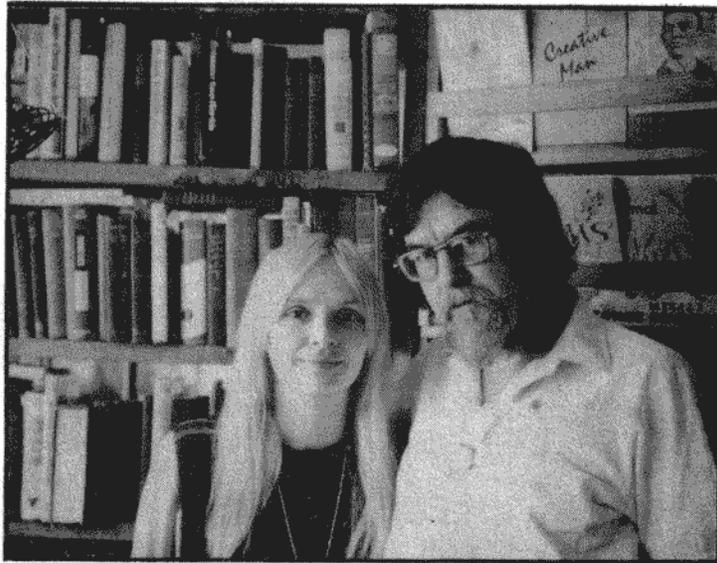




A Magic Happening at Yorktown



From the Editorial Staff of C.A.C.:

An Off-The-Cuff Report On The Summit Conference

Of NEW AGE Groups Which Occurred

at Yorktown, Pennsylvania,

July 7, 1977

A MAGIC HAPPENING IN YORKTOWN

Being An Admittedly Prejudiced And Somewhat Exaggerated Eye-Witness Report
On The Summit Conference Of New-Age Groups At
Yorktown, Pennsylvania, July 7, 1977
(7-7-77)

Hi...we are back!

And, as promised, here's an off-the-cuff report of what occurred.

A Prophetic Document

About the first thing we remember about the Yorktown Convention, after walking in to the Thompson College that memorable Wednesday morning, July 6th, to register, was a xeroxed document slipped into our hands by Mary Ann Sipka which read to wit:

"We the unwilling
led by the unqualified,
have been doing
the unbelievable
so long with so little
we now attempt
the impossible
with nothing"

Anon

Having attended a few previous Happenings conjured up by Awareness, that old feeling again gripped the stomach--a prophetic telegraphing of what was to come in the days ahead. In retrospect, that document indeed pretty well describes the Yorktown experience.

There were group leaders and mystics all over the place: Tom McQuay, Mary Ann, Grace Lалlos, Jack Katchmar (his bark is really worse than his bite), Fred Anthony Warren, Wilma Baughman, Karen Kline, Sunny Cole (beautifully, bubbly Sunny), Murial Minnick, Gene Zuffa and others all converted, like lemmings with some singular purpose, on that college of Alex Thompson which is to play such a significant role in the starting of the New Age.

After 20 minutes of uneasy silence, Alexander Thompson himself, like a great and lovable roly-polly bear, rumbled noisily into the office, a great chain of keys dangling from his belt. It had been six years since we last had seen him. Now his handsome face contained a magnificent beard, flecked with distinguished grey to a rakish Mephistophelean point. Although he has carried a heavy load for seven years, and had so many heavy trips laid on him you wouldn't believe, his laugh-wrinkled face still showed no sign. Bellowing greetings with bear-hugs and unneeded apologies for being tardy, Alex then proceeded to give us all a personal tour of the college campus.

This was the college Alex is trying to give to Awareness through the Aquarian Church of Universal Services. Its been in his family for generations and has for credentials one of the oldest and finest business colleges in the country. It was his intention to maintain the school, keeping the modern business courses in tact, but slowly adding on departments such as the healing arts, Cosmic Awareness courses etc. as electives. Eventually the whole thing would become a University of Awareness, or Akasha. Putting the whole thing together, obtaining the funding, the teachers etc. has been backbreaking for Alex. It is still not quite together. A long series of battles with lawyers and tax men has dissipated the family fortune, and his inheritance from around \$4,000,000 to around \$400,000, forcing him to sell off valuable lands and buildings in order to make the college survive.

But Alexander Thompson is one of the fiercest poles of energy we have ever seen. There is absolutely no doubt about it, his college and the many related project. Awareness has given him to energize into consciousness will be realized.

After a tour of the college, we quaffed a beer and had a sandwich at the historic old Roosevelt Tavern, one of the numerous places still standing with a far-out history. Let's face it, almost everything in Yorktown has historic significance. In fact, it turns out that the birth of our nation actually occurred here instead of Philadelphia.

The Secret History of the Birth of the Nation

It seems that the 13 colonies declared their separate independence from England on July 2, 1776 in Philadelphia, but in that Declaration of Independence they solemnly declared themselves to be "free and independent states" with the right retained by each to do "all acts and things which independent states may of right do." That Declaration did not create a union of any sort: it created 13 independent states. True it is that each independent state or colony thereafter had to ratify the act of its authorized delegates in the adoption of the Articles of Confederation, but, by definition, the term 'ratification' gives assent as of the time of the original event. The original event was the adoption of the Articles of Confederation on November 15, 1777 in York, Pa. which created the United States of America.

It is little known, infrequently told, almost secret history. But it is true, in fact and in law. Yorktown, Pa. gave birth to the United States on Nov. 15, 1777, and 200 years later gave birth to the Unified States of Awareness, the New Age government that extends and expands those concepts of freedom to the entire world.

Another Happening Planned Nov. 15, 1977 to Celebrate the 200th Birthday of the U.S.

Cosmic Awareness had a few observations on the matter too. During a trance at York, the question was asked:

"Would Awareness comment on the idea of having some kind of fund raising celebration on November 15th here in York, Pennsylvania?"

And Cosmic Awareness replied: "This Awareness suggests this as more than appropriate, that this as being celestially essential on several levels.

This Awareness wishes that you inform the national news media that you are celebrating the 200th anniversary of the United States, that you invite not only a few professional singers entertainers, but that you send invitations to as many as you can think of who might participate in the 200th anniversary of the United States.

This Awareness indicates that this be accompanied by the explanation of why this is the 200th Anniversary and how it occurred at York, and let entities know that if they do not attend this celebration as entertainers, donating their time to this, that they are missing out on the biggest event of the century.

This Awareness suggests that you allow them to realize that the Bi-Centennial explosion of last year was but a premature ejaculation."

Attention, Songwriters!

So an extravaganza is being planned for York, Pa. on Nov. 15th, 1977, replete with fireworks, rock bands etc., sponsored by the Unified States of Awareness. Hey, all you song-writers out there: We need to tell the world about it. How about some songs that can tell the world of our nation's real birth date? Something comparable to that catchy ditty about "wearing flowers in your hair, when you come to San Francisco" for that memorable Summer of Love. (Remember, Denny?) And while you're at it, how about a song hailing that famous magical date, July 13th, and 7-7-77. Let's tell the world what's happening!

The Akashic Record is Read and Discussed

But we digress. Back to what happened earlier. The Akashic Record, the presentation by Awareness of the New Age world government, was read out loud, each entity in attendance, for the most part, reading a section till it was completed.

Joseph Antaree, a dedicated new-ager representing the One World Family (a large new age commune in California and Hawaii) and his guru, Allen Michael, was to present another new age government plan which had been channeled by Allen Michael from the "galactic Hierarchy". This announcement was digested by those in attendance. There was a feeling in the air that some cosmic fur was about to fly. However, what looked at first to be a rhubarb of some proportion was settled that night in a trance by Paul Shockley, wherein Awareness gave a rap on gurus, personality cults etc. and the relationship to the transfer of power now taking effect.

Awareness reminded us again, "It does not wish for entities to point their fingers at Cosmic Awareness and say, 'This is our leader'. It asks entities to look at the information this Awareness is giving, and ask yourselves: 'Is this something that can be applied in my life?'" Awareness also reminded us that all messiahs who come along, like Lucifer, create a separateness among the masses, a feeling of separate action, and that the Unified States of Awareness is not a separate action, but an action created by and participated in by all. That anyone calling himself a messiah anymore is no longer a deliverer, but another Lucifer.

When Joseph announced the next morning he had scrapped his presentation, he was given a standing ovation by the majority of the group which favored the presentation of Cosmic Awareness for the new world government. In a later reading, the channel of Allen Michael was indeed verified by Awareness as being of Awareness proportions, and that the new age government material he had channelled should be incorporated into the New Age Bill of Rights where applicable. Awareness told us that the entity also would let his people go whenever they reached that level of awareness where they are capable of accepting the power being released. This entity was also later elected to the Council of Twelve.

