiation Saturday morning, brief but powerful. So far, no relation to the class.<sup>5</sup>

Today I received a new ordination. Following are the notes: . . . Told: "Be separate. Live in the world but not of it. The Spirit of God is in you (indeed it is). You will live in two worlds - in the spiritual world learning of Its ways, and by Its Grace expressing in the human world. My Spirit is upon you. Hear, speak, live through My Spirit. My Grace is the strength, knowledge, support, supply, for all your work."

To me was shown the lotus of purity, the lily of immortality - signs of the presence of the Spirit.

And so it is.<sup>6</sup>

Joel maintained that there are many fictional accounts of initiation repeated by novelists and other people, reporting something that they heard somebody say in Egypt, India, or Tibet, but to his knowledge nowhere on earth was there a record of a revelation by a master of what had made him a master. He

was sure that Jesus never gave the secrets of his initiation even to his disciples.

Before the completion of *The Infinite Way* Joel was given a vision of the past, the present, and the future. In that vision he transcended time and space, and the whole of life was revealed in the magnitude of this experience. *The Infinite Way* was not something that just happened. It was the fruitage of all his years of study and practice, the fruitage of that unswerving dedication to principle which finally came to a head in this book.

Long before that, while he was First Reader of Third Church of Christ Scientist, in Boston, sitting at his desk on November 20, 1940, at 1:45 P.M. he wrote, "My task will be to gather those around me who understand truth as it is presented in my writings." At that time there were no students and there were no writings, but he set this down in writing and never saw it again until 1946 when he was going through some of his papers. It was a forecast of future events, but must have seemed strange to him at that time.

Then, in Santa Monica, California, when the manuscript of *The Infinite Way* was just coming into form, he found another bit of writing evidently from the same pad, dated 1937:

Illumination dissolves all material ties and binds men together with the golden chains of spiritual understanding; it acknowledges only the leadership of the Christ; it has no ritual or rule but the divine, impersonal universal Love; no other worship than the inner Flame that is ever lit at the shrine of Spirit. This union is the free state of spiritual

brotherhood. The only restraint is the discipline of Soul, therefore we know liberty without license; we are a united universe without physical limits; a divine service to God without ceremony or creed. The illumined walk without fear - by Grace.<sup>7</sup>

Of this passage Joel spoke later in wonder:

How does a Christian Science practitioner ever write a thing like that? How could I ever dream of such a thing as breaking material ties or of a spiritual brotherhood or of a united service to God? Thoughts such as these do not enter one's mind unless they come out of the Universal. It was written in 1937, and I never saw it again until 1946, and here it crops up three thousand miles away. I didn't understand it, but I liked it and so I put it in on page forty of *The Infinite Way*.

As the book was ready for press, the same passage came to my mind again, and I said to the publisher, "I want that passage put in the front of every book, of every manuscript, or every pamphlet that may ever appear with my name on it."<sup>8</sup>

Even then Joel did not know why this was so significant because he had no idea of the work that lay ahead of him. Later he said that the same Thing that gave him that message in 1937 wrote *The Infinite Way* and provided the cue for the whole of *Infinite Way* work throughout all time.

From the earliest days of Joel's healing ministry he wrote letters to his patients, sometimes voluminous ones. Soon, he found himself writing a weekly letter to those who wanted a message of truth from him, and although some of these letters went into the

book *The Infinite Way*, several of the chapters were written specifically for the book, such as the just chapter on "Immortality" the chapter on "Supply," and the one entitled "The New horizon," which Joel recognized as the most important chapter in the whole book. And it came out of a dream.

In his entire lifetime, according to Joel, he had probably had not more than a hundred dreams, and all but one of them were nonsensical. But this one dream had real significance for him and gave him the chapter "The New Horizon."

One night in Santa Monica while he was in a deep sleep, a red silk banner was lowered from the ceiling. On it was a message in Old English gold lettering, and although he was dreaming, he knew that it was a dream. He also knew that he had to awaken to write down what he saw, and so he forced himself awake. Even when he was awake, the banner was still there, and he wrote down the message that was on that banner. When he had finished, the banner rolled itself up and disappeared.

