

Candela



Newsletter of the Swedenborg Association of Australia Inc

Organisational Details are provided on the next page

November 2017

ISSUE 90

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



Hi Everyone

Well we're zooming along to Christmas now and I thought it would be apt to reflect upon Gratitude at this time. Here in Australia we have much to be grateful for - a country free from war, famine and plagues; a stable government (the odd New Zealander or Brit aside); comfortable weather; relative lack of poverty; and a wealth of good-hearted people. On a personal level, I'm sure most Australians express their gratitude to whatever God they trust when good health, good fortune or abundant love comes their way.

But I wonder just how difficult it is to feel gratitude for all those times when we're 'head first down a rabbit hole with the foxes

at our tail'. Right then and there we're just desperate to get through. When we can surface again, yes, we're grateful for getting through whatever discomfort or disaster has befallen us. * * continued on page 2 * *

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Please Note: The views expressed in this Newsletter are those of each contributor and do not necessarily reflect any particular position of the Swedenborg Association of Australia or its Committee.

Next Issue – February 2018

Most of us take some holiday over the summer and New Year break. Why not have a go at writing a short article for Candela during that time? Or have a think of any questions that you would like us to answer.

The deadline is **20th January 2018**

Email to ruth@duckworth.me or post to the registered office. *Ruth*



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Membership of the Swedenborg Association of Australia Inc. is open to anyone who wishes to pursue an interest in Swedenborg, the man, his science and his spiritual teachings.

For details on how to join, call (02) 9888 1066 or browse <http://www.swedenborg.com.au/membership>

* * continued from page 1 * *

But it seems to me that with the benefit of hindsight (wonderful stuff that) we can also express our gratitude to God for those 'hellholes'. Admittedly sometimes it takes a long time and a great distance for that hindsight to be possible.

However, the experience of many great people is that it is those times that are the 'making' of them. Whether it be realising and attaining wisdom, strength, courage, compassion or a host of other important good qualities, it is usually only by the tempering of our steel in the fire of life that we can truly embody these attributes.

We all know it is part of Swedenborg's teachings that we should act as if from ourselves whilst knowing that it is all in the capable hands of God. Trusting in that process and being able to feel gratitude for the outcomes, come hell or high water, is probably one of the greatest gifts we can share with God.

Wishing you all a wonderful Christmas filled with love, joy and much Gratitude.

Kindest regards

Jan



Because these are the origins of peace, the Lord is called the Prince of Peace and says that peace comes from him and that peace is in him. So too angels are called angels of peace and heaven the dwelling place of peace, as in the following passages:

A child is born to us, a son is given to us, on whose shoulder the government [shall rest], and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace; of the increase of government and peace there shall be no end. (Isaiah 9:5-6)

Jesus said, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give you, not as the world gives do I give to you." (John 14:27)

I have told you these things so that you might have peace in me. (John 16:33)
May Jehovah lift his face to you and give you peace. (Numbers 6:26)

Anyone who has not experienced heaven's peace cannot know what the peace is that angels enjoy....In order to perceive it, we need to be the kind of person who as to thought can be raised and taken out of the body and brought into the spirit so as to be with angels. Since I have perceived heaven's peace in this way, I can describe it, but not in words as it really is, because human words are not adequate.

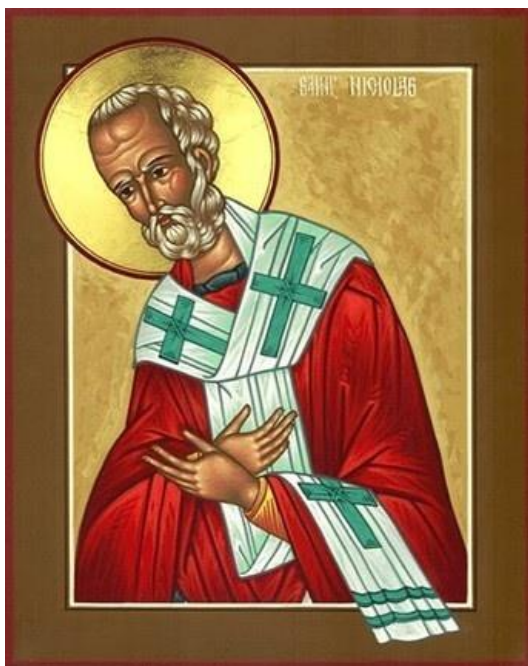


ST NICHOLAS IS FEELING THE HEAT

By Joe Vandermeer

What should be done when a famous tradition meets changing cultural values?