The Property Owners Protective Association

On July 8th, Alex Thompson presented the "Property Owners Protective Association" agreement (POPA), which Awareness wants to get started by the Universal Service Foundation, a branch of the Aquarian Church of Universal Service. This is a document which anyone can make up, which legally enables a property owner to transfer his property (in name only) to POPA, and for a fee of \$1.00 remove it therefrom at his convenience. The purpose of POPA is to remove the traditional bonds that have hindered the free transfer of property among all individuals, and to avoid the unnecessary and restrictive taxes that have destroyed the free market system and have dissipated the many years of hard labor of numerous individuals by taxing estates as they are passed from one generation to the next. In other words, if a property owner should die, his estate goes to probate and is often sold for taxes rather than getting passed on to his son, daughter, wife or other friends or relatives. (The system all but wiped Alex out. One reason Awareness chose him to energize this new idea into consciousness so that all the people can benefit.) CAC members interested in obtaining this document for their own protection may obtain samples and more information by writing CAC or the Aquarian Church of Universal Service. It must be sheltered by a non-profit, tax-exempt organization to work. If a tax can be avoided, AVOID IT! The New Age has no room for taxation of any kind.

The New Age Credit Union

Other presentations were given. The indefatigable Jae Sheele, administrator of the Aquarian Church, explained the necessity of a new age Credit Union, another project Awareness wanted to get into consciousness during the convention.

Briefly, this is like any other credit union, where savings draw good interest and are protected etc., but instead of the profits going to the bankers, they are used by various New Age groups to launch New Age projects. For instance, CAC could get a low-interest loan from this credit union to say, purchase that \$20,000 printing press and IBM type-

setter we have been energizing. No bank would give us this loan because we have no "collateral" nor could afford the exorbitant interest charged. When this new credit union is formalized, CAC will provide further information to its membership. Suffice it to say, all members who participate would be able to obtain more interest on their money, and groups would be able to borrow at less interest than they can obtain from their present banks or credit unions, and they would be helping to eliminate the major block which has presented New Age groups from coming into their own--a lack of financing.

The Work Continues - The Council of 12 Elected.

Quietly, but efficiently, the business Awareness outlined in the Akashic Record was taken care of. On Saturday, July 9th, the Council of 12 were elected. Harmony and agreement was complete. The names of the 12 Co-ordinators and their assistants on the first level are as follows:

1. Paul Shockley, assistant John Kenneth Brecken: Logistics & Evaluation Services.
2. Alexander Thompson, assistant Jack Katchmar: Property & Physical Facilities Services.
3. Fred Anthony Warren, assistant Grace Lallo: Communications, Community Relations Serv.
4. Peter Keegan, assistant to be chosen: Domestic, Habitat & Environmental Services.
5. Sammy Sun Song, assistants Sun Flower and James Parsons: Cultural & Recreational Serv.
6. Winston Turnbow, assistant Vicki Turnbow: Records & Classification Services.
7. Mary Ann Sipka, assistant Thomas Summerlin: Counseling & Consultant Services.
8. Sunny Cole, assistant to be chosen: Trade, Transfer & Economic Services.
9. Allen Michael, assistant Joseph Antaree: Growth, Development, Extension & Foreign Serv.
10. Jae Sheele, assistants Don Baziuk & Ray Erickson: Design, Structural & Engineering.
11. Julie Sullivan, assistants Denny Saxman & Holly Shumway: Social & Philanthropic Serv.
12. Ann Rothan, assistant to be chosen: Integration Services.

How were these entities chosen? Well, they were elected in the good old democratic way, by nominations and balloting. There were those who would like to have it done by the easy method: simply have Awareness name who it wanted. Reverend Katchmar even had the audacity to ask Awareness to do this. Awareness, of course, refused. However it did say it would point out certain qualities within members present which the group should observe in making a decision, these qualities based on who they were in previous lifetimes. According to Awareness, Thomas Jefferson was present in the room. So was Galileo, Alexander the Great, Yok of Carpathia (the founder of Yoga); the Disciple, Phillip; St. Francis of Assisi; Katherine the Great; Lao Tse (the great Chinese philosopher); a pharaoh, Ra; the Disciple, Nathaniel; Hermes; Sir Lancelot, and numerous others including Indian chiefs, Incan princes and princesses. Concluded Awareness: "This Awareness suggests that you look around and discover who you are; and from this discovery determine who among you are the best qualified to begin this action as a group of twelve."

(In silence, everyone gawked at one another)

The 13th Position (The Ohm) is Filled

On Sunday, July 10th, the Council of Twelve elected a 13th for the Ohm position: this entity was Thomas McQuay, a longtime minister of Awareness whose quiet dignity chaired the entire York proceedings and kept us all steadfast on the path to its conclusion. Tom has an implacable sense of history, a driving intuition that what was taking place in Yorktown would one day have historic significance. It was Tom who marched into York like a soldier who knew full-well exactly what his objective was, a bandolier of cameras and sound equipment slung across his shoulders. Everything that happened was recorded; nothing went unnoticed under his watchful eye. Thanks to Tom McQuay, the USofA archives will hold rich rewards for those entities in years ahead who mine it for posterity. For many years Tom has held classes in spiritual development, given lectures on a wide variety of New Age subjects. He has some sort of business called something like "Namaste Enterprises. Namaste, we were told, means 'I salute the Christ within you'. During the Sufi dances later on, when everyone bowed and sang this word to one another, when you danced with Tom McQuay and said it, you really meant it.

"Namaste, Tom McQuay, Namaste".

A Tour of Historic Old Yorktown

After the election for the Ohm position, everyone went sight-seeing around York, energizing those locations specifically requested by Awareness: the famous Golden Plough Tavern where Thomas Jefferson, Ben Franklin and Madison worked out their ideas over hot buttered rum, and where the first draft of the Constitution was written. The General Gates house where he and others conspired against George Washington, but were returned to their senses when LaFayette walked in and proposed a toast, "to your great and remarkable General George Washington."

We also toured a dilapidated building once lived in by Thomas Paine, that unsung hero of the revolution. A sleepy-eyed old tomcat, peering from a sagging upper windowsill, was its only inhabitant. This decrepit old structure was another of Alex Thompson's fantasies: to restore and preserve this landmark regardless of the apathy of city hall, which evidently had never heard of Thomas Paine, whose golden rhetoric supplied the flame that fueled not only our Revolution, but the historic French Revolution as well. A magic ritual was done at the site that day, and a piece of the actual building (a tiny rock) was removed from the grounds to be energized in another magic ceremony later on.

A Word About the Weather

On several mucky July evenings, many of us would congregate at the First Capital tavern, a famous watering hole across the street from the historic First Capital of the United States. Here we quaffed cold Budweiser, made new acquaintances, made merry and relaxed on the outside patio, where one observed the brooding Cutty Sark scotch whiskey billboard across the street, which strangely resembled that ancient sailing ship Awareness chose as the "Good Ship", the flagship and symbol of the Aquarian Church of Universal Service.

It was indeed hot. Much of the time the thermometer hovered near 100 degrees, with a high, awful humidity. (Those of us from the cool mountain state of Washington, where the Japanese current flows across the Pacific and over snow-capped mountains, rivers and lakes, drenching the vast forests with cooling rains and an average temperature of 65, did, indeed, find it hard to function in that Eastern heat). But we did, and we're mighty happy to be privileged to participate in that magic action which will soon effect every entity on the face of this earth.

It was the weather, by the way, that told us that Paul Shockley had arrived in York. He was a few days late and a few were beginning to worry. Paul had left Portland on Friday, July 1st, supposedly in an ancient Cadillac he had purchased for \$200. He was accompanied by Roxanne (Roshana); his daughter, Star; his sister, Karen and her daughter; Mary (Dede) Farrell (who quietly radiated love and warmth, high on life in spite of the heat); Kenneth Brecken, the famous Aquarian Church Astrologer whose name 200 years ago was a household word. And somehow they picked up the ubiquitous David Millet, a magician everyone knew would somehow show up at the York event. It was a very loaded car, and it broke down before it got out of Portland. Paul had phoned Olympia a few days before and mentioned that he may have to perform some major surgery on that auto; we were more concerned about him getting the air conditioner to work (it never did). At the last minute, some noble entity donated another car to Paul's church, a white station wagon in its twilight years that somehow managed to wheeze its way across 3000 miles of torrid America with only a flat or two. The delay was caused, Paul solemnly announced in that way he has, because the car refused to run during the heat of the day. It seems the radiator would blow up if they drove during the day, so night time was the only alternative. Sleeping by waysides, and once on the hood beneath a car wash one rainy night somewhere in Montana, (no motels, they were saving what little money they had), they somehow made it. And without any hair-pulling or back-biting in that super-crowded car. "Everyone just got along fine", smiled Dede softly. "In fact, everyone got to know everyone else much better than before."