The next morning Joel gave a copy of what he had written to his secretary, Nellie Steeves, who had moved to California. Her response was, "Oh, that's the last chapter of the book." While it is not the last chapter, it is one of the last, and Joel always felt that it is one of the most important in his writings because it brings out so clearly that before a person can enter into the spiritual life, not only the bad of human experience must be given up but the good also. Many times I have heard Joel ask students to read nothing but that chapter for two weeks or a month, and to contemplate its meaning.

The chapter on "Supply" in *The Infinite Way* had such an impact on those who read it that it was finally printed in pamphlet form. While this was a subject on which Joel could speak with authority because he had worked through that problem in his own early experience of lack, he had always thought that it was a subject that could not be explained in words alone.

One day, however, when he and his wife were driving from Los Angeles to the desert, they passed through a citrus grove area where oranges, grapefruit, and lemons were growing. It was at that moment that he was given such an insight into the subject of supply that he felt he could teach it to those who were unfamiliar with the vision he had had on the nature of supply as not anything that is visible but as that which flows forth out of the consciousness of individual being. As the method of presentation of the subject of supply unfolded to him, using the orange and the orange tree as an example, he enthusiastically told it to Nadea. She with equal enthusiasm told him to be sure to write it down because this was really it. And so it was that the chapter on supply was born.

When *The Infinite Way* was to be published, Joel sent it to practically every large publisher in New York City. Some read it once and some twice, but all passed it up as a book that would have no appeal. Eventually Joel had it published in Los Angeles and paid for the cost of publication himself. There seemed to be little appreciation in the United States for a book that was ultimately to have such a profound effect on the lives of so many people.

Three or four years later someone sent a

copy of *The Infinite Way* to Henry Thomas Hamblin in England. When Mr. Hamblin read it, he wrote to Joel, "This is what I have been waiting for and this is what the world is waiting for. This is the teaching of Jesus Christ on earth again." He wrote an article on *The Infinite Way* which was published in his *Science of Thought* magazine, with the result that the publishers, George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., of London, asked Joel for permission to publish it in a British edition.

Joel's years of meditating - the years of study, the years of one - pointed dedication to the living of the principles which became clearer and clearer - had culminated in the two months of inner initiation which stripped aside every veil. Then the full revelation of the principles of spiritual living and healing were given him. To prove the validity of these principles he devoted the remaining years of his life.

His initiation lifted him completely out of the realm of metaphysics into pure mysticism. The metaphysics Joel had lived with for so many years but which he had never fully accepted remained a part of his background and constituted the skeletal foundation on which the mystical revelation was built.

Joel's mysticism did not consist primarily in phenomenal experiences: seeing lights or living on visions, although as a visionary he did penetrate beyond what the world sees to that unknown realm that is here and now but is unperceived by the gross physical senses. His visions and the Voice of which he spoke so frequently came to him as importations, impressions from within.

I am not alone in this work. There is a Spirit that has been with me since my just

illumination, and it is not a person as far as I know. I do not hear voices dictating messages or anything of that kind. But there is this Spirit, a Presence, which I feel sometimes here, sometimes sitting on my shoulder.

This Spirit has always been with me in my work. This Spirit is my life, the harmony of my being, my supply. I have not had to take human footsteps for supply because it has always come, although at first slowly.

This Spirit has carried this message around the whole world and has kept me in health. I have had only one serious illness in thirty years, and yet I work hard - for twenty of those years, twenty hours a day with three and a half hours of sleep. And even today I still work hard answering my mail, doing the healing work, the teaching, lecturing, and traveling, living in hotels. But I am not fatigued, I am not run down; I am not weary, I am not played out because this is the Spirit. It isn't my health: it's that Spirit that keeps me going, and that is what has given me this work ever since 1928 in the month of November. It has always been with me, always.<sup>9</sup>

Joel Goldsmith can rightly be called a mystic because he attained conscious oneness with the Source of all life. In those moments of soaring consciousness in which he lived much of the time, there was no veil between him and ultimate Reality because there was no twoness. He saw the "new heaven and new earth" as here and now and recognized human experience with its good and evil as mesmeric suggestion, stemming from the world belief in two powers into which every human being is born.