In contrast to the commercial frenzy which often surrounds Christmas in Australia, when I was a youngster living in Holland, Christmas was always a solemn (but not sombre) religious occasion, marked by long dark nights, often with snowflakes drifting down, candlelight and a midnight mass followed by the family Christmas meal. All commercial activities were in those days already over because we celebrated St Nicholas Day on December 6th and that was the time of children receiving their presents. St Nicholas (whom we called "Sinter Klaas") was a tradition stemming from a bishop called Nicholas who lived in Myra (then part of Greece, now in Turkey) from 270 AD to 343. He was later declared a Saint known as The Wonderworker due to the



many miracles attributed to his intercession. He had a legendary habit of secret gift-giving and helping those in need. He helped one poor man who could not afford a dowry for his three daughters, which most likely would condemn them to prostitution. The bishop went to the house at night under-cover and threw three purses with gold through the open window.

Unconfirmed legend has it that St Nicholas set a slave boy free who was Ethiopian or a Spanish Moor. This boy was referred to as Black Peter ("Zwarte Piet") and became the bishop's lifelong helper. Some say the legends are pagan and were borrowed from earlier and other cultures. In any case, all this became part of the legend surrounding St Nicholas which later evolved into that of Santa Claus. As cultural tastes evolved the reasons for the black skin began to be embellished, for example explaining that he merely had a soot-covered face from going down chimneys.

Yearly, the legend of St Nicholas coming to The Netherlands is re-enacted as he arrives by steamboat from Spain – he is the patron saint of sailors and children – and rides through the streets and over the rooftops delivering presents to children on his horse Sleipnir, incidentally also the name of the horse of





had been to tone down the involvement of Black Peter or giving him a skin of gold or green, or to reduce his numbers or avoid blackening faces entirely. I suspect the drama will continue for some decades yet as those 90% come to terms with the dialogue that has begun.

I have found similar public concerns being raised in recent decades over many traditional fairytales, claiming how they are no longer politically correct, meaning they no longer seem to

the chief Norse god Odin. Aided by his dark helpers whose job it was to look after his horse, to amuse the children, and throw generous handfuls of gingerbread sweets to youngsters. The role of Black Peter is often played by women.

Over the last decade the black-skinned helper got a lot of negative press due to being perceived by some as a racist stereotype. Yet the tradition of Black Peter is so engrained in Dutch culture that a 2013 survey showed that 90% of Dutch people did not believe that Black Peter represented racism or that he was associated with slavery.

Amsterdam now has considerable population from the West Indies, from African nations and from various other non-Dutch nations, so in the last few years the clash of perceptions reached such a level that it was taken all the way to parliament and to the courts, to appeal for traditional St Nicholas parades to be called off under the European Convention on Human Rights. Earlier responses by St Nicholas parade organisers and various advertisers

match our changing cultural values, changing taboos and behavioural expectations, or increased sensitivity to particular social groups. This raises interesting questions about our values and about differences of perception of symbolic and legendary expressions of ideas. Certainly, I have noticed the search for truth in the last 30 years to take a decidedly historical turn, with scholars keen to uncover more historically accurate representations of events, people and ideas that are part of legends, lore and traditions.

The Human Rights idea on which the ban of the St Nicholas parade was based was "personal autonomy," which is defined under that law as

"an important principle underlying the interpretation of the guarantees provided for by [this law]. It can therefore embrace multiple aspects of the person's physical and social identity. The Court further





reiterates that it has accepted in the past that an individual's ethnic identity must be regarded as another such element. In particular, any negative stereotyping of a group, when it reaches a certain level, is capable of impacting on the group's sense of identity and the feelings of self-worth and self-confidence of members of the group. It is in this sense that it can be seen as affecting the private life of members of the group."

Those who felt caricatured by Black Peter testified that they felt discriminated against during the parade and said their self-esteem was affected to such an extent that they felt like they were worth less than a white person.

I see in the above example the possibility to view poetic, symbolic, representative and sacred writings from very wide range of perspectives, perspectives as broad as the variation in individual understanding. Interpretations seem to be open to use and abuse from both sides, either serving as justifications for unjust behaviours or as foundations of morality and spirituality.