But why, you may wonder, does this narrative about Paul's trip to York have anything to do with the weather? Okay. There is a standing joke among Paul's close friends

that wherever he goes, a storm seems to follow. He has arrived in Olympia, for example, on a perfectly clear and normal day, accompanied by bolts of lightning, a sudden squall or rain storm. Whenever this phenomenon is brought to Paul's attention, he grins sheepishly and mutters something "about coincidences". Maybe. But being a channel for Cosmic Awareness might have something to do with it. Also Paul is usually conducting Development classes where all sorts of magic rituals are taking place, and the energy created by those magic rituals is terrific. Even the animals are drawn toward it, as you who have received tape recorded readings from Paul at his country retreat well know. Anyway, a bunch of us were having lunch at Ramona's (a 24 hour restaurant with good beans where we wiled away the wee small hours of many a morning, when we should have been sleeping): It was a hot, muggy day with no reported relief in sight, when suddenly thunder cracked, a sudden wind blew the front door open and a rain shower drenched Yorktown. In unison everyone at the table cried, "Paul's here!" He was. At that very moment, that ancient wagon packed like sardines with tired entities from the West, wheezed up the driveway of Alex's college, backfired and sputtered to a stop. (It never even attempted to try to make it back after the convention.)

The Declaration of Intent is Signed The USE IT Clubs Get Started

On Monday, July 11th, the Clubs which Awareness wanted to get started, were officially started. These are the USE IT system clubs whereby talents will be substituted for money. This and many other projects were energized into consciousness during that historic conference at Yorktown.

Other highlights: An official document or "Declaration of Intent" was drawn up, the final draft being done by none other (you guessed it), an entity present whom Awareness had stated in another lifetime had been Thomas Jefferson. In brief, this document, signed by all those present, gave Awareness permission to draw upon the energies in our combined "cosmic bank accounts" to bring into fruition the US of A and those many New Age projects indicated.

It was a busy week. Under Tom McQuay's no-nonsense directions more than everything planned was taken care of. The days were long ones, starting with meetings at 9:AM, breaking for an hour at noon, breaking for two hours in the evening before a third shift began at night at the mansion.

The Mansion on Springettsbury Ave.

Oh, yes. No account of the York convention would be complete without a few words about the mansion at 100 Springettsbury Avenue. Located in the ritziest part of York, this huge 4 story Georgian Colonial mansion was one of Alex's properties, inherited from his mother. He had been forced to sell it the year before, but strangely enough, just one week before the York convention when Alex was wondering where he could put everyone up, the owner walked in to Alex's office, tossed him the deed, and announced that Alex could have it back. The taxes were too high. During the entire convention, this magnificent house was thrown open to the convention-goers, who slept in its many palatial rooms, sang and dance, and made magic circles beneath the antique chandeliers. It was here in the grand front room that Paul effected the three Awareness trances given in York. It was here on that day, with the business finished and entities packing to leave, that the money exchanging ritual Awareness presented now took place. Awareness had instructed:

"...that entities move through a ritual whereby each entity takes not more than two dollars, preferably one dollar in change, and in a circle these entities begin walking toward one another across the circle, giving pieces of silver or copper or aluminum to those who they wish to give this to. This Awareness suggests that this be continued for a count of 144, that the number of people walking through the circle be limited to approximately 5 at a time. This Awareness suggests that this action of exchanging and sharing in this manner as that which shall be a spirit of unity in a symbolic sense. This Awareness suggests that when your money has run out, when your dollar has been given, that you raise your hand so that others may see your lacking."

It was a far-out happening. Somehow, although it was never stated, there was a feeling that this particular ritual was a doctrine of liberation from the "Beast".

It was here in this gargoyle-guarded mansion, with its spacious grounds and towering walnut trees, that much of the actual business transpired. Not just official meetings during working hours, but unofficial meetings in the library, kitchen, and even the "Widow's Walk" -- a roof-top hideaway where children clambor along the slate gables, and where at night the sweet mystical smell of burning herbs and incense waft through the midnight air--entities watching flying saucers and speaking softly of heavy things.

Denny Saxman's Search for God

It was here in the mansion that so many raps occurred. There was the soft-spoken James Parson, art dealer and mystic, dedicated to help with the many New Age projects as he wends his way across the country; there was our long-time friend, Denny Saxman, a God-intoxicated ageless hippie, with a clear-cut purpose and direction at last, speaking softly about God and the juice bar he and others are energizing in York. A true story about this entity is worth sharing:

During the hey-day of the Vietnam war and the first emergence of the hippie movement, (back when rednecks made a patriotic point of tormenting long-hairs), we dropped him off at a freeway entrance to hitch a ride to his Montana home. It was nighttime. Beneath the lights we watched him head toward a huge tractor-trailer rig that had pulled over to pick him up. Denny, with his sparse figure and long, shoulder-length hair, bare feet and tiny knapsack packed with rice and granola nestled among a well-thumbed copy of Thinking and Destiny and his omniscient I Ching sticks, swung into the cab, a Christ-like figure, and thundered into the darkness. With an uneasy feeling, we watched till the glow of the tail light disappeared.

Several years later, while passing through Montana, we looked him up and asked him what, if anything had happened that night he left Olympia. "Plenty," he replied. "The driver was a big dude, with crew-cut hair and a real red neck and thick-joweled. He quickly informed Denny that he was going non-stop through the mountains to Spokane, and that he had been waiting to "get one of you long-haired, draft-dodging sonofabitches inside my cab before I start running them down on the highways." Quietly, Denny listened to this tirade. For over a hundred miles the burly driver vented his scorn and hatred at what Denny represented to him. Then leeringly he demanded to hear stories about the hippie girls with their limber loins, the drugged participants, the anything-goes orgies, the Haight-Ashbury and all those terribly dirty things he had heard about.

When it finally came time to reply, Denny started talking about God. From the summit of Snoqualamie Pass all the way to Spokane, he talked about nothing but God and his personal search for God.

"Well, what happened"? we asked.

"You probably won't believe this," Denny replied quietly, "but when we reached Spokane, we pulled over and stopped at a restaurant. The driver got out, walked around the cab and opened my door. He was crying like a baby and he took my hand and shook it and shook it.

"I just didn't understand," the driver said, tears running down his face. "I just didn't understand you people."

He asked Denny's forgiveness for the judgments and the rude treatment he had made and promised, from that moment on, never again to "flip the bird" and roar past hippies waiting for a ride, but would stop and give them a lift. And he was going to straighten out his truck-driving buddies, too, tell them to start giving those hippies rides.

If Denny Saxman comes to your town in his role of helping to set up the new Trade Centers, ask him to tell you about God. It is really an interesting rap.

Yes, it is likely that few will ever forget that mansion on Springettsbury Avenue in Yorktown. Joseph and others would like to see it become a New Age headquarters, perhaps a new Eastern branch of the One World Family. It is more likely, however, to be sold. The hard economic facts of Alex Thompson's life require funds, and more funds, and NOW. But if Awareness needs that house for something else, it will either be returned to Alex again or simply won't be sold. In any event, it served us all very well.

Psychic Healings in Yorktown---A Personal Miracle

Many of you out there may have heard from "Vicki T., your faithful Correspondence Secretary" and guardian of the CAC treasury (no big job lately). Her busy little fingers pen hundreds of memos weekly, meticulously written, many in long hand. Without her, frankly, there would be no CAC. In at the beginning and one of the founders, Vicki T. has been the spiritual cement that holds the operation together. Her dedication, her energy and enthusiasm is boundless. She literally lives for CAC, often driving herself 14 to 18 hours a day, seven days a week sometimes to keep on top of the many details. She longs for that day when Awareness calls a convention that everyone can attend. She really knows you all out there on a first-name basis. She can tell by your handwriting, your stationary, the checks you write (or don't write), the books or tapes you order, exactly what you look like. (She doesn't really. But her fantasies are often right. At York, she cried out in amazement: "Why that's Mary Ann. I'll bet you my life, that's Mary Ann Sipka" etc.) It Was.

She is a very beautiful lady, both spiritually and physically. With her long blond hair flowing to her shoulders and her blue eyes sparkling with wit, this little Taurus gal is an inspiration to us all. She is also a mystic: reads the Tarot cards a bit and peers for hours into a crystal ball imported from England. At night she leaves her body and trips around the Universe, often checking in on CAC members she's never actually met. Lately, Awareness has been taking her to night school on some high distant plane, no doubt getting her ready for an increased workload. Her intuition is uncanny and her persistence is unbelievable when she "just knows" or just "feels" that something must be done, or some new project must be undertaken at once. She is efficiency itself. With her hands on her hips and that glint in her eyes, that directive she just made had better be carried out. If not, and that tiny foot begins to tap, one had better run for cover.

When Vicki T. was about 14, she contracted scoliosis, a lateral curvature of the spine which many girls that age somehow seem to get, but doctors don't know why. By age 16 it had become painful, the backbone at the base of the spine resembled the letter "S". Of course the doctors wanted to break her spine and reset it, which was their practice, but Vicki T. stamped her foot and proclaimed loudly to the world, "that no one, but no one, is going to break my spine. It will go away in time. It will be healed." Several years ago she told this to a chiropractor to whom she went for an occasional adjustment. He had X-rayed her back previously and only laughed. He had said to her as he held up the X ray showing the "S" curve, "there is no way you can ever straighten that back. If anyone ever heals that back, you let me know and I will stop my practice and follow that person like it was Jesus Christ."