## 5.

### **No Longer the Lone Traveler**

The interlude in California was a fruitful one, during which Joel experienced the initiation that brought The Infinite Way into focus. In many ways they were pleasant years, years of expanding awareness in which step by step he was taken further and further away from metaphysics into mysticism.

Yet they were years of great inner turmoil. Joel's own notations are clear-cut evidence of this. But with all the turmoil, the inner unfoldments of this period were rich and pregnant with meaning for the future of The Infinite Way. This inner unfoldment which continued throughout his earthly experience is shown in some of his early notations, jotted down as they came to him. They indicate the spiritual heights to which he ascended as well as the torment of a soul that had glimpsed a vision beyond this world, but was unable to maintain it every moment, and therefore experienced the pain of being in the world while catching a vision of life lived wholly in that Kingdom which is not of this world.

The gentle breezes, the warmth, and the beauty of Hawai'i struck a responsive chord in Joel. There he could feel the rhythm of the universe as he watched the Southern Cross move silently across the heavens, listened to the ebb and flow of the waves as they dashed upon the shore, and heard the quiet rustle of the palms. All this made him more conscious

than ever before of a divine law in operation. There he could feel the pulsating life force of the universe. Hawai'i had really taken hold of him, and after he had decided to make his home there permanently, he left California, returned to Honolulu, and lived for a time at the Halekulani Hotel, later taking an apartment on the Ala-wai.

Wherever Joel went a group of students gathered around him, with Emma Lindsay almost always present. Another person who also had a great deal of contact with Joel in those days was Floyd Nowell, a building contractor who for a time was one of Joel's most devoted students. When they just met, he was having a difficult time with his business, but his work with Joel quickly changed that, and he soon found himself very successful.

It was Floyd and Emma who told Joel, "You should have a home where students could come to visit you and be taught when they felt the need, and it should be where you would have a maximum of comfort."

Joel's answer was a natural and normal one when considered out of his past experience: "Well, if the time ever comes when there is a legitimate need for that, I am sure the students will provide it, and I will be there."

With that the subject was dropped, but in the middle of the night Joel awakened out of a sleep, and the Voice said to him, "You taught them incorrectly."

"What?"

"Oh yes, you taught them incorrectly."

He wondered what this meant and what was

incorrect about what he had taught them. He went back to that afternoon and kept thinking about it until it came to him: "Why, you are the teacher. You are to show forth the bounties and the abundance of the Father, and you are expecting the students to provide for the teacher who is supposed to feed the multitudes. If they provided for you, they would be the teacher, and you would be the student. If you are teaching the infinite nature of Spirit, prove it to them. And if there is a need for this, show them that the Spirit provides all things, and that they can go and do likewise."

Not long after that he purchased a modest little house at 22 Kailua Road in Kailua, about a mile from the house that Emma had purchased, and where a studio had been built for the tape recording work. After the purchase and his move to his new home on February 11, 1955, he settled in like a good householder and made arrangements for whatever changes were necessary from time to time.

Had my venetian blinds taken down and replaced with bamboo poinciana drapes; having lower windows put in bath and kitchen, had floors done today-triple waxing, as all my floors are asphalt tile; am getting in a dishwasher; and having library shelves (I mean bookshelves) built in office and bedroom for the overflow. So house is about complete.<sup>1</sup>

During the period when Joel was spending most of his time in Hawai'i, even while he still maintained a home in California, the work continued to flourish. He gave The 1952 First Honolulu Closed Class and two years later The 1954 Honolulu Closed Class and also a class for practitioners. In addition

to that, there were a number of classes on the mainland, a trip to England and the Continent in late 1953 and early January, 1954, and in 1954 he carried the message around the world. But always he traveled alone.

Emma worked tirelessly for Joel. Every day she left her home to look after his house, do his marketing, prepare his meals when they did not eat out, and chauffeured students, who came from all over the world, across the Pali from Waikiki to Kailua, a distance of about fifteen miles each way over roads not too good in those early days. After all these things were taken care of, she sometimes worked into the early hours of the morning, making the tape recordings in her home and keeping all the accounts, including subscriptions that came in for the monthly Letter.