I feel it is important to remain open to well-informed and amicable discussions which take into account a wide range of views and concerns. In such public debates, there is often a need to balance the review of what was accepted, believed and practiced, yet also take into consideration what is good, true and worthy of preservation from our established traditions.

Have a wonderful and charitable Christmas.

Joe Vandermeer



Therefore, a star went before them and they brought gifts with them: gold, frankincense, and myrrh (Matthew 2:1, 2, 9, 10, 11).

The star that went before them meant knowledge from heaven. Gold meant the heavenly goodness; frankincense, the spiritual goodness; and myrrh, the earthly goodness that together form the source of all worship.



THE CHRIST CHILD

By Elizabeth Deutscher

'Unto us a child is born ... Unto us a child is given' Isaiah 9-6a

'... she gave birth so her firstborn, a son. She wrapped him in cloths and placed him in a manger ...' Luke 2:7

'A Saviour has been born to you; he is Christ, the Lord.' Luke 2:11

'Joy to the world, the Lord has come ...' (Hymn ... Isaac Watts)



In the Advent and Christmas season we celebrate the birth of the Christ. At Christmas we receive wholeness, healing, new life, love, joy, hope, blessings and peace. In this world we await your coming as a beautiful, lovable, vulnerable baby to a humble family.

Seven years ago I experienced a very special Carols by Candlelight in Melbourne. My son and his wife had the privilege of being Mary and Joseph. Their 2-month-old first-born son, Eliot, our first grandson, was baby Jesus. Eliot slept through! I will treasure and hold this memory in my heart.

Christmas reveals the exuberant heart of God, energetic happiness and joy in His gift to the world.

Generous God, let us radiate joy from our hearts in every part of our lives, celebrating the birth of Christ.

Amen

Letter to the Swedenborg Centre

From James Baillie

15 September 2017

As a child, I "knew" that God was bold and strong in the broad light of day, while the devil was weak because he had to hide in dark places. One day, my older sisters took me to a makeshift Sunday School in our town, of which I remember only a song sung there that I heard as "I will make you vicious old men if you follow me", and refused to go there again. It wasn't until years later that I realised the words were actually "I will make you fishers of men" and softened my stance enough to give Sunday School another try in another town at age 11 when my curiosity about God engendered a desire to meet Him personally.

Alas, to a man, the teachers told me that I'd have to wait until I died to meet God. That, I could not accept. I made it plain to them that I was going to meet Him no matter what they believed, and eventually the "vicious old men" kicked me out of the church for not conforming. Even so, I'd made it the main goal of my life to meet God in person, so, as a teen, I read widely in religious literature but felt so alone in my quest because nobody that I knew had the same goal.

Eventually, at age 25, I had what you might call an existential crisis after coming very close to being murdered. My life was on the line in other ways as well. I shook my fist at the heavens and imprecated God for making it so hard to find Him. Immediately, I heard a voice telling me "There's only two things you need to do. You know them already. Love God, and love your neighbour." My first thought was, "Well, yes, of course," and I figured I



should try first to love my neighbours. This I did in short bursts of goodwill beamed toward anybody I saw, then in longer stretches and longer until after weeks and months my goodwill practice was continuous in my waking hours while the world took on a sacred edge, a luminous glow of sorts. One night, chockablock with this goodwill love, the pressure of this love kind of exploded in me in what I looked back on later as a rebirth experience.

About 18 months later, while still practicing loving goodwill I woke to find myself engulfed in total love and a wonderful light where I felt entirely at home. As I was retreating from it to get on with the day, it took on the form or outline of a person and told me "What you look for, you find."

So, it took me about 14 years to meet God, from setting my goal to achieving it with the eventual great help I had along the way.



I remain unorthodox and untrusting of religious organizations and their conformist beliefs as man-made mistakes, yet I acknowledge that they can be at best very useful pointers toward what is spiritually true, and can be left behind, like we leave a ferry behind once we get across the water.

With Swedenborg's writings, I am constantly impressed with the flavour of truths that resonate with my spiritual experience and taste, and that is why I joined this Association, my only religious affiliation. The reading of Swedenborg is very dense to me at times, and I often struggle for hours over a sentence or paragraph, so I've been helped along by reading other peoples' interpretations and experiences. I'm very grateful to read such books as Finding Purpose which you have kindly sent to me, which I use to help me keep my feet on the ground while soaring to heights. I still baulk a bit at what I see as the churchiness in Candela, but I keep on reading it because it is part of the usefulness of things, reminding me of lessons I've learnt and lessons I've yet to have a crack at.