Well, to make a long story short: one of the ministers of Awareness at York (we'd publish her name if we had obtained permission), recently started doing "psychic surgery"--a mystic sort of surgery performed on the auric body, which then manifests in the physical. This sort of thing is common in the Philippines, and Awareness (who vouches for her ability) says this method will become common in the New Age. With Paul Shockley, his wife, Roshanna and a battery of others to supply the energy, this minister's hand, slicing like a knife into the back of a supine Vicki T., laid bare her spine to her psychic fingers, probing for the calcification that held the bones in figure "S" position. Accompanied by a great moaning sound and a vast swell of energy, she literally wrenched and pulled the entire spinal column into the natural line it should be. A sweep of her hands then closed the psychic wound, and Vicki T. was healed--without pain and without a drop of blood present. (Ed's note: now she can do twice the amount of work she has been doing). There is still a little curve left that the psychic surgeon is still working on. Vicki T. travels in her astral body for the treatments. The healer explained that to straighten her back entirely in one shot, after years of calcification in an "S" shape, the shock to her body would be equivalent to that after a major operation, and would require hospitalization. The spine, however, has been straightened to within half an inch of where it should be: (it had been as much as two inches out of line) and certainly enough to make that old smarty chiropractor close his shop and head East.

This Amazing minister also healed a similar curved spine of the entity, Mary Farrell of the Aquarian Church, and did other healings on members at the convention as well.

That was magic we all could see. The magic at York we could not see is yet to happen for the most part--the manifestation of the Unified States of Awareness. However, there were some rather strange events that occurred a few days later, which may or may not be related. You be the judge.

Alex Thompson has an Obsession

Magic was everywhere in York. One could feel it everywhere. You could hear it in the mansion where Chris Davis and Holly Shumway strummed guitars in the corridors, singing songs of love quietly in the background (beautiful spiritual beings, and having found the path so young!) And Karen Shockley, a naturally-stoned beauty from Oregon, whispering about fairies as we watched in wonder a million fireflies at work in a glen down the road. And Michael Gramlich, whose sonorous voice espoused the glories of meditation, and who would quickly form a magic circle every chance he'd get. And Joseph, cocking his head and channelling another message or idea from his space people friends. It was all so marvelously far out.

One night Awareness gave a long rap about the high energy we had created in Yorktown. (There was no doubt about it. We all could feel it. Everyone was really high--and not a drug in sight. Well, almost none). It told how we could contact this energy at any time by just thinking of Yorktown and the magic circles we had made so often there. It had also hinted that this energy could be distributed by its ministers in various places and that magic would occur. Well, the last official night of the convention, a bunch of us were dining at the apartment of Holly Shumway and Julie Sullivan (a lovely lady, teacher of children and one of the Council of Twelve.) We were gnawing on watermelon with Denny Saxman, Kenny Brecken and Cheryl Wright, whose late white ferret named Rai Benah Netzath accompanied her on a series of adventures from Oregon to Virginia Beach. (The ferret died in the heat of July 16th we were told later). These entities along with others: the Interpreter, Paul Shockley, Roxanne, his sister, Karen, Sammy Sun Song and Sunflower of the Magic Circus and the Madre Grande Monastery, David Millet and Don Baziuk and a few others showed up later.

(Paul was supposed to have taken off for Maryland to give readings to Lou Audet's group, but his car fell apart in York and Alex Thompson went out and purchased another for him. Evidentially Awareness needed Paul for the unscheduled adventures we are about to relate.)

Anyway, about 2 AM, Alex burst into the apartment. (Alex gets about two hours sleep a night so of course no one was surprised). He had, he said, this extremely strong feeling that a bunch of us needed to go to Washington DC and energize the capitol. He said we also needed to energize the hugh ocean liner, mothballed in Newport, Va., that Awareness had told him in a reading would become the flagship of a fleet, flying the New Age banner of the US of A, that would go from port to port in the world healing the sick, teaching the ignorant and energizing the projects of the New Age. This ship, manned by entities from every nation, representing every race and religion known, was none other than the S.S. United States--the largest liner in the world, mothballed and out of use for eight years, and for sale for only 8 million dollars, a fraction of its original cost. Alex, with a cigar stuffed firmly between his teeth, also muttered something about dropping in on the Edgar Cayce foundation at Virginia Beach and energizing a sharing of those energies with the US of A projects. Well, Alex was so animated and convincing that plans were changed, flights were cancelled, and we all agreed to leave for Washington DC in a caravan of cars at 9 AM.

At breakfast the next morning, the headlines of the paper hinted at the real reason Awareness wanted us in DC that day: "Senate to Vote on Neutron Bomb Today."

Adventure in Our Nation's Capitol

We all assembled at the Thompson College, where a long series of inexplicable delays began to occur that prevented the caravan from leaving York until about 2PM. (Normally the Senate closes down by 4PM, but because the debate on the neutron bomb was so highly-charged and controversial, it was expected to last longer today.)

At 2PM a caravan of 4 cars, loaded with 24 entities headed for DC, 90 miles and two hours away from Yorktown.

In the meantime, Jae Sheele (rhymes with Sealy), Sammy Sun Song and Don Baziuk took off for upstate New York. They were energizing a meeting with Bob Swartz, a new age entrepreneur and owner of New Age Magazine, in regard to a number of US of A projects. (Bob Swartz is one of the highest paid consultants in the business, but since Jae knew him personally, his advice was obtained at no cost).

Don Baziuk was also energizing a meeting with the wheels of Marvel Comics in New York. It seems that Don has created a strip called "Howard the Duck" and was trying to sell it to Marvel Comics for a large sum of money, with \$144,000 going to the Aquarian Church of Universal Service as a donation to help get the Awareness projects off the ground. (Get that?--144, 000)!

(But First a Word About Sammy Sun Song)

Sammy Sun Song (one of the 12 elected to the Council of 12) is a magician. He has a packet of magic seeds he plants around the country in various places. These seeds help to sprout the new age consciousness. Sammy wears a monk's cloak and wears around his neck a large, mysterious amulet. He tells fortunes with the Tarot; he is a musician and a good singer and teacher of Sufi dancing and mysticism. He and his lady, Sunflower, travel with the "Magic Circus", a New Age mobile entertainment vehicle which carries the message to the people. Sammy was turned on to Cosmic Awareness back in highschool when he answered an old Servants of Awareness ad, and has since gone out on his own very interesting life of spreading the word. Sammy gave everyone a few of his "magic seeds" to plant along the way. This we certainly did.

May the Force be With You, Thomas Paine

The caravan arrived at the nation's capitol about 4 PM. There was absolutely no parking within miles, so we were all dropped off while the drivers took off to park miles away (returning in 30 minutes by taxi). As expected there were delays here too. The alien force Awareness tells us is still around doing mischief, but if one persists it can be overcome. We persisted.

The guards would not let us into the hallowed chamber of the Senate without passes. We were a motly crew, probably regarded as potential anarchists with bombs wrapped around our waists, judging by the way the guards whispered into their walky-talkies to one another. To obtain passes, it was necessary to find the office of our state senator. This entailed an underground railway ride, plus several escalator and elevator lifts. Robert Lewis, a mysterious mind-blowing fellow from San Francisco who, like David Millet, has a strange way of popping up when something cosmic is about to happen, saved the day. He knew his senator, the sleepy Haiakawa from California, and was able to awake the entity long enough to obtain passes for all. This saved several hours as our group represented many states of the union.

After going through a security system that makes the local airport pale in comparison, we entered the Senate chamber galleries under the watchful eyes of about nine security guards. The debate on the neutron bomb had been going for hours. Senator Frank Church of Idaho (whom Awareness had said was Thomas Paine) was holding forth on the floor against the bomb. In a literate, and at times poetic oratory, he denounced the evils of the bomb and countered every argument set forth by other senators who were for it:

Their numbers were legion. That old war horse, Hubert Humphrey, wasted by cancer and expounding in his famous nasal twang the necessity of the old ways--having more and better bombs than the Russians. And Barry Goldwater (whom Bob Dylan says will never sleep with his daughter), solemnly informing us that the neutron bomb wasn't really a bomb, but merely a "war head", and that Senator Church needed to get his terminology straight. Church's reply, in essence was, 'So what! It kills human beings! Kills them by the millions.' Yet, intones some hawk from Georgia, "It doesn't destroy property. This is a marvelous weapon to have in our arsenal" etc.

We heard Senator Javitts of New York speak against the bomb at about the same time a guard was telling the Interpreter's wife to "look awake" or he would throw her out. (She was meditating). We quickly discovered that in the US senate the rights of the US tax-paying citizen were strictly limited: All cameras were confiscated, along with purses and sacks etc. You were not allowed to read anything (including a senate pass with rules

written on the back telling you how to behave; ^{SI} you could not take notes or write anything at all. You had to sit up straight, look wide-eyed and alert at all times, even if the voices droning up from below were soporific. It was indeed hard to shower the United States senate with the hoses of Akasha and to bring down the white light of Awareness, but we did it anyway. (Paul sat silently regarding the spectacle below).

