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## Trail Tales, First Quarter, 2007

1/16/07:

What better sign could I have possibly found than a Urantia Book Adopt A Highway Sign on the first leg of my journey! I don't want to sound negative, but I doubt there are a whole lot of these signs currently in existence. (Hint. Hint.)



After passing through Pagosa Springs, where I met a couple who bought an extra copy of *The Urantia Book* that I had with me, the next stop was Sedona, AZ. Sedona, of course, has quite a reputation as a spiritual community, okay, an off beat, flakey spiritual community. But credit must be given where it is due. I stopped in an internet cafe to get a few things done and found a 2003 copy of a Square Circles publication! You gotta love that!

I attended a Korean type yoga class while in Sedona. It was myself and nine other women. Good class. All the women wanted to get one of my UBtheNEWS.com business cards.

Then it was down to Prescott, AZ, where I had arranged to spend the night with some folks from Burning Man. (If you're not familiar with the yearly Burning Man events, you'll need to google that one. I'm not going to take the time to describe it here, but I have gone to it once. It was the most impressive human cultural event I ever attended! I'm planning to go back there this summer. Anyone interested in coordinating for that trip should feel free to get in touch.) One of the common practices at Burning Man is for people to take on a Burning Man name, kind of like a trucker's CB handle. The couple I stayed with were known as Mr. and Mrs. God. I kid you not.

The last stop in AZ was Tuscon. I needed to take a friend to the airport who had a flight out on the 13th. The previous night I had dreamed that I was taking her to the airport for her 1:35 flight in the Saturn I used to drive before I hit the road. In the dream it was 1:32 and we had not yet arrived at the airport. It was snowing and I was getting stuck. You get the idea.

About an hour later we realized that she had left her purse at the restaurant in Phoenix the previous day.

Oops. After some time spent on the phone, it was established that the restaurant had her purse and she could catch a 2:35 flight out of Phoenix, if we could get there in time, which seemed very doable at that point.

I've never experienced 100 miles of constant traffic jams on a weekend and for no apparent reason. But that's what we had to deal with all the way from Tuscon to Phoenix. Ridiculous amounts of traffic for no apparent reason, except, of course, that all that traffic meant we ended up getting her to the drop off point at exactly, you guessed it, 1:32. I mean to the minute. Did I mention we borrowed another friend's Saturn to drive there? There is no God but God.

God bless.

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1/22/07 This photo deserves a name: Shadows of the Morning Sun.

Last Thursday I arrived at the home of Robert Snickburns.

I had not played any music since hitting the road. For the last two years I hosted a weekly jam night. So I've really been missing the opportunity to play music and to do so with others. Well what do know, Robert also hosts a weekly jam night on Thursdays (the same night we used to do it at my house). Of course, Robert is a much better social organizer and leader than I am, so he had it all put together. Jam from 5:30 to 7:30, then study group from 8 to 10! What a treat.



His study group was attended by more than a dozen people. One of the gentleman in attendance had bought a copy of *The Urantia Book* several months earlier. He read the entire thing in nine weeks! But that's not all. He didn't just "blast" through it. He took notes all along the way! The study group was centered around questions that he had written down on what seemed like every section of every paper. Of course, we did not have time to go through all of his notes. But we spent the evening going through questions that he had from the chapter on traversing the Mansion Worlds, and he did have a question pertaining to each section of that chapter.

The daughter of one of the musicians, Pierre, was there with SEVERAL friends that she had recently introduced to the book. You go, girl!

Good study group.

After leaving Robert's, for the first time I had a couple days free of social commitments and travel schedule requirements. This allowed me to spend a couple days in Carlsbad, CA which is about forty-five minutes north of San Diego. The first night I just found a parking space along the street where some friendly officers, with a wink and a nod, indicated that I would not likely be asked to move if I was only there for an evening. Parking there was legal for 72 hours; camping in the vehicle was more a matter of a wink and a nod.