The concept of usefulness is often foremost in my mind while for the past 15 years in business making and selling arthritis remedies, the main one of which came to me as a direct answer to a desperate prayer back in 1983. The orthodox conformists of our time refuse to contemplate the possibility of arthritis recovery, largely because our so-called health system, under the thumb of big companies, insists that there is no remedy at all. My usefulness is to offer my God-given solutions to the desperate arthritis and rheumatism sufferers for whom the health system has failed miserably and removed even their hope of a remedy. Both my lawyer and my accountant advised me to keep a low profile or I would become a target of profit-seekers whose profits depend on keeping people sick and suffering. Twice already, those people have tried to put me out of business, but I refer it to God because I know the usefulness of the products and I remain committed to providing my remedies no matter what, with God's miraculous help on tap. Through my intuition or guardian angel, I knew sales had to depend on word-of-mouth from people who had found the remedies worked on them like they had on me, and so it has been for 15 years, with me trusting in God for the things I can't do myself. So far, so wonderfully good.

I wouldn't like to be called a Swedenborgian, but I like the usefulness of his writings for our spiritual benefit, and in my little niche of usefulness, I thank God for Swedenborg's experiential guidance and I thank you for sharing it around.

James Baillie

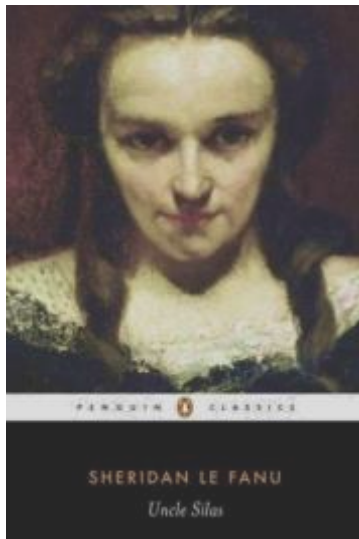


VICTORIAN FICTION WRITING AND SWEDENBORG

Sheridan Le Fanu (1814-1873) was an Irish writer of Gothic tales and mystery novels. He was a leading ghost story writer of the nineteenth century and was central to the development of the genre in the Victorian era. He had a comprehensive awareness of Swedenborg's teachings, especially those about the influence of the spiritual world upon people in this world, and in several of his novels, including his recognised greatest novel, "Uncle Silas", he openly presented leading characters as being Swedenborgian as well as including Swedenborgian teachings and allusions more indirectly.

"Uncle Silas" is the gothic tale of Maud, a young teenage girl who lives with her father – a Swedenborgian – in Derbyshire, and who later has to live with her Uncle Silas, for whom she feels great fear. The book has been made into both a film and two TV series.

Here is Chapter 3 of "Uncle Silas" where a visitor, a friend of her father, goes for a walk with Maud and reveals to her in an interesting way the nature of life after death and the spiritual world as shown by Swedenborg.



solitarily scattered, some of the noblest timber in England. Hoar in the moonbeams stood those graceful trees casting their unmoving shadows upon the grass, and in the background crowning the undulations of the distance, in masses, were piled those woods among which lay the solitary tomb where the remains of my beloved mother rested. In all that concerned my father's religion, from very early association, there was to me something of the unearthly and spectral.

"When my dear mamma died I was not nine years old; and I remember, two days before the funeral, there came to Knowl, where she died, a thin little man, with large black eyes, and a very grave, dark face.

"He was shut up a good deal with my dear father, who was in deep affliction; and Mrs. Rusk used to say, 'It is rather odd to see him praying with that little scarecrow from London, and good Mr. Clay ready at call, in the village; much good that little black whipper-snapper will do him!'

"With that little black man, on the day after the funeral, I was sent out, for some reason, for a walk; my governess was ill, I know, and there was confusion in the house, and I dare say the maids made as much of a holiday as they could.