While I had had some correspondence with Emma in regard to the tapes, I did not meet her until March, 1956, when she accompanied Joel to New York to tape record the classes during the month of class work held there. One morning four of us had breakfast together - Joel, Emma, another student, I. This was my first opportunity to sit down and talk with Emma face to face, and gave me some insight into her as a person. The conversation turned to the subject of the little luxuries of life, and I guiltily confessed that I still enjoyed beautiful china, silver, and linens. It came as a great surprise to me when they almost unanimously said, "We do, too." Emma went on to mention some of the lovely things that she enjoyed having in her home. The fact that these people, too, enjoyed some of the pleasures and comforts of this world and did not live as ascetics was reassuring to me. As usual, Joel used this opportunity to point up

the principle that the spiritual life should show forth as a greater appreciation of beauty, although with no sense of desire or possession.

As far back as 1954 Joel had said to me, "When I have a little quiet time, we will go deep into the work, and you will come to Hawai'i for that." So in 1957 Joel invited me to come to Hawai'i to work with him, ordered an airplane ticket for me, and sent the following letter on January 15, 1957;

Have arranged your Hawai'i home, and The Infinite Way will pay for it while you are here: a large room, refrigerator, range, and bath in Waikiki. The manager is one of our students, and you will find our books, tapes, and recorder all over the place - like home! . . .

We will be at the plane. Cable any change of plans to Honolulu.

On January 25, 1957, he wrote the following letter to my sister Valborg, who was at that time living in Washington, D. C.:

It is Friday evening, so just two nights and Lorraine will be here. Be assured that we will see that she does not have to sleep in the snow or stand in the breadline. Even out here in Tropic Land we have Serta mattresses, electric refrigerators, refrigeration, and American food. Yes, Lorraine will be given Hawaiian hospitality. Her hotel is managed by one of our students, has a recorder, tapes, and the writings available for guests! What could be more modern!

On January 27 I arrived at the Honolulu Airport two hours ahead of schedule because of strong tail winds. The airport was

completely deserted at five o'clock in the morning. All the passengers who had expected to have friends meet them found no one there at all - all of them except me. There, waving to me in the dark of that early morning hour with two beautiful leis to greet me were Emma and Joel, and thus began those unforgettable and memorable days.

The three of us spent part of every day in meditation, or I sat alone with Joel, meditating, while he dictated answers to his mail. Sometimes there would be a full hour's lesson, and it was then that he said to me, "This time you are going to get the works. When you leave here, you will be graduated and you will heal as you have never healed before."

Every morning I left the hotel in time to pick up Joel's mail at Pawa Station in Honolulu and arrived in Kailua by group taxi shortly after ten o'clock. Emma always came over, and we would have lunch, talk, some relaxation, and then more work.

It seemed to me that I should exhibit a reasonable degree of good manners and not outstay my welcome so, many times during the day, I would say, "I think I should be leavings."

Joel's response was always quick: "Why should you leave? No, no, stay."

After this had happened several successive days, I finally told Joel that I wouldn't suggest leaving again, but that he would have to tell me when to go. Usually Joel, Emma, and I went out for dinner, and I would return to my hotel about nine or ten o'clock at night. To have almost ten hours a day of study with Joel for seven weeks was an unbelievable

privilege. I could never have dreamed that on my seven subsequent trips to Hawai'i I would be blessed with months of such close work with my teacher, an opportunity that was of the greatest significance in my own spiritual unfoldment.

It was just two days prior to my arrival that the unfoldment on mind, which later was incorporated in *The Thunder of Silence*, came to Joel:

Mind forms its own conditions of matter, body, and form. Mind imbued with truth is the law of resurrection, renewal, regeneration, and restoration.

He hammered away on that idea hour after hour, and one day at 22 Kailua in the midst of it, he sharply asked me. "What truthful?" The incisiveness of his tone left me speechless, and I found no words to reply, but again he said, "What truth?" Finally out came a very limp, "The truth that there is only one power."

At this point Emma interjected, "Why Joel, you are scaring her half to death."

"Well, it's far better that I scare her now than that some dread disease come along later and frighten her."