The second evening I found that the state had a beautiful little RV camp site right along the beach for a whopping \$20 per night. (\$30 if you wanted to be on the side of the road next to the beach.) As it turned out, the next morning they were running a marathon along the Pacific Coast Highway right by the camp grounds, just about thirty feet from where I was parked. And it just so happened that a really rocking band was playing at the intersection that was directly across the way from where Quanta (my motor home) was assigned her spot. The music started about 8am. Nice thing to wake up to. When they started to play Like A Rolling Stone, I just had to bow my head and say little prayer of thanks.

Next door to me was a couple generations of some classic California traveling hippies. We shared a wonderful meal and some awesome conversation. They were very intrigued by what I was up to. One of them used to be a foreign correspondent with the Christian Science Monitor and had a lot of other experience with starting newspapers and the like.

His son stepped out of their tent with a tee shirt from the Big Sur Jade Festival. It just so happens that for the last eighteen years my key chain has been on piece of jade from Big Sur that was given to me by a guy named Twister. Twister was called by that name because of his extraordinary talent for twisting wire into jewelry. (I met him because he had hooked up with Ann Wing, who was part of the Urantia community back in the late eighties when I first arrived in Boulder). Of course, these people knew Twister!

I'm now down in San Diego visiting with Phil Calabrese and to attend his study group tomorrow night. Phil's essay and presentation on "The Coming Scientific Validation of *The Urantia Book*" at the 2005 conference in Philadelphia was instrumental in setting me on the course I am currently on.

You'll see and read about the fruits of this visit in due course of time, to be sure.

Namaste,  
Halbert

**1/27/07** Before getting to my wonderful visit at the home of Phil Calabrese, I must first relate one whale of tale that occurred on the drive down to Phil's place after having left Robert Snickburn's home. If you read the previous post, then you are familiar with where I spent the night in Carlsbad on the way down. If you haven't read that, then you must be new to the site (in which case you are forgiven), or you have not been coming to this site frequently enough (in which case you are also forgiven, but without an excuse ;-).

But before I tell you the story of what happened at Carlsbad, I must first relate briefly how it is that I came across *The Urantia Book*. (For added impact you should definitely read [A Case Study in getting a clue and follow it!]. Reading this article will allow you to get the full impact of the significance of the Phillips Exeter Academy assembly stage.)

At some point in my career at Phillips Exeter Academy (yeah, I know it's "just" a prep school experience, but trust me, to go there is also a lot like starting one's first career), Greenpeace came to do a presentation to the entire student body. Exeter had assembly programs three days a week back then and this was one of them. I guess it made an impression because when I decided I NEEDED to take a year off before starting college (I told you it was like a career), the first thing I did was to see if I could get a job working with Greenpeace.

Save the whales!

Oddly enough, I called the Greenpeace office in Boston and was told that there was no work with Greenpeace. Later I began to appreciate just how odd it was to be told this, because they had a canvass in the Boston area (i.e. going door-to-door asking for money) and anyone with half a wit and the willingness is generally given a chance at it. I guess they thought I was only willing to work for them if I got to go out on the boats, but I never said anything like that.

The next inclination was to go out to California for the year. Perhaps "burning desire" would be a better way to put it because I was ready to start hitching to get out there. When my parents saw that there was no stopping me, they gave me a very nice Cutlass Supreme for to make the journey. I ended up in Santa Cruz and started checking the local newspaper for jobs.

And guess what I found? That's right, right there in the local newspaper, in the middle of the ads in the local paper, there with all the other ads in the local newspaper, was none other than a call to all with half a wit and the willingness to come work for Greenpeace by going door-to-door asking people for money and generally informing them about all the cool stuff that these hippies were doing to save the planet, the people, the little baby Harp Seals and every other furry creature in desperate need of our tender loving care, not to mention the whales. There were even circles and arrows on the back of the ad to show you how to get down to the office. (Okay, there really weren't circles and arrows on the back, but for those of you who get the reference to the Alice's Restaurant Massacre in four-part harmony along with all the stylistic nuance and every other thing of and pertaining to the . . . ah, well, anyway, you're welcome.)

