

The Sower

Bulletin & Voice of

THE FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE

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Sandwich MA 02563-2605

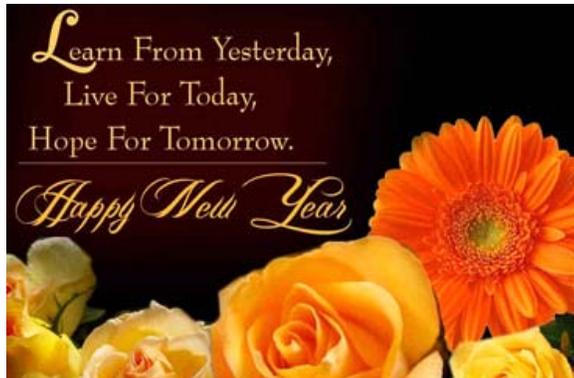
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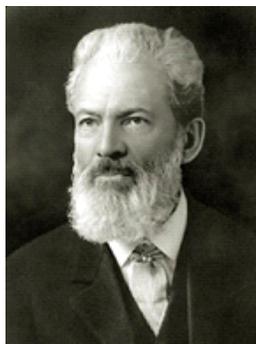
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2017 was quite a year for the First Spiritual Temple. We saw both a return and a departure. With the passing of Rev. Stephen Fulton, on June 16, 2017, the end of an important era came upon us; an era that simply cannot be replaced. For over 40 years, Spirit worked and spoke through him in what can only be called rare forms of trance and physical mediumship. Even though he assumed, with Rev. Simeon, the helm of the **Good Ship FST** in 1977, his involvement with the Temple went as far back as 1970. It was that year that his mother, Clara, suggested he attend a free lecture in the Music Room of the original Boston Temple. It was at that lecture that he met the indomitable Trustee, A. Viola Berlin. The rest is history.

As we welcome a new year, the Pastor and Trustees of the First Spiritual Temple stand firmly committed to upholding the standards set by our beloved founder, Marcellus Seth Ayer, seen on the right.



2018 will be an exciting and progressive year for the Church. We hope you will join us, as we proudly waive the banner of God, Christ, and Spirit.

The Bike Rider

"At first, I saw God as an observer, like my judge, keeping track of things I did wrong. This way, God would know whether I merited heaven or hell when I died.

"He was always out there, sort of like the President. I recognized his picture when I saw it, but I didn't really know him at all.

"But later, when I recognized my higher power better, it seemed as though life was rather like a bike ride, on a tandem bike, and I noticed God was in the back helping pedal.

"I don't know when it was that He suggested we change places, but life has not been the same since. When I had control, I knew the way. It was rather boring, but predictable. It was always the shortest distance between two points.

"But when He took the lead, He knew delightful cuts up mountains and through rocky places, and at breakneck speeds; it was all I could do to hang on! Even though it looked like madness, He kept saying, 'Pedal! Pedal!'

"I worried and became anxious, asking, 'Where are you taking me?' He just laughed and didn't answer, and I found myself starting to trust.

"I soon forgot my boring life and entered into the adventure, and when I'd say, 'I'm scared,' He'd lean back and touch my hand.

"He took me to people with gifts that I needed; gifts of healing, acceptance, and joy. They gave me their gifts to take on my journey. Our journey, that is; God's and mine. And we were off again. He said, 'Give the gifts away, they're extra baggage, too much weight.' So, I did, to the people

we met, and I found that, in giving, I received;
and still our burden was light.

“I did not trust Him at first, in control of my life.
I thought He’d wreck it. But He knew bike se-
crets; knew how to make it bend to take sharp
corners, jump to clear places filled with rocks,
fly to shorten scary passages.

“And I’m learning to shut up and pedal in the
strangest places, and I’m beginning to enjoy the
view and the cool breeze on my face with my de-
lightful constant companion, my higher power.
MY GOD!

“And when I’m sure I can’t go on anymore, He
just smiles and says, ‘Pedal!’

“And so, my friends, the message is simple and
clear: God is not just a judge, but a Friend and
Companion, Who guides us through the rough
and tough points in our lives. He knows bike
secrets, and He is with us, helping us pedal.

“When we feel that we are too tired, too weary,
and that we are going to fall, it’s not time for God
to give us lengthy explanations, but to focus us,
and keep us upright. Keep pedaling is our inspi-
ration. You’ll get through it!

“Sometimes, when we are afraid and pray, we
want answers, but God may simply touch us on
the hand to assure us that He knows we will be
OK. In this He gives assurance and puts His trust
in us.”

~ **Author Unknown**

A HUNTER’S POEM

by Lemuel T. Ward

A hunter shot at a flock of geese
That flew within his reach.
Two were stopped in their rapid flight
And fell on the sandy beach.

The male bird lay at the water’s edge
And just before he died
He faintly called to his wounded mate
And she dragged herself to his side.

She bent her head and crooned to him
In a way distressed and wild
Caressing her one and only mate
As a mother would a child.

Then covering him with her broken wing
And gasping with failing breath
She laid her head against his breast
A feeble honk . . . then death.

This story is true though crudely told,
I was the man in this case.
I stood knee deep in snow and cold
And the hot tears burned my face.

I buried the birds in the sand where they lay
Wrapped in my hunting coat
And I threw my gun and belt in the bay
When I crossed in the open boat.

Hunters will call me a right poor sport
And scoff at the thing I did.
But that day something broke in my heart
And shoot again? God forbid!

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An Interfaith Church of the Spirit



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