After two hours of the debate, we decided to take a brief dinner break and return in time for the vote. Unfortunately, we were talked into going to a rabbit-food restaurant called, "Food for Thought" (it was too), which lay across town. That fish and chips joint near the capitol was ruled out by a rabid majority of seed-eaters who were shocked beyond words at such a suggestion. The alien force saw to it that the energy from Yorktown was delayed for the final senate vote. What should have been a simple 30 minute break for a sandwich, managed to turn into a three hour plus wait for bunny brunch and bird nest tea.

We passed the White House, lined with limousines. (The Carters were giving a party). A wild-eyed young man leaned against the gate: he held a sign proclaiming that the last days had arrived (again). We stopped briefly and showered the White House with the hoses of Akasha: (that great fire plug in the sky) Awareness had taught us how to unleash. We arrived at the Capitol about 10 PM only to discover that the Senate had voted on the issue 15 minutes earlier and then gone home. We thought we had won, but the papers in the morning headlined two things: at 9:40 PM the lights of New York City went out. And at 9:40 PM in Washington DC the Senate of the United States had okayed the neutron bomb.

Washington DC at Midnight

At this point, the Interpreter and his party went on to Maryland and another carload from York returned to go to work in the morning. The rest of the party, now reduced to twelve, led by the inveterate Alexander Thompson, energized the rest of our Capitol city.

We climbed to the height of the Washington Monument and did a ritual at all four corners overlooking the capitol below. We vibrated 'ohms' until we were hoarse. We showered D.C. with the giant hoses pouring forth Akasha as Awareness had instructed. We freaked the security guards, found our ohming circle surrounded by 8 dudes with 44 magnums holstered at their sides. They tried numerous ways to get us to leave, but we only left after the energizing was complete. Somehow those guards seemed to sense some strange new energy, and it made them uneasy. It was somewhat like the flower children planting daisies in the rifle muzzles of a menacing constabulary. Before leaving, we paused once more before that window overlooking a dark, brooding shadow looming ominously and spectre-like over the city--the Pentagon, representing that dying gasp of Rhyee: the war machine. Once again Akasha from that cosmic fire plug was unleashed upon that infamous five-sided symbol of terror.

We drove to the Lincoln Memorial and then the Jefferson Memorial, meditating and energizing in these places. By 3:AM our caravan of 12, now diminished by two station wagons, was weaving down the freeways of Virginia, two car loads of very sleepy entities looking for a place to "crash." It was all "No Vacancy" until a psychic Cheryl and Holly led us to a side road and a welcome fleabag near Falmouth that "just happened" to have as its only vacancy a double suite large enough to bed down all 12 of us at a legitimate price. It was 4:30 in the morning.

The Search for the S.S. United States

By noon we were heading south. Alex, like a man possessed, was hell bent on finding the S.S. United States. His fantasy was to have us actually board this vessel, walk its decks and do a magic ritual which would make the ship a part of the New Age movement. (He had been told by Awareness, we learned later, that within 5 years after this had been done, the ship would indeed be owned by the US of A). But the ship was nowhere in sight. It was, in fact, mothballed and concealed near Norfolk, along with hundreds of naval boats being saved for warfare. It was impossible to even get near it. Frantic phone calls by Alex to Washington DC, New York City, the Secretary of the Navy etc. disclosed that even airplanes could not fly over that vicinity. The boat was docked in a secret place behind hundreds of locked chain fences, guarded by many agents of the government. No cameras were allowed, and no more than two people could get through at one time. Alex,

evidentially, is one of those. After 40 minutes of long distance calls he obtained permission to get on board the USS United States the next day. (He later declined, saying he would make another pilgrimage later on this month with others, after making an official proposition to the congress on the use of the vessel). We all agreed that his noble, almost fanatical efforts to gain this permission had probably energized the idea enough so that Awareness could do the rest. Alex agreed, but intends to do a ritual on that deck anyway. And soon.

We Visit the Cayce's of Virginia Beach

After driving through an endless tunnel beneath Chesapeake Bay, we found ourselves at the final destination: Virginia Beach, Va.--the stronghold of Hugh Lynn Cayce's famous father, Edgar--the sleeping prophet through whom Cosmic Awareness first spoke during the 20th Century.

The place was everything we had expected, having seen those full color brochures so many times: the huge, ancient wooden manor on the hill, brooding over the modern concrete multi-million dollar library and book store.

We stayed at a Cayce-owned motel (everything else in Virginia Beach was of course full up, it being the tourist season and all). The Cayce motel was also full, but a kind and gentle lady at the desk casually mentioned, as we were turning away discouraged, that they did "just happen to have" one vacancy "they had been saving"--an entire suite with enough beds to handle our entire entourage, including Cheryl's "white, elongated rat" as Alex playfully referred to "Rah", the tame, but far from housebroken, ferret of Cheryl's. (It loves empty shoes).

Everyone loved it there. The vibrations were high and energizing. We all swam in the ocean, browsed for hours in the opulent book store, endlessly research the library of original Cayce readings, all of which were well-catalogued and easy to find in an amazing system designed by some genius (probably Hugh Lynn) which totally blew away your faithful correspondence secretary, Vicki T., who is about where Hugh Lynn must have been about 50 years ago when confronted with the massive legacy left him by his father. Today, the Cayce Foundation (The Association for Research and Enlightenment) is living proof that "cosmic" material can be successfully promoted in a manner "acceptable" to the public. All of us silently tipped our hats as we enviously checked out the operation.

There are computers now, and almost every kind of automatic machine you can think of to do the work of such a large organization. There are seminars, microfilm library, endless tape recordings of lectures, and books upon books that promote Edgar Cayce the man. This was the only sad thing about the entire Cayce operation--an entire cult of Edgar Cayce "the Man" has been developed and promoted. The phenomenon of a simple Kentucky photographer who could go into a trance and channel the energies of Cosmic Awareness has superceded the importance of what Awareness was trying to say to mankind. Like Awareness speaking through the entity, Jesus, the message somehow got lost by those who could only energize the human agony of Calvary. Cayce is now remembered mostly for his strange and far-out remedies Awareness prescribed to the tens of thousands who came to him with little problems. No one seemed to really know how to energize questions in those days, nor understood how vast and powerful and aware was that force that answered. And how little tapped was that vast reservoir of wisdom. Pitifully little was ever asked about the cosmic questions, the important questions that help man understand Who, in Fact, He Really Is. Yet, during the past 10 years or so, an amazing amount of detective work has been done by those who research the library of readings, and little bits and pieces here and there which occur in personal readings, have been put together to form a more philosophical aspect of what Awareness was really saying. These are manifesting in the form of booklets based on the Edgar Cayce readings and are available through the A.R.E. and most bookstores. (CAC heartily recommends its members to study these booklets if possible).

Our tour of the ARE was completed when the CAC delegation was given the royal tour of the Cayce printing plant. Talk about envy! Here was an acre of mouth-watering printing equipment, the very latest: fully automated presses printed a complete booklet, collated, trimmed it, and sent it on to be bound without a human hand touching it. There were

brand new Heidelberg offset presses, the finest in the world--full color presses pounding out the thousands of Cayce booklets and forms which are the bread and butter items that keep the operation going. There were collators and binders and trimmers plus an automated mail room, complete with half a million labels of dues-paying members. Vicki T., her little blue eyes bugging at this automated spectacle, was thinking about her 1500 members whose names and addresses she meticulously does by hand. And all, of course, could not help but think of that single tired old hand-run mimeograph in Olympia that grinds out the Awareness material for the membership. (But, what the hell. It works! And someday...).

We asked the manager of the printing plant if they had any trouble buying all that new equipment. "Oh, no," he remarked. "Whenever we need some item, we just drop a line to a select list of several thousand well-healed contributors around Christmas time. We always get the money."

"Far out", we marveled in unison. "How much do you want for that list?"

A Stop at the "Heritage Store"

We had to get back to Yorktown. Awareness had told us that at exactly 12:30 PM, EDST, on Saturday, July 16th, the Unified States of Awareness would come into being. At that golden moment the universe would give a cosmic grunt, and with one final contraction give birth to the New Age. We had all planned to meet there for that magic moment and one final meditation and energizing ritual before everyone split for home.

