

"Kingdom of Contentment"

Hello from Rev. Tiger at Church of the Angels. We end our 10-week Spiritualist Lyceum this week. Hopefully, I have offered a more modern Spiritualist uptake on our basic Church Handbook "Becoming a Spiritualist"; H. Gordon Burroughs; 1962; Lily Dale Bookstore. I think Spiritualist Philosophy should be updated into current perspectives every 50 years. I hope someone will modernize the texts again 50 years from now.

The last chapter in Burrow's book addresses the "Kingdom of Contentment". This is why I am ending with the same chapter title. I feel a sustained feeling of love and contentment is the ultimate goal of Spiritualism and I think that in our previous weeks together we have examined the key building blocks that can suspend us in this sustained state of balance and joy, if we just stay awake to it...

1. Wallowing in an ongoing, comforting knowledge of "Entanglement with Spirit", today, yesterday and tomorrow - keeping us centered in our heart space...
2. Recognizing "Confirmation from Spirit" which always reminds us of Spirit's continual love and help and protection...
3. Being comfortable in the way we "Effectively Pray" to Collective Spirit and communicate with Spirit Guides and Loved Ones, so that we converse with them more often - expanding our opportunity to knowingly recognize beacons of guidance from Spirit...
4. Practicing "Personal Responsibility" so as to build our own confidence to effortlessly exchange love and productive behavior while upon this Earth - to Spiritually "walk our talk"...
5. Mindfully "Manifestation" examples from our learned confidence in our Spiritual walk. Divining our own course to mold intent into experience...
6. Exercising "Kindness and Compassion" without taking over for someone and robbing them of their self-realization ("Enabling") - showing others instead through Spiritualist example...
7. Being able to "Heal our Own Soul" when our body loses momentum,

which reconfirms our ever-growing strength with "Collective Spirit"...

8. Not drawing a line in the sand to designate a "Heaven or a Hell" or some type of waiting room to stifle our momentum with Spirit. Allowing us the freedom to "walk our talk" hand-in-hand every moment in our own unique fashion...

9. Refusing to "Judge" others - showing Spiritualism by including everyone into activities; respecting various viewpoints/customs/cultures that challenge our personal beliefs, allowing us to interact and attain new knowledge on various levels. Showing society the way in which a Spiritualist learns from others, from a conglomerate of diverse journeys...

10. A "Kingdom of Contentment" as our continual reward for these nine practices. I'm not going to elaborate on this final plateau because either you get it now or will learn to understand it later... It is a personal state of unfolding, an understanding that we each grow into, in our own unique way... As Spiritualists we can have this joyful contentment NOW, every day and FOREVER (just keep vigilante with the nine objectives of Spiritualism) - we need not wait to cross a gate to experience a "Kingdom of Contentment", we can experience this now!

It has been a pleasure for me to share my views on Spiritualism with you. I am always happy to hear your thoughts as well.

I encourage you to make at least a yearly pilgrimage to Lily Dale, New York or Cassadaga, Florida. These Spiritualist communities were designed to give you an uplifting of Spirit - a mini vacation of renewal, a temporary closing out of a world of chaos surrounding you instead with love, healing, direction and communication with likeminded Souls here and beyond...

In closing, I would like to share with you personal childhood memories I have of the "Lily Dale Encampment" - we called it going to "Camp". Lily Dale visits have always been a "Kingdom of Contentment" for me which is why I encourage you to visit...



I was born October 6th of 1953 so these memories start most likely from the summer of 1958.

My, Poppy's Family was from the Niagara Falls area so about 6 times a year we would drive from Cleveland to visit them, making the rounds, usually staying overnight in Lily Dale afterwards for a day or two - best days of the year!

My Pop was a third generation Spiritualist (at least). His Mother's twin Sister's Daughter, Jim, lived in Lily Dale as a registered Psychometric. You would hand Jim a completely personal item like a wedding ring or a hairbrush and she would tell you what current obstacles you were facing but she was also extremely gifted in telling you your future! She was extremely accurate!

When my Dad had a mild heart attack in his 40's Jim wrote a date on a piece of paper and gave it to my Mother (who was not totally convinced Spiritualism was valid). Jim told my Mom that was the date my Dad would cross to Spirit, so by knowing this she could make sure there would be no loose ends! Jim then sealed the date in an envelope and Mom was instructed to not tell my Dad about it or allow him to ever see it.