"I remember feeling a sort of awe of this little dark man; but I was not afraid of him, for he was gentle, though sad—and seemed kind. He led me into the garden—the Dutch garden, we used to call it—with a balustrade, and statues at the farther front, laid out in a carpet-pattern of brilliantly-coloured flowers. We came down the broad flight of Caen stone steps into this, and we walked in silence to the balustrade. The base was too high at the spot where we reached it for me to see over; but holding my hand, he said, 'Look through that, my child. Well, you can't; but I can see beyond it—shall I tell you what? I see ever so much. I see a cottage with a steep roof, that looks like gold in the sunlight; there are tall trees throwing soft shadows round it, and flowering shrubs, I can't say what, only the colours are beautiful, growing by the walls and

"I think it was about a fortnight after that conversation in which my father had expressed his opinion, and given me the mysterious charge about the old oak cabinet in his library, as already detailed, that I was one night sitting at the great drawing-room window, lost in the melancholy reveries of night, and in admiration of the moonlighted scene. I was the only occupant of the room; and the lights near the fire, at its farther end, hardly reached to the window at which I sat.

"The shorn grass sloped gently downward from the windows till it met the broad level on which stood, in clumps, or



windows, and two little children are playing among the stems of the trees, and we are on our way there, and in a few minutes shall be under those trees ourselves, and talking to those little children. Yet now to me it is but a picture in my brain, and to you but a story told by me, which you believe. Come, dear; let us be going.'

"So we descended the steps at the right, and side by side walked along the grass lane between tall trim walls of evergreens. The way was in deep shadow, for the sun was near the horizon; but suddenly we turned to the left, and there we stood in rich sunlight, among the many objects he had described.

'Is this your house, my little men?' he asked of the children—pretty little rosy boys—who assented; and he leaned with his open hand against the stem of one of the trees, and with a grave smile he nodded down to me, saying—

'You see now, and hear, and *feel* for yourself that both the vision and the story were quite true; but come on, my dear, we have further to go.'

"And relapsing into silence we had a long ramble through the wood, the same on which I was now looking in the distance. Every now and then he made me sit down to rest, and he in a musing solemn sort of way would relate some little story, reflecting, even to my childish mind, a strange suspicion of a spiritual meaning, but different from what honest Mrs. Rusk used to expound to me from the Parables, and, somehow, startling in its very vagueness. Thus entertained, though a little awfully, I accompanied the dark mysterious little 'whipper-snapper' through the woodland glades. We came, to me quite unexpectedly, in the deep sylvan shadows, upon the grey, pillared temple, four-fronted, with a slanting pedestal of lichen-stained steps, the lonely sepulchre in which I had the morning before seen poor mamma laid. At the sight the fountains of my grief reopened, and I cried bitterly, repeating, 'Oh! mamma, mamma, little mamma!' and so went on weeping and calling wildly on the deaf and the silent. There was a

stone bench some ten steps away from the tomb.

'Sit down beside me, my child,' said the grave man with the black eyes, very kindly and gently. 'Now, what do you see there?' he asked, pointing horizontally with his stick towards the centre of the opposite structure.

'Oh, *that*—that place where poor mamma is?'

'Yes, a stone wall with pillars, too high for either you or me to see over. But—'

"Here he mentioned a name which I think must have been Swedenborg, from what I afterwards learnt of his tenets and revelations; I only know

that it sounded to me like the name of a magician in a fairy tale; I fancied he lived in the wood which surrounded us, and I began to grow frightened as he proceeded.

'But Swedenborg sees beyond it, over, and *through* it, and has told me all that concerns us to know. He says your mamma is not there.'

'She is taken away!' I cried, starting up, and with streaming eyes, gazing on the building which, though I stamped my feet in my distraction, I was afraid to approach. 'Oh, *is* mamma taken away? Where is she? Where have they brought her to?'

"I was uttering unconsciously very nearly the question with which Mary, in the grey of that wondrous morning on which she stood by the empty sepulchre, accosted the figure standing near.

'Your mamma is alive but too far away to see or hear us. Swedenborg, standing here, can see and hear her, and tells me all he sees, just as I told you in the garden about the little boys and the cottage, and the trees and flowers which you could not see. You believed in when I told you. So I can tell you now as I did then; and as we are both, I hope, walking on to the same place just as we did to the trees and cottage. You will surely see with your own eyes how true the description is which I give you.'

"I was very frightened, for I feared that when he had done his narrative we were to walk on through the wood into that place of wonders and of shadows where the dead were visible.