Driving out of Virginia Beach, we stopped at the Heritage Store, run by CAC member, Tom Johnson, whom we had never actually met. We missed him by 5 minutes, headed West for a two week vacation they told us inside. Anyway, it was good to see his operation. Right there in the heart of vacationland (on Laskin Ave) stands a little store that is literally filled with cosmic goodies. Here you can buy the actual remedies prescribed by Cayce, the actual stones mentioned in the readings which have healing and other properties. There are books and herbs, incense and much, much more. We could have spent a couple of hours there, but of course didn't. We did buy a couple of genuine lapis lazuli and some really beautiful cards etc. (However, the "D" Cells there, called "David Cells" are doubtful and should be checked out. To our knowledge Joe Dun Sloan is the only person in the world who can manufacture a "D" Cell that really works. We would like to hear from any of you out there who use this new type cell.) Anyway, the next time you hit Virginia Beach, check out the Heritage Store. It's right downtown. Better yet, write for their free catalog of Edgar Cayce products, gems and other goodies. Say CAC sent you. The address:

The Heritage Store
PO Box 444
Virginia Beach, Va. 23458

We Learn About the New York Adventure

On the homeward trek, seven of the group in Alex's car somehow took a wrong turn and ended up at the "Friendship International Airport" near Baltimore. (A coincidence? Maybe). Awareness tells that there are no accidents, and of course the energy from Yorktown is boundless and should be spread around. (The planes from there go round the world!)

Arriving back at York, the entourage that had gone to New York had now returned. And they, too, had an amazing and bizarre series of events to relate:

It seems that all connections were made on schedule. They arrived in Terrytown, with its rows of mansions owned by millionaires, for a successful rap with Bob Swartz. A lot of things were energized at that meeting, Jae reported. Bob is one of those rare high-energy entities who thinks in terms of concepts (and millions) and who seemed to get off on the ideas put forth in the Akashic Record. From him, Jae was able to get further info on a number of valuable contacts in the world of high finance who might possibly charter a branch of the Aquarian Church or open doors in other areas.

Leaving Terrytown, they went to New York City where Don Baziuk met the powers that be about promoting Howard the Duck. Driving through Harlem, the trio was made suddenly

aware of the fury and near boiling point of the ghetto residences.

The temperature was 102 and they found themselves in the roll of three honkies, driving a white Cadillac limousine through the teeming streets of Harlem. In this choking heat and high humidity, thousands sat on steps, in open windows, and on the curbs seeking relief from that relentless, oppressive weather. The trio had observed the hatred in those many eyes, could see those haunted entities trapped in an environment that held them less than gods. It was a powder keg and the fuse was lit.

Sammy Sun Song rolled down a window, flinging his magic seeds along the Harlem streets, and singing out, "Love and magic in the streets of Harlem."

Just ahead some urchins had opened up a fire hydrant. It was blasting water clear across the street. At the moment of impact with the car (and that very moment Sammy Sun Song sang out, "Love and magic in the streets of Harlem"), a brilliant rainbow arched itself across the street in front of the car--and all was well. The magicians sensed that something wonderful had just happened: Awareness had been planted in that archetype of ghettos--Harlem, New York.

Sowing Love in the Heart of the Beast

There was one thing else they had to do: check out a rumour Jae had heard about Rockefeller's office, the Rockefeller Plaza on 5th Avenue. This was the stronghold of the power structure on this plane--the archetype which uses money as power to perpetuate the wars of history wherein mankind forever slaughters his brother. Within this third world of power, the illuminati perpetuates itself down through history by setting up the rebirth cycle into such powerful moneyed families. In the stillness of that concrete fortress, it was not too hard to think of that computer lurking in Belgium, whose builders refer to as "The Beast". A multi-storied monstrosity whose destiny (the illuminati thinks) is to have the numbers which it already holds, each preceded by 666, impressed upon the hand or forehead of each entity on this plane: the Biblical "Mark of the Beast."

As the trio parked their car, they worked out a plan. They would circle the entire complex, pouring forth the terrible waters of Akasha. Later, as Sammy Sun Song planted his magic seeds in the gardens of the Plaza and flung them hither and thither around those "hallowed grounds", Jae and Don looked up at the address on the building:

It was 666.

And while they stood in wonder at it all, Sammy Sun Song was sowing his magic seeds and singing, "Love and magic in the heart of the beast."

(Well, why not? Lincoln once said that the surest way he knew of to get rid of an enemy, was to make him his friend.)

The Big Apple Does a Number

After that, to relax a bit, they all watched "Star Wars" (the first of a series of Awareness movies). By 9:30 PM they had reached Times Square. Sammy decided to plant some magic seeds in a little garden in front of a church nearby. Jae found a pay phone and started making calls. They needed a place to sleep and he knew someone on Long Island.

It was during that very moment that Sammy Sun Song was planting his magic seeds in Times Square that the lights of New York City went out. At that same moment in Washington DC, the Senate passed the neutron bomb legislation after a last-minute appearance and pitch by none other than the vice president of the United States. And at that same moment Don Baziuk was gawking at a neon sign which winked and disappeared into the sultry darkness.

Why did the lights of the big apple go out again, for 24 hours? Joseph said later that he was picking up the feeling it was the work of the saucer people, those entities from other vibratory planes whom Awareness has said attempt to neutralize the bad effects of radio-activity. But the papers said that lightning probably struck a Con-Ed sub-station. (A likely story). Anyway, if national karma is being worked out by folks back there, as Awareness has implied, New Yorkers have surely had their share. Imagine being trapped

in an elevator full of entities for 24 hours at temperatures of 100 degrees!

Matches were being lit in the ghettos moments after the lights went out. Within minutes hundreds of stores were looted and torched. Sensing the danger of a jungle in darkness, the trio leaped into their car and split.

They circled New York City on the freeway, observing the countless fires in the darkened city. Jae saw a sub-station get hit by lightning and described it as a "war zone" with countless rockets bursting in the air. It was an eery and terrifying sight, a real life "Gotterdamerung"--a twilight of the gods that would make Wagner applaud.

Speculations and Farewells

So ends the tale of the Yorktown convention. What role, if any, did all those entities play? What effect, if any, did the energy of the convention have if and when it was carried to other areas by members?

Well, we really don't know, nor probably will ever know. But many of us know and still remember that the Organization of Awareness was one of magic. From the strange rituals channeled by Ralph Duby to the visualization meditations being channeled today by Paul Shockley, Awareness seems to take these energies and use them in very magic and mysterious ways. Awareness says it is training us so we will be "sharpened tools" that reflect Its will so that this plane will be "transformed". Most of those we know at York understand this fully, take it for granted, have rolled up their sleeves and prepared to go to work. Nowhere in York was there any real speculation as to why the lights went out in New York City--we all just knew. Just like we all just know that Alex's New Age college is going to work, Tom Paines house will be restored, the USS United States will someday fly the flag of the Unified States of Awareness (and by god, Alexander Thompson will be piloting it). Somehow we just know these things will happen just as we all knew those energies of York were real and fantastically powerful--high voltage from a cosmic source using us as channels. But the ocular proof? There is none. Even the weather could be coincidence.

Speaking of weather, the New York Times reported that the lightening storm and subsequent heat wave that set in "came from a high center over York, Pennsylvania, the U.S. Weather Bureau officially reported." Hmmm.

Oh, yes. After the 12:30 PM energizing ritual at the college, to herald the New Age and all that talk of energizing, Vicki T. asked why it was that several days before we suddenly "just had to get to Gettysburg where 50,000 Americans slaughtered one another. No one knew why. There were no ghouls or sensation-freaks present. But we did recall that for some strange reason we found ourselves driving (clockwise) in a circle around that awful battlefield. You could still feel the energy locked inside the rocks that once ran red with blood. It was indeed a compulsion of some kind to make that un-scheduled trip. (Awareness had said nothing at all about it). Yet, in retrospect, was it just an accident? What if indeed we had innocently carried the energy of the York convention to unlock that frozen consciousness: that archetype of man's inhumanity to man that occurred in the name of freedom and human rights? Would anyone be surprised?

We don't know, really. Nor care for that matter. Awareness has convinced us that we are all channels (everyone)--it's the motive that is important. And the motive is the means and the end.

And speaking of weird motives: why did Vicki T., the day before the convention, lead us to the Roosevelt tavern to quaff a beer and have a sandwich? To quaff a beer and have a sandwich, perhaps? No doubt. But why, when we were leaving, suddenly have this compulsion to walk into the bar room where her sharp little eyes spotted a whiskey display that said in large bold letters: "7-7-77 Celebrate The Luckiest Day of the Century". (It was promoting 7 Up and Seagrams Seven Whiskey). She asked the bartender if he had another one he would sell her. He smiled and handed it to her. "It just came in today," he said. "You can have it. Can't figure out what it means, anyway." That prophetic sign was on the wall for all to see during the entire convention and now rests among the other memorabilia from Yorktown in the archives of CAC.

Fred Anthony Warren had left for Michigan when the convention ended. He wasn't there the day we left, but he was there in spirit all right. It was through the persistence of this gentle entity, months of hard work and communication, that made the convention happen. When Anthony spoke, everybody listened. He is deeply involved with a New Age group of his own and edits the "Unified States of Awareness Communications" newsletter. He is a heavy spiritual dude, that Anthony, and everyone loves and respects him for who he is and for what he has done. The last time we saw him he was standing on the steps of the mansion with his hands raised high over some entities' heads, giving them one of those special blessings and benedictions that he does. (Why, Anthony, where did you ever learn to do that). Namaste, old friend!