30 some years later, upon my Dad's death, Mom produced the envelope from her safety deposit box, told me the story and we opened it - the month, day, year and day of the week were correct! Mom finally agreed Spiritualism was valid.

Jim helped law enforcement find missing children and clues to solve horrible crimes numerous times! My visits to Lily Dale were in orbit of this remarkable woman and her Medium Neighbors. My Relative's portraits hang in Lecture Hall.

If I was in Jim's house on Liberty Street, during a moment when she was ready to give a new reading, she would send me out to the front porch where folks were waiting. I would proudly announce "the Medium will see you now".

Several times I had lunch at "Aunt Mary's" house. I don't remember if it was indeed "Aunt Mary" (or her relative) but she always made the Campbell's tomato or mushroom soup with creamy milk instead of water and would cut the crusts off my toasted cheese for me to feed to the swans at the boat house after dinner. She was always smiling and giggled occasionally while

she spoke.

After supper Jim would walk me to the boat house to feed the many dozens of huge trumpeter swans. We would count the babies and watch the rest of the boats come in. Then we would stop at the Hotel to sit in the rocking chairs and watch the sunset as she visited with her friends.

The general store (now the cafeteria maybe as it changes uses periodically) was a hub of activity. The huge screen door still creaked the same last time I walked through it! A noisy white open top electric metal cooler sat outside with stinky bait in it. Popsicles filled the tall freezer inside for daily afternoon treats.

Lily Dale had its own lovely morning smell - sort of like stepping onto a sandy beach in Florida, only without the humidity. In the afternoon, during summer "Camp" season, there were always whiffs of popcorn from the vendors in the commons. In the evening you could smell the fragrant bonfire at the campground, or the wood stoves on cool evenings or off season.

In early morning you could hear a pin drop. As the sleepy Dale awoke a constantly growing chorus of bird song announced a new day... During season, an "Assembly" bell rang at 10am, 2pm and 7pm. As soon as morning "Assembly" let out the Dale was a happy hopping place - visitors all day...

The beach was always a busy hubbub, swimmers everyday dawn to dusk with Lifeguards. I could always hear "Assembly Hall" singing while in the water from 2-3pm before rushing for my popsicle (before the Assembly crowd filed out).

As you walked around town you would come upon soft wind chimes everywhere, mostly those old fashioned Asian painted glass tinkling ones with red tassels blowing in the breeze.

Small fountains were everywhere outside houses. (They might have designated the readers.) The fountains were always resting in a shallow cement pool painted aqua, surrounded by a 4" curb completely encrusted with pebbles or sometimes shells or colorful marbles. These multi leveled fountains bubbled away endlessly.

There were tons of big trees everywhere and park benches, even along the roadways. You could sit in the shade and watch birds drink from the fountains while you listened to the tinkling chimes as a soft breeze off the lake kissed your face... It was heavenly. Every person you passed would nod or say hello!

Everywhere were tall Victorian Houses with painted gingerbread trim, sometimes entwined with ivy or climbing roses. Some houses were starting to fall into disrepair as older residents passed and the heirs lived elsewhere but even those (every house) had pretty flowers planted in front.

In the evening candles and Coleman lanterns flickered out in front of the houses that were hosting "Circles", "Seances" or "Thought Exchanges" for that evening.

A true highlight was a midnight adventure: Jim woke me after a heavy rain storm (age 5?) to go see the Fairies in the middle of the night! We walked to the clearing where the stump is now. We stayed on the path in the shadows. You could see tiny lights flicker everywhere in small groups, but they didn't fly like fireflies! It was so exciting. You had to stay silent the entire time. Jim said she saw them as a child, but older eyes aren't quick enough to see them. We stayed a long time. Then she scooped me up and I fell asleep in her arms. So, I do believe in Fairies! Makes me wonder what else I might be overlooking...

I think constant wonder is a great note to leave you on... I hope you can keep learning from many teachers and experiencing a truly joyful life. I'm so grateful to be sharing it with you and look forward to our continued sharing, here on this Earth plane and in the beyond...

... .. 

Today's Invocation:

Mother, Father, Infinite Spirit - Bless my many Friends and Loved Ones. Bless those who see your loving goodness. Please show us how to shine your light so those who are lost might also begin to see and feel your loving warmth... Help us stay on track when storms appear, that we might always be comforted by your glowing light that connects us through our hearts, forever...

Safe Journey,
 Rev. Tiger