He leaned his elbow on his knee, and his forehead on his hand, which shaded his downcast eyes. In that attitude he described to me a beautiful landscape, radiant with a wondrous light, in which, rejoicing, my mother moved along an airy path, ascending among mountains of fantastic height, and peaks, melting in celestial colouring into the air, and peopled with human beings translated into the same image, beauty, and splendour. And when he had ended his relation, he rose, took my hand, and smiling gently down on my pale, wondering face, he said the same words he had spoken before—

'Come, dear, let us go.'

'Oh! no, no, *no*—not now,' I said, resisting, and very much frightened.

'Home, I mean, dear. We cannot walk to the place I have described. We can only reach it through the gate of death, to which we are all tending, young and old, with sure steps.'

'And where is the gate of death?' I asked in a sort of whisper, as we walked together, holding his hand, and looking stealthily. He smiled sadly and said—

'When, sooner or later, the time comes, as Hagar's eyes were opened in the wilderness,

and she beheld the fountain of water, so shall each of us see the door open before us, and enter in and be refreshed.'

"For a long time following this walk I was very nervous; more so for the awful manner in which Mrs. Rusk received my statement—with stern lips and upturned hands and eyes, and an angry expostulation: 'I do wonder at you, Mary Quince, letting the child walk into the wood with that limb of darkness. It is a mercy he did not show her the devil, or frighten her out of her senses, in that lonely place!'

"Of these Swedenborgians, indeed, I know no more than I might learn from good Mrs. Rusk's very inaccurate talk. Two or three of them crossed in the course of my early life, like magic-lantern figures, the disk of my very circumscribed observation. All outside was and is darkness. I once tried to read one of their books upon the future state—heaven and hell; but I grew after a day or two so nervous that I laid it aside. It is enough for me to know that their founder either saw or fancied he saw amazing visions, which, so far from superseding, confirmed and interpreted the language of the Bible; and as dear papa accepted their ideas, I am happy in thinking that they did not conflict with the supreme authority of holy writ."



NEW YEAR

By Elizabeth Deutscher

We thank God for the coming new year. It is like spring-time when

the world around us invites us to enjoy the re-birth of flowers, blossoms, birds and fruits. In this new year may our faith and vision be re- invigorated and renewed.

We give thanks for the blessings of the new year and the new life the Lord gives us. I thank the Lord for the birth of my children and grand-children. To me this is a sharing in the creativity of God ... an incredibly wondrous blessing. Lord, it was you who formed me in my mother's womb. I praise you for I, my children and grand-children are wonderfully made

Spirit of Life, we are grateful for the earth and sky, all that sustains and nourishes us on this planet.

Spirit of Peace, we are grateful for inner stillness and times of thoughtful reflection that nurture and shape us.

Spirit of Hope, we are grateful for purposeful and meaningful lives which are awakened to your life within us.

Spirit of Love we are grateful for the life and teaching of Jesus, For his calling us to be light and healing in our world.

Shalom



Special book discounts for

Candela readers this quarter

Candela readers may order any promotion books below within 3 months of this issue's publication, receiving the discounted prices (plus postage) shown on the order form below, while stocks last.

Current theme of our book specials? Occasionally it's good to take a break from processed foods and have a good, healthy meal of nourishing vegetables. So here is our serve of wholesome spiritual food in the form of classic books which help to answer, 'Do I know Swedenborg's concepts well enough to live them?' Already got these books? Then buy one for your friend's Christmas stocking.

A Swedenborg Sampler by Jonathan Rose, Lisa Hyatt Cooper, George Dole

286 pages, paperback **at 50% off – it's now only \$10 for a limited time!!**

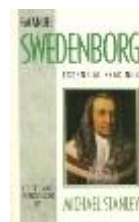
Selected chapters from recent New Century Editions translations of Swedenborg's writings. Chapters include *Heaven and Hell* depicting the nature of the afterlife, *Divine Love and Wisdom* describing the nature of God, *Divine Providence* explaining why bad things are allowed to happen in the world, *True Christianity* taking a different perspective on Christian teachings, and *Secrets of Heaven* unveiling the inner meaning of the Scripture to make them personally relevant to everyone in everyday situations.



Emanuel Swedenborg Essential Reading by Michael Stanley

176 pages, paperback **now only \$12 for a limited time!!**

I recommended this book as part of the fitness kit for anyone wanting to make the most of their preparation for the next world. This work is a useful overview of key themes in teachings from Swedenborg's works. The introduction sketches the background in which Swedenborg penned his works, and subsequent chapters illustrate ideas in depth with quotations presented by Michael Stanley's clear commentary. Chapters themes include the Divine Nature, our nature, rebirth, sexuality, and the spiritual ages.