During February of 1957 The Kailua Advanced Class met in Joel's home on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings at ten o'clock, with about seventeen students attending, most of whom lived on the Islands. Of this experience I wrote to my sister, "Joel has never made the healing work so clear as in this class. It is something that every earnest student should study very seriously. He is going deeper and deeper into the

mystical life, and always his one concern is with the principles. Nothing else matters to him. I knew he was a great teacher, but how great only these weeks have revealed. I pinch myself sometimes to see if it's really true that this is happening to me. Every new unfoldment is explained first to Emma and me, and then we hear it again in the class.- Joel goes over and over it for us."

These eventful weeks were made even more exciting when on February 8, 1957, Joel talked to Floyd and me about marrying Emma. Undoubtedly, there must have been an understanding between them for a long time, but he had never spoken of that possibility to me before, although I had long expected it. That afternoon, however, he said that he was going to ask her to marry him, which he did that very night.

A great attachment had sprung up between them during the years that Emma had worked with Joel. Those of us who were close to him were happy because we felt that having a loving companion would bring comfort and joy to this man who gave of himself so freely to the world. Emma's radiant countenance the next day confirmed that he had carried out his resolve and that she, too, was happy.

A day or so later, when he talked with me about getting married, his comment was, "I've never made anyone who has closely touched my life happy, and I don't want to make Emma unhappy, too."

I am sure that The Infinite Way world must have thought that the woman who married Joel would have a life of bliss, but I knew even then that it would not be too easy for Emma because Joel was very positive in his ideas and in some ways a very demanding

person. He was adamant about having things done the way he thought they should be done, but so was Emma, and she had worked with him long enough to know his ways.

A few days later they took me on a drive around the entire island of Oahu and during that trip Joel told me that he had worked out an arrangement in regard to what should be done if anything happened to both Emma and him at the same time and he also explained my responsibility in carrying out his wishes. One of them was that I should continue to prepare a monthly Letter as long as students wanted it, but under no circumstances was I to be a lady bountiful and distribute such a Letter gratis. Students would indicate how much they wanted it by their willingness to pay for it.

It was obvious that the little house at 22 Kailua was too small for Joel, Emma, and her son Sammy, so before they were married Joel and Emma went house hunting. They found a charming two-level house on Halekou Place in Kaneohe. It was in very bad condition and needed a great deal of work done on it, but it had thirty feet of picture windows overlooking the mountains, a superb and breathtaking view that was ever changing. In addition to the large living room, the house contained a kitchen in need of modernizing, three bedrooms, one of which Joel used as a study, and one bath on the main floor, and on the lower level a room as large as the living room, a bedroom, and a bath. The large room on the lower floor adequately took care of the hundred students who came from around the world to attend The First and Second Halekou Classes held in August.

Emma and Joel were married by a friend of Joel's, Rabbi Segal, in the rabbi's home on



Joel's birthday, March 10, 1957. Emma looked beautiful as always in a blue taffeta afternoon gown she had purchased the preceding October in Chicago and had worn at the 1956 class there. Just six of us were present at the short and simple ceremony at which Floyd and I were the witnesses.

In the course of the conversation at the buffet after the ceremony Rabbi Segal spoke to me about the classes Joel was to give that August at Halekou Place and said, "I suppose you'll be back here for those classes."

Astounded at the idea that anyone would think that I could afford a second trip to Hawai'i in one year, I replied, "Oh, no, I don't think so. I've been here." At that time I thought of a trip to Hawai'i as a once-in-a-lifetime experience.

Across the room Joel heard me and called over to us, "She thinks it takes money." implying that it took consciousness and not money. This I learned, because with very little in the form of material resources, in that one eventful year I made three trips to Hawai'i.

Late in the afternoon Emma and Joel went to the Royal Hawaiian Hotel to spend a few days there and invited me to go along with them for a visit. At least six different times in the next couple of hours I said to them, "Well, I think I ought to be leaving."

But each time Joel said "Oh no, don't go."

Finally on the seventh time I said, "This is your wedding day, so I think I ought to go."

His response was, "Well, after all we are not a couple of kids, you know, so stay."

So stay I did for several hours and went back to my hotel only to change and get ready for the wedding dinner at the Royal Hawaiian that evening.

In his diary, which he gave me in October, 1960, Joel made the following entries about his marriage and honeymoon:

March 10, 1957, Emma and I were married by Rabbi Alexander Segal in his home in Honolulu, Hawai'i. Present were Rabbi Segal and Mrs. Segal, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Nowell, Miss Lorraine Sinkler, Sammy Lindsay (Emma's son).