So off I went to start my second career working with Greenpeace, knocking doors and getting a spectacular education in all the things that they did not teach us in the classrooms at the Phillips Exeter Academy. And it was during my tenure with this wonderful organization that one of the canvassers, Russell Coppel, introduced me to *The Urantia Book*!

About four days later I decided *The Urantia Book* was the real deal and just look at me now, all hooked, lined, and sinkered twenty-five plus years later.

But from my time working with Greenpeace to right about a week ago, I never did actually see a whale. So it was very exciting to me when the friendly hippie chick next to my camp site made mention of the fact that the whales were migrating south for the winter and could be seen off the coast which was about thirty yards from my camp site.

Fortunately, I had brought along my pair of binoculars for the trip and hurried my butt over to a nice vista some fifty vertical feet above the shore. I didn't have to wait five minutes before I saw my first and only sighting of whales! Right there in the ocean. Swimming around. Coming up for air. Doing their typical whale like activities. And that's when it dawned on me how perfect it was that the whales should bless me with their presence now that I had embarked on a journey that honors how they, in their own special way, brought me to *The Urantia Book*! How cool is that?

A couple hours after seeing the whales, it was off to San Diego to visit Phil Calabrese, who hardly

knew me from Adam but had, nonetheless, been very gracious in inviting me down for a powwow about the UBtheNEWS project.

As some of you may know, Phil is “famous” in our Urantia community for his extended essay called “The Coming Scientific Validation of *The Urantia Book*.” (Obviously, I do not think this can come soon enough.) Phil holds a PhD in mathematics. I do not have a PhD in mathematics, but it was my strongest subject when I was a student in high school. Having done advanced calculus before heading to college, I placed out of the math requirements and never pursued it again as a formal course of study, except for one course on the Infinite which was taught out of the Philosophy Department.

Having spent a lot of time in the Boulder area talking to people like Chris Riggio and Chris Halvorson, it was nice to talk to someone like Phil, whose expertise was actually in a field where I have some natural ability. This means that I get make creative contributions to the conversation. When Chris Riggio talks to me about his work in electrical engineering, I can follow along because he is a patient person and explains things very well. But my comments tend to be limited to things like, “Okay, I think I follow what you’re saying,” or “Could you try saying that again a little differently and a bit slower.” When I talk with Chris Halvorson I tend to understand him much more easily, but still have trouble keeping up because his comprehensive understanding of *The Urantia Book*, especially when it comes to integrating the material reality aspects, leaves me in the dust from which we came. (Chris Halvorson’s PhD is in physics.)

So it sure was nice to finally talk to one of these brilliant intellectuals with a degree in a field for which I have some aptitude. Before I left, Phil gave me a copy of his paper titled: An Algebraic Synthesis of the Foundations of Logic and Probability. Boy, did I ever enjoy starting his paper when I woke up at 2am this morning. And wouldn’t you know, this paper actually picked up right where my conversation with him had ended the night before I left. Let me share a little bit of that paper to help you get an idea of what I’m talking about. In section 1.2 of his Introduction Phil writes

“In logical theory the all but standard definition of implication has become “material implication.” [footnote omitted] “If  $p$  then  $q$ ” is defined to be “ $q$  or not  $p$ ”, the so-called material conditional. [Yeah, “so-called”, you tell ‘em. Phil.] In symbols this is “ $q \vee \sim p$ ”. It is also represented as “ $p \supset q$ ”. To say “if  $p$  then  $q$  is true” is to say “ $q \vee \sim p = 1$ ”, where “=” is the equivalence relation that defines equality in the Boolean logic.

“By contrast, in probability theory only a few researchers [footnote omitted] in the foundations of probability have offered a definition of “if event  $A$  then event  $B$ ” [which is why Phil and I have something to talk about late at night when we really need to be getting some rest]. Although such a conditional event, “ $B$  given  $A$ ”, symbolized by  $(B | A)$ , has usually been left formally undefined, there is a well-known standard definition for the conditional probability of event  $B$  given event  $A$ , symbolized by “ $P(B | A)$ ” [not to digress, but here is where I think Phil’s use of the term “well-known” could be little bit more contextualized]. In probability theory  $P(B | A)$  is defined to be  $P(A \cap B)/P(A)$ , the ratio of the probability of the occurrence of both  $A$  and  $B$  to the probability of the occurrence of  $A$ . Note that  $P(B | A)$  is undefined if  $P(A) = 0$ .”