The Essential Swedenborg by Sig Synnestvedt

202 pages, paperback **now \$8 for a limited time!!**

In modern terms this explains core ideas in Swedenborg's works. He was called the "Northern Plato." The reality he revealed was so startling to the orthodox clergy of his day that some considered him a heretic. Yet other influential thinkers like Blake, Emerson, Henry James Sr, Czeslaw Milosz, Helen Keller, etc recognised the value of applying those concepts and ideas. In this brief compendium are the basic elements of Swedenborg's thought, which will make it a valuable book for those who have had little or no previous contact with Swedenborg, while serving as a useful overview for others.



To order, phone: (02) 9888 1066 and mention the Candela, or **email:** orders@swedenborg.com.au with 'Candela Order' as subject. Or fill out the Order Form and return to The Swedenborg Centre.

ORDER FORM: Send to **SWEDENBORG CENTRE, Suite 3, 1 Avon Rd, NORTH RYDE NSW 2113**

I wish to buy the following items (please indicate number of copies and total, but see note on maximum "freight" cost below):-

Title	Discount Price	Freight per book*	Qty	Total
A Swedenborg Sampler	\$10	\$5		\$
Emanuel Swedenborg Essential Reading	\$12	\$5		\$
The Essential Swedenborg	\$ 8	\$5		\$
Total Payable by Cheque/Money Order/Credit Card**				\$

* Total freight per order (for more than three books) will not exceed \$15

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WHAT'S HAPPENING?

If you are not yet a member of the Swedenborg Association of Australia you might like to consider it. Feel free to contact the Centre for further **info on how you can become an SAA member** as a way to support this valuable work. Check the website at www.swedenborg.com.au (click "Members" in the top menu) which contains more details on benefits, membership rates and an application form.

Details of **group events** are also advertised on the website at www.swedenborg.com.au home page (click "Events" in the top menu). Fliers for events (as a PDF document) can be found by clicking on the relevant event title. The Events and meetings web page also lists location and contact details of your nearest group convenor.

It would be good to establish Groups in other areas. If you can help, please phone Joe Vandermeer on (02) 98881066 or email him at joe@swedenborg.com.au;

Our website is continually being updated with special offers, new free study material and latest news and information.

Melbourne: The last Melbourne gathering for 2017 is listed below. Keep your eye on the website for the topic and for future info. (Melbourne meetings are all held at *New Church Hall*, 426 High Street Rd, Mount Waverley, VIC):

Friday **1st December** 7:30pm (topic TBD)

Sydney: General info about Sydney events:

There are **monthly discussions ('open door' opportunities)** facilitated by Joe Vandermeer on the second **Tuesday** of each month starting **2pm and 6pm** at the *Swedenborg Centre*, 1 Avon Rd, North Ryde NSW.

There is a **monthly Swedenborg Reading (and Reflection) group** which explores practical growth aspects from Swedenborg's writings – these meet at **6:30pm just before each monthly SAA presentation** event (fourth Friday of each month) at the same venue: New Church, 4 Shirley Rd, Roseville NSW.

Info about specific Sydney events:

Friday 24th November 2017, 7:45pm at Roseville: **special guest David Millar is here from Adelaide**, to present *Mind, the Gap, and the Laws of Creation*

As mentioned above, the event will be preceded as usual by the **6:30pm Swedenborg Reading Group**. THIS WILL BE THE FINAL PRESENTATION FOR 2017 (apart from the discussion below), then we recommences presentations on the same regular basis, starting in February 2018.

Tuesday 12th December 2017, 2pm and 6pm at North Ryde: **Open Discussion Session** (facilitated by Joe Vandermeer). THIS IS THE LAST SESSION FOR 2017, then recommences on the same regular basis in February 2018.

Next year, we already have a few interesting topics and speakers lined up to start next year, commencing with our first speaker in February:

Friday 23rd February 2018, 7:45pm at Roseville: *The Circle of Life* (presented by Rosalind Bradley)

Friday 23rd March 2018, 7:45pm at Roseville: *Consciousness and the power of meditation* (presented by Dr Michael Popplewell)