March 15, 1957, we flew to San Francisco, visited with Emma's daughter and her husband, Geri and Lt. Cdr. Jack McDonald and Emma's son Bill Rustin and his wife Dorothy. Then flew to Tulsa, Oklahoma, to visit the Olney Flynns, then to Chicago for a visit with Lorraine Sinkler, New York with Walter Starcke, and then flew to Europe.

London for lecture and classwork and Chichester with the Henry Thomas Hamblins; Manchester with Roland and Gertrude Spencer, and lectures. Edinburgh, Scotland (with the Masters) and lectures. London with the Walter Eastmans, Mary Anthony, Earl of Gosford, classes again.

Then still flying, Switzerland, Rome, Italy; Munich, Germany with Marianne Lange and the children.

Back to London to receive honorary membership in the Lodge of the Living Stones (Leeds).

To New York, May 31, San Francisco, and

home in Hawai'i June 8.

Joel had found his traveling companion. He said that life without love is empty, just as life without freedom is empty. To be an individual walking up and down the earth not loved and not loving is not life: it is a living death. Love makes life worthwhile.

## NOTES

Unless otherwise indicated, the sources below are tape recordings of Joel S. Goldsmith's lectures and classes, letters written by him to the author, conversations with him, or other unpublished material given by him to the author. Tape recordings referred to in these notes are available for purchase.

### I. Beginnings.. Human and Spiritual

1. The second 1958 Chicago Closed Class, Reel II, Side 1.
2. From a letter to author, Honolulu. April 11, 1964.
3. The 1959 San Diego Special Class, Reel IV, Side 1.
4. The 1954 Seattle Closed Class, Reel I, Side 1.
5. The 1952 Second Seattle Closed Class, Reel I, Side 1.
6. The 1957 First Halekou Closed Class, Reel I, Side 1.
7. The 1952 Second Seattle Closed Class, Reel I, Side 1.
8. Unpublished notes written in October, 1957, and sent to author October 11, 1957.
9. The Second 1953 New York Closed Class, Reel IV, Side 1.

### II. The Preparation

1. The 1956 First Steinway Hall Practitioners' Class, Reel I, Side 1.
2. The 1961 London Open Class, Reel II, Side 1.
3. The 1954 Seattle Closed Class, Reel III, Side 2.
4. The 1956 Second Steinway Hall Closed Class, Reel I, Side 2.
5. The 1959 England Open Class, Reel IV, Side 2.
6. The Second 1956 Chicago Closed Class, Reel IV, Side 2.
7. The 1958 London Closed Class, Reel II, Side 2.
8. The 1958 Chicago "25" Private Class, Reel I.
9. The 1956 Bartizan Plaza "25" Private Class, Reel II, Side 1.
10. The 1954 Chicago Closed Class, Reel II, Side 2.
11. The 1956 Portland Closed Class, Reel IV, Side 1.

### III. Interlude

1. The apses First New York Closed Class, Reel II, Side 2.
2. Holly 1953 Calif.: Joel S. Goldsmith, Publisher, 1949.
3. The 1954 First Portland Practitioners' Class, Reel II, Side 1.
4. The 1954 First Portland Practitioners' Class, Reel I, Side 1.

5. San Gabriel, Calif.: Willing Publishing Company, 1947.
6. This book was later published by L. N. Fowler, Ltd. in London under the title of Conscious Union with God, and then in New York in 1962 by The Julian Press.
7. Northwest November 7 Class.

### IV. Initiation

1. From a paper sent to author, dated July 11, 1963.
2. The 1956 New York Laurelton Hotel Closed Class, Reel IV, Side 2.
3. Ibid.
4. The 1951 Second Portland Series, Reel XII.
5. From a letter to author, January 27, 1958.
6. From a letter to author, April 15, 1959.
7. The Infinite Way (San Gabriel, Calif.: Willing Publishing Company, 1960). First published in 1947.
8. The 1956 Barbizon Plaza "25" Private Class, Reel II, Side 1.
9. The 1959 England Open Class, Reel IV, Side 2.

### V. No Longer the Lone Traveler

1. From a letter to author.

END OF PART A

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