Well, this goes exactly to the point I was trying to make to Phil the evening before I left, which is that the negation or absence of something is a lower order of reality than the existence of that very same thing. And there it was right in the Introduction to Phil’s paper where, to my mind, the impossibility of dividing by zero (which stands for the total negation of the thing in question) leaves one with an inability to directly correlate logical theory with probability theory. But be not concerned, dear reader, for Phil and I have just begun to inquire more deeply into this circumstance and feel very strongly that when Phil starts to talk more with Chris Riggio, who has a deep and abiding sensibility when it comes to vertical integration within the cosmos, we are going to really start making some great strides in this area. And when we do, you will be the first to know, mark my

words!

Indeed, I feel one of the greatest things I accomplished in San Diego was to make some introductions between Phil and the two Chris's from Boulder. When these guys start to communicate there is going to be a new magnitude of justifiable hope for the rest of us. What these guys are capable of coming up with between the three of them is something I cannot wait to decipher for the rest of us.

I'm going to end this Trail Tale here, so as to not overwhelm anybody who really wants to go back and reread some of the above material. We'll get to his exquisite study group and other Trail Tales in the next installment.

Namaste,

Halbert

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**2/3/07:** The last Trail Tale I wrote was seven days ago, feels more like seven lifetimes. "Such a life on such a planet." As it stands, the last installment left off several days behind what was then the present. Out of concern that my commentary about Phil Calabrese's paper on the Algebraic Synthesis of the Foundations of Logic and Probability might have caused the brain cells of some readers to short circuit, I cut the story a bit short. So let's pick up where we left off. . .

The study group at Phil's home in San Diego was a wonderful experience, of course. There were nine of us altogether and a lively group it was indeed. A mix of old readers, new readers, and one person who was newly introduced to the book were in attendance.

Terrell Clark was at the study group. Back in the late 70's he created a bunch of paintings, which he subsequently turned into greeting cards that he calls Greeter Cards. On the inside of the cards there are poems like the following:

The heavens are preparing, to rekindle the light,  
to raise our vibrations, and give us new sight,  
they've sent the Greeter, to help us prepare,  
for the Host of Angels, soon to appear.

And.

On planets beyond, where guardians stay,  
there are those who are helping and guiding our way,  
into the Light, the Dawning New Day,  
they've sent us the Greeter, to show us the Way.

Terrell was very kind to give me a packet of the cards. Thanks Terrell!

Naturally, attendees were excited about the UBtheNEWS project and appreciated the communication techniques I have developed for using this material to introduce people to *The Urantia Book*. I have a fairly extensive background in door-to-door canvassing for causes. (In fact, I got introduced *The Urantia Book* in 1981 through a fellow canvasser.) Back then I canvassed for causes like Greenpeace and other environmentally and socially progressive organizations. I even single-handedly started a canvass for an organization in the Boston area that continued for years after my involvement.

This is all by way of saying that the art of making short, effective presentations to people about things that relate to core values and inspiring them to take action on what I've said is an art form that I am very familiar with. Teaching other people how to be effective in this way was also very much a part of my past work experience. Naturally, this background is serving me well in the context of UBtheNEWS and the folks at Phil's study group seemed to appreciate the pointers on how to share the UB effectively with others by focusing on the developing corroboration of the



**Phil Calabrese and Halbert Katzen**

scientific and historic information in the book.

I used to go out asking people for money and to join something. Without having that as an agenda, without the need to “sell” people something as a measure of success, when just inspiring them to be interested and aware of a book (and maybe to go check out a website) is all that there is to do, success is a much easier thing to achieve.