The CAC delegation was taken to the Harrisburg airport by Alex Thompson, Jae, Cheryl and Sammy Sun Song. There a final weird thing happened.

By cancelling our flight to make the DC pilgrimage, the airline told us we would have to pay an additional \$189. We were about broke and Alex had promised to pay this difference if we would stay and make the DC trip. We agreed. However, our scheduled flight was delayed. A hydraulic valve had broken and they were trying to locate enough scotch tape or something to hold it together. After 3 hours, we got our ticket money refunded and went to another airline. Because our scheduled flight had been cancelled, we came under a federal ruling that said, in effect, the airline could not charge us more money for interrupting the schedule. Had it not been for that broken hydraulic valve, we would have had to pay. We hollared at Alex as we departed that it appeared that Awareness was not going to let him pay for having us help energize Washington DC.

We stopped at Omaha to say hello to a few relatives. The weather was 103 and no sign of relief in sight. As we landed, an unscheduled thunder storm suddenly hit Omaha. It rained all night and most of the next day. Lightning struck a number of houses, setting them on fire. A tornado touched down in South Omaha, levelling a new home being built. The Omaha World Herald headlined the event as a very "strange storm" which the weather bureau had not foreseen nor could explain. It rained and stormed absolutely nowhere outside of the Omaha city limits.

Vicki T. wanted to talk about it, but we didn't. We decided we had better get the hell back to cool old Olympia and get back to work. We had been gone exactly 14 days.

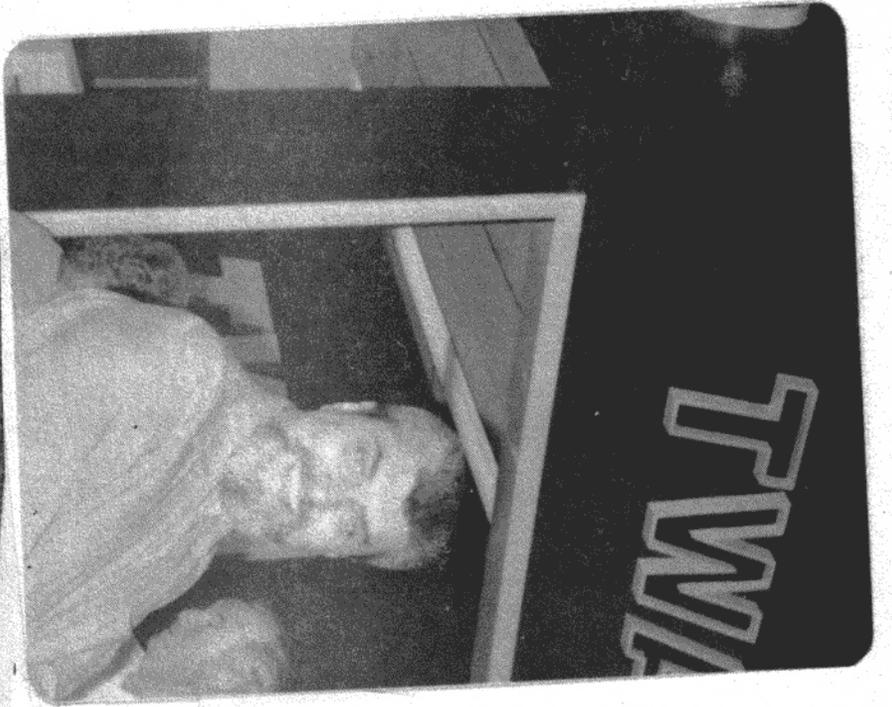
ED'S NOTE: It was originally intended that this report on York be confined to about four pages of the dry, reportorial facts. However, the other day Vicki T. received a bubbly letter from Sunny Cole (who's always had a large following, but wasn't quite sure what to tell them if he started a group. Now he knows.) Sonny said, in effect, that it was really great to meet some folks from CAC. For the first time he could relate to some real faces, some real people, and not just a faceless bulletin that said, "Cosmic Awareness Communications". He said that if the rest of the membership felt the same way, CAC would get more donations, more support in the work it was doing. We agreed that it was certainly worth a try, and we certainly can use the bread. Vicki T. pursed her pretty lips and said, "Now you tell our membership about us, and about Paul and his Aquarian Church, and about all those people at Yorktown we have been working with. We love them all out there, and we need their love and support in return. You tell them now. And print up some pictures when you do it!"

"Okay", I replied. "How will we know they love us out there if I do all that? Do we ask them to send in \$3.00 for the report?"

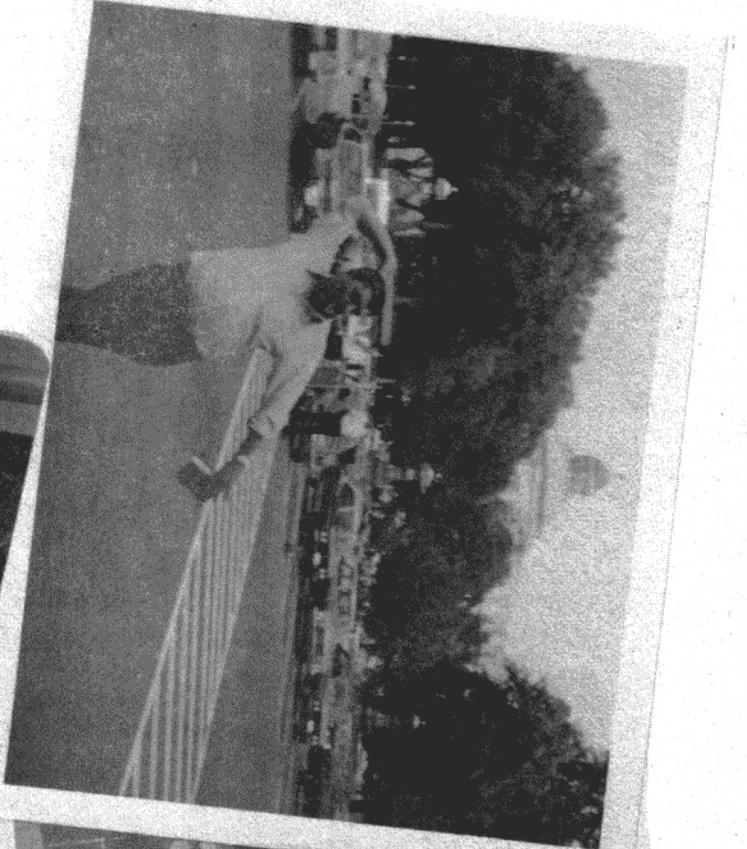
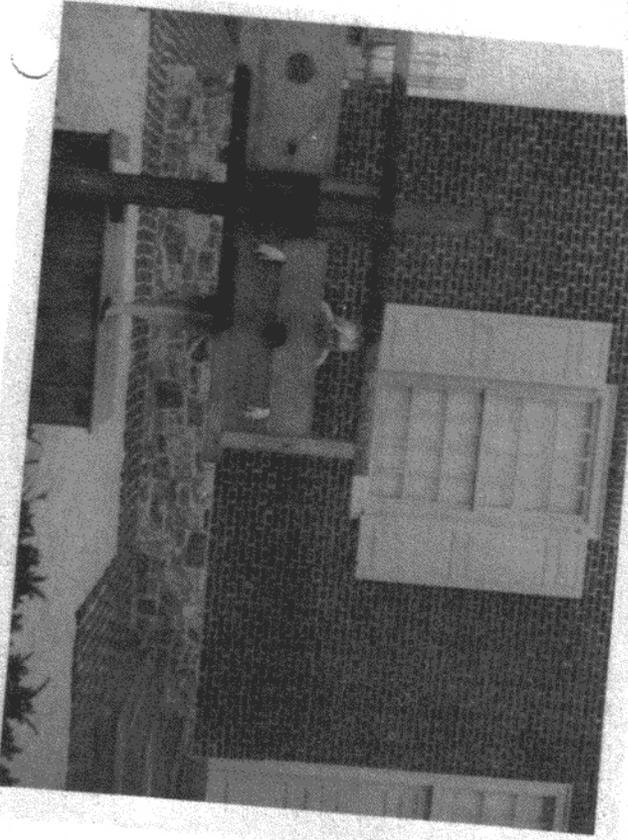
"Why not," Vicki T. replied: "Three dollars if they really love us, two if they like us, one if they tolerate us."

"What if they don't send us a dime," I queried. "What if they don't even read it?"

"Then we'll just have to find someone who appreciates us," she snapped. "That was 14 days of damned hard work back there at Yorktown." She was interrupted by the phone: With storms following him every mile across the United States, Paul Shockley, with thunder roaring and lightning flashing, had just rolled into Portland.