Remember, if you share *The Urantia Book* with someone in a way that leaves them with a positive experience of the conversation, then you have succeeded, you have been effective. “The act is ours; the consequence is God’s.” This can be and deserves to be as thrilling of an experience as we are willing to allow it to be. This thrill is infectious; it lets people know that the value is in the sharing, in the spreading of the good news. And our joy shows the way and gives permission to those who listen to us to be a part of spreading the joy.

So enjoy!

In order to support your effectiveness with people, I have posted a one page pdf file of my business card with the 10 copies that fit on a page and work with the standard perforated business card paper than can be purchased at most any office supply store. Feel free to print these up and pass them out to people when you are introducing the book to them. When you get good at this type of introduction it is common for people to ask for a card with the basic information.

It is very important to keep in mind that if you are telling people about what is going on with this project, it is altogether appropriate for you to introduce yourself as someone who is involved.

“How’s it going?”

“Great/Miraculously/Incredibly well.”

“Oh, how is that?”

“I’m involved with the ongoing corroboration of the scientific and historic information in a book called *The Urantia Book*. It’s a unique book because science has been catching up to it for over 50 years.”

How easy and fun is that?

If you present yourself to people as someone who is involved with UBtheNEWS, this implicitly invites them to ask you for a business card and it becomes just as natural at the end of the conversation for you to offer one for their convenience because of the interest that they are showing. Business cards that provide wanted information, as compared to ones that are part of solicitation, are accepted very easily by people. If it is a nice connection and you are open to having further conversations with them, you can always write your name and number on the back of it and encourage them to contact you.

Spread the word! It tends to be good fun and very inspiring to everyone.

Namaste,  
Halbert

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**2/11/07:** After leaving Phil Calabrese’s home in San Diego, the plan was to head across the southern states for the east coast. This took me through Tucson where I learned about some “Hot Wells” that were just outside of Bowie, Arizona near the border with New Mexico. The Hot Wells are in a State Park and came into existence when some folks were drilling for oil and hit hot water. For \$3.00 a person can enjoy a campsite and all the soaking you like.

There are also some sand dunes out near the Hot Wells and so a lot of people like to head out there on the weekends with their two and four-wheeled ATV’s. Unless you’re into that kind of thing, they spoil the fun a bit for everyone else who is just there to soak. Fortunately, I arrived on Friday morning and got to enjoy some peacefulness before these noisy drinkers started showing up on Friday night.

**The hot, but not as hot, pool.**

I also managed to get in a good soak around 3am and again around

7am before I left on Saturday morning (I've gotten a little behind on the Trail Tales updates. The posting dated 1/27/07 was actually written out there at 2am before the 3am soak. In a couple days I'll get after another Trail Tale to catch you up to the present.) The pictures I've included in this posting are, of course, from the Hot Wells.



**The hot, but not too hot, pool.**

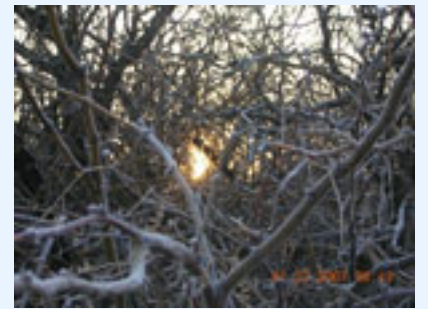
To get to the Hot Well you have head about 20 miles out into the middle of nowhere. This means that a 3am on a clear night the stars shine very brightly. I saw about a half dozen shooting stars and made wishes, of course. But so far no one has made any online contributions to the UBtheNEWS project. (Actually, that's not what I wished for; I just felt like throwing in a plug! ;-)

The weather out there at night was quite cold and, in fact, three days before I got there they received a foot of snow. One local, who had lived out there for thirty-five years, said that he had never seen anything like it before. By the time I arrived most but not all of the snow had melted. But at night it got so cold that a very thick layer of frost formed on everything.



At the campsite next to mine there was a group of about ten people who work the Renaissance Fairs. One of the people in that group turned out to be the grandson of the Indian Chief from the original B.T. Barnum Circus. Apparently, old P.T. started losing his mind from drinking out of a lead chalis (a lesson to us all) and this caused a rift with a number of the original members of his show. So they left the circus and started farming in Louisiana. I got to hear some wonderful stories about how the bearded lady used to chase this guy around his house. The snake charmer lady lived out there, too, but apparently she was not quite as much fun to grow up with as the bearded lady.

When this guy was around nine years old, he got struck by lightening and has had peculiar experiences with electricity ever since. Apparently, you do not want him too close to your computer when he gets upset. He also expressed that he had a history of psychic phenomenon, detailed premonitions and such.



**The light at the end of the thicket.**

He had stopped having them for the most part because they were causing him too much trouble with other people, freaking them out. This was the second time on my journey that I have met a person like this—someone who used to have regular experiences of this nature and then consciously rejected having them anymore because of the social problems associated with sharing the experience. Since meeting with him I have met a third person who reports that there used to be a lot more “magic” in his life that has been chased away as well.

It seems natural to me that I should meet people like this. I have long believed that our inability to socialize these types of experiences is the main reason why people, who otherwise have sufficient faith to handle the experience, do not experience them more often or any more. Near as I can tell there is an interplay between personal faith and collective faith when it comes to manifestations of the “miraculous.” It simply is not going to be much of a blessing for God to provide us unusual expressions of His love if the result going to be that it makes are personal relations problematic.

For my part, I encourage people to take a look at the socialization process related to these types of experiences and be willing to try again. And these people very much appreciated this type of ministry. My work with the Halbertcicles is a part of this process of leading conversations about how to socialize unusual expressions of God's love. If you are unfamiliar with Halbertcicles, you can go to [www.halbertcicles.com](http://www.halbertcicles.com) to learn more about what is going on with that phenomenon. Soon the format of that site is going to change to where the writings associated with the photos will be nothing but a paragraph of questions. I'm working up to a coffee table book titled *The Lost Art of Making Ice Cubes: The wisdom is in the questions*. Soon you will be able to see this book develop online.



It was in relationship to some questions I asked this gentleman that a

series of events unfolded which turned me around the next day from heading east so soon. But that's one of those stories that does not lend itself to being overly socialized. . .

**Sun rise on the  
Trinity.**

So that's all for now.

Namaste,  
Halbert

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**2/17/07:** When I first left Boulder, the original plan was to head to Tucson so that I could visit with my friend, Paula Maas. Paula is an extraordinary person in my life for two reasons. The first reason has to do with the first time we met, which was near San Francisco, CA at her home. What's important to know is that when I met her, she knew nothing about me. We had never spoken on the phone and she had never heard from anyone else about me. I was there to give her husband an introduction/presentation about Landmark Education, a company that does personal growth and development seminars. Paula had already taken one of their courses. A cliché phrase in the Landmark Education community was, "You never know what can happen at a Landmark introduction." I guess now I know. . .



**Somewhere Over the  
Rainbow**

After I finished talking to Paula and her husband about Landmark, during which time I had not spoken about myself, Paula said to me, "I think I had a dream about you a couple nights ago because you look like the person in the dream and you have the same mannerisms. It was a really powerful dream. I wrote it down and told my husband about it. It was in color. In the dream I saw you on the cover of LIFE magazine. You were holding two small babies in your hands and were beaming at them and out to the world. Then in my dream I realized that I had seen you on posters that said 'Family Love' on them. And you were in town speaking or something like that. You had become known as this regular guy who spoke from the heart about family love. Everybody knew who you were, and you touched many people's lives."



**Timeless**

To which I responded, "That's an especially interesting dream, Paula, because I'm in the middle of finishing up my second book. It's called *Peace on Earth Begins at Home* and it's all about family life and family structure." And this is why I do happen to know why "You never know what can happen at a Landmark introduction."

So naturally, Paula and I became friends, which led to the second reason that Paula is an extraordinary person in my life. She developed a quick and powerful love for *The Urantia Book* unlike anyone else to whom I have introduced the book. Given these two occurrences, plus the fact that the weather in January is a lot warmer in Tucson, AZ than it is in Boulder, CO, heading directly south to Tucson first seemed like a really good idea.

As it turned out though, right was leaving Boulder, Paula was heading to Albuquerque for a two-week peace conference, followed by some vacationing with her family in that area. She still was not back to Tucson after I finished up my visits in southern California and started heading out to Florida to see Fred Harris, so it looked like I was going to miss her. Until I got myself turned around and heading back to Tucson. . .but that's another story. If you ever catch up with the grandson of the

original Indian Chief in P.T. Barnum's circus (perhaps at one of the Renaissance Fairs), you can ask him why. He probably won't have anything to say on the subject either, but go ahead and ask



anyway. Maybe your life will get redirected to different set of unforeseen blessings, too.

So I stayed in Tucson for several days with Paula, her husband, Marty, and their son Joseph (who has the same birthday as I do) until I met their friend, Mike Fitzmorris (which is interesting because I have cousin named Mike Morris, so that kind of fitz).

As fate would have it, Mike lives about thirty minutes outside of Tucson in a fairly remote area right next to Saguaro National Forest. I never knew the Saguaro cactus, that the west is so famous for, grows over thirty feet tall! I know that now and from the pictures you can get a pretty good idea of that yourself. (The two sunset pictures were taken about one hundred yards from Mike's home on the evening I arrived. Needless to say, I felt very welcomed and in God's good hands. Also interesting to note, I have my camera set to put a time/date stamp on my pictures. But for these two timeless beauties, it didn't do that, thank God.)

Mike was living alone, in need of some company, and also in need of a little help around his place because he's in the process of turning it into a seasonal vacation rental (which among other things means building a small apartment in an out building behind the house). So if you ever want to get out of the freezing winter weather and want to enjoy a beautiful vacation right next to Saguaro National Forest, just thirty minutes from Tucson, let me know. I'll hook you up.

With my need to buckle down on writing reports for UBtheNEWS in advance of David Kantor's announcement of the site through a Urantia community e-newsletter, Mike and I have been able to work out a very symbiotic relationship. As it turns out, his first already booked rental of this place is the last week of March, when he has a trip planned to go to Florida. It looks like I may be out here until the first week of April, so that I can host his first renters.



### **My New Office**



### **Desert Jungle**

If you have been reading these Trail Tales sequentially (which I'm sure you must be doing, religiously and with eager anticipation for every new installment), then you have read a little something about the Halbertcicles and probably checked out [www.halbertcicles.com](http://www.halbertcicles.com).

Well, I am happy to report that the Halbertcicles are growing fantastically here at Mike's house. In fact, they are growing so fantastically that an incredible new expression of them occurred just yesterday.

So stay tuned for the next installment of Trail Tales, when you will get to see just what I'm talking about!

(Sorry to make you wait for pictures of the Halbertcicles. We all love our cheap thrills. One of mine is checking the statistical analysis of how many people are coming to this site. So in the spirit of being wise as a serpent and harmless as a Halbertcicle, you'll just have to check back in again soon and so you can ponder what lies beneath the tip of this iceberg. ;-)

Stay cool,

Halbert

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**2/27/07:** So here it is! As promised I have included a new expression of the Halbertcicles! Over two and half years ago Halbertcicles started to grow very regularly (though they have been showing up ever since I moved to Boulder in the late 1980's). I now have pictures of hundreds of them. As you can see from the other pictures that I have included, they have a very strong tendency to grow up. On very rare occasions a fork occurs, causing the Halbertcicle to grow in two different

directions.



**Get In Touch**



**I'll Come To You**

It's a good thing that I took several pictures because it has been very difficult to settle on a name for this one. And naturally, this one, that is so unusual one is tempted to call it unnatural, deserves a name(s). "Reach out and touch" "Crossing Over" "I'll Come To You" "Making Connections" "Anything Is Possible" If only Halbertcicles could talk. But then again, actions speak louder than words.

You should check out [www.halbertcicles.com](http://www.halbertcicles.com) to see a lot more pictures and a little more "explanation." Interesting to note, this phenomenon first started happening to me, though with much less regularity, when I first moved to Boulder, CO to attend the (now defunct) Urantia Book school. But even