The Great Alexander



Paul & Roshana

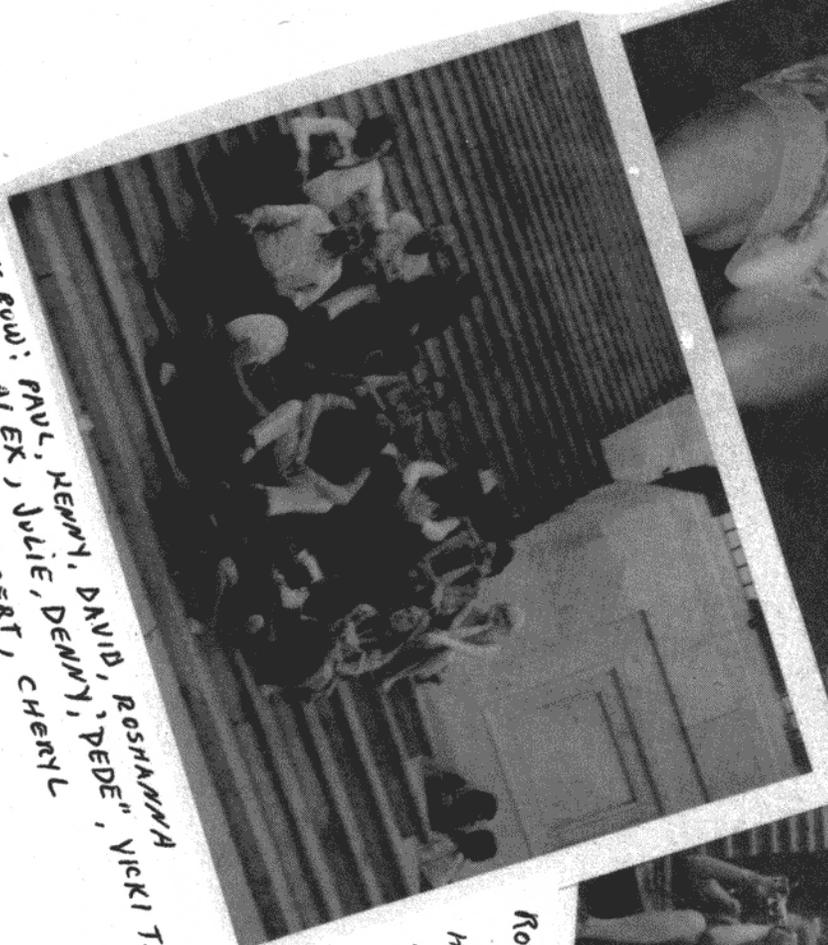


Vicki T.
Your Faithful correspondence Secretary

CHERYL
"RAI"



ROBERT LEWIS
Vicki T +
HOLLY
ALEX +
SAMMY
(UPPER
RIGHT)



PAUL, KENNY, DAVID, ROSHANNA
ALEX, JULIE, DENNY, CHERYL
KAREN, ROBERT, VICKI T.
FERRET
KIDS



ANTHONY
Julie
DEDE



Standing: Joseph, Chris, Holly, Sammy, Sunflower,
Kenny, Denny, Julie.

Middle Row: Don, Winston, Vicki T., Jae, Fran,
(Little Thompsons)
Front Row: Rick, Paula, Cheryl, Alex



Back Row
Standing: Paul, Tom, Rick, Kenny, (?), James Parsons,
Jae, David, Sammy, Dede .

Front Row
Standing: Paula Nemsler, Sunflower, Hedy, Cheryl,
Karin, (Misc. kids) .

Back Row
Seated: Julie, Denny, Roshanna, Star, Karin Cline,
Chris, Vicki T.

Front Row
Seated: Don, Holly, Alex, Joseph, Anthony





TOM

PAUL



SAMMY

PAUL HEDDY

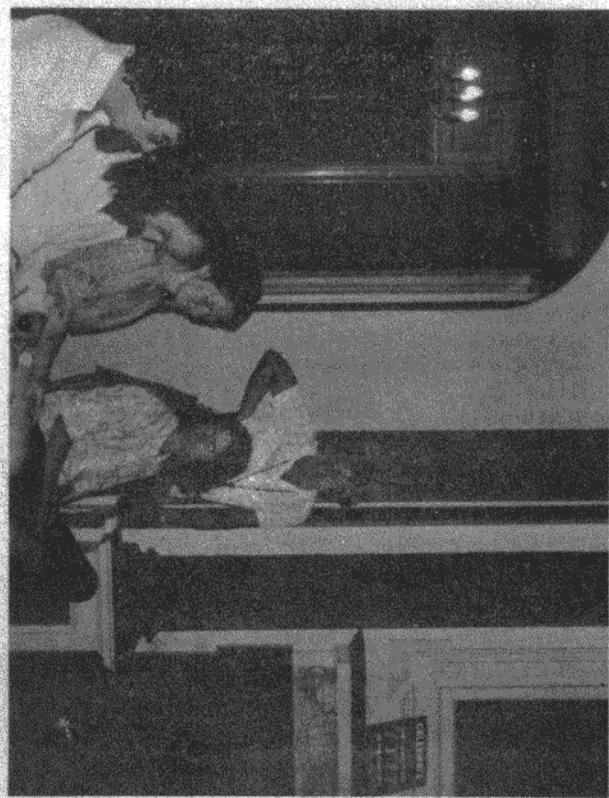
CHRIS



CHERYL ALEX DEIDE DAVID



KENNY SUNFLOWER



WINSTON DENNY MARY MARY ANN ROSHARRA (SEATED)

THE SIGN

The Secret History of the Birth of the Nation

The facts are unassailable and the law irrefutable.

In fact, and by law, The United States of America was created, - born, if you will - on November 15, 1777, in Yorktown, Pennsylvania.

Not in Boston; not even in Philadelphia.

Not on July 4, 1776 by the Declaration of Independence; nor yet by the Constitutional Convention on September 17, 1787.

But instead, The United States of America first came into being, as a sovereign independent nation, by action of the Continental Congress, duly convened in the colony of Pennsylvania, and in the town of York, which thus became the nation's first capital.

It happened this way.

Representatives of the thirteen colonies, sitting as the Second Continental Congress in Philadelphia, received news that a great force under British General Howe was approaching that city. Bundling their public papers into guarded wagons, the representatives agreed, on September 18, 1777, to move to the town of Lancaster just east of the Susquehanna River. A brief entry in the Journals of the Continental Congress indicates some members of Congress did stop in Lancaster on September 27, but it was then quickly decided "to repair to the town of York, in Pennsylvania," thus affording to the Congress the added protection of the broad expanses of that river. Congress thereafter convened in York from September 30, 1777 until June 1778, when it returned to Philadelphia, only then evacuated by the British.

Among the Resolutions adopted by Congress on July 2, 1776, before it left Philadelphia, was one which proposed that a plan for the permanent binding together or confederation of the 13 newly independent colonies should be prepared. John Dickinson of Pennsylvania, as Chairman, and delegates from each of the other colonies served on the committee to carry out this resolve. A draft of the Articles of Confederation was shortly submitted to the delegates, but only limited consideration was given to the matter until it was taken up in almost daily debate after the Congress convened in York.

Then it was, on November 15, 1777 that the Articles of Confederation were officially adopted. Then it was that the participating colonies agreed "... hereby severally (to) enter into a firm league of friendship with each other, for... common defense, the security of... liberty and... mutual and general welfare. . . ."

By Article I it was established that "The stile of this confederacy shall be 'The United States of America'."

Until that moment The United States of America did not exist.

True it is that the 13 colonies declared their separate independence from Great Britain on July 2, 1776 in Philadelphia, but in that same Declaration of Independence they solemnly declared themselves to be "free and independent states" with the right retained by each to do "all acts and things which independent states may of right do." That Declaration did not create a union of any sort. It created 13 independent states.

True it is that each independent state or colony thereafter had to ratify the act of its authorized delegates in the adoption of the Articles of Confederation, but, by definition, the term ratification gives assent as of the time of the original event. The original event was the adoption of the Articles on November 15, 1777, in York, Pennsylvania, which created The United States of America.

True it is, also, that the present Constitution of the United States of America was adopted in Philadelphia on September 17, 1787, but its preamble states the purpose for its adoption to have been "to form a more perfect union," or, in other words, to improve on the union that theretofore existed.

In brief, The United States of America was officially created on November 15, 1777 and thereafter, upon ratification, operated throughout the American Revolution under the Articles as its First Constitution. The experience gained under the first charter dictated the necessity of having a government with more centralized power. And although the delegates met in Philadelphia for the avowed purpose of improving, by amendment, The Articles of Confederation, they did in fact adopt an entirely new and second Constitution.

It is perhaps a little known, infrequently told, almost secret history. But it is true, - in fact and in law.

It happened in Pennsylvania.

In the Capital City of Yorktown.

On November 15, 1777.

Then and there The United States of America was born.

by: J. F. RAUHAUSER, JR., Esq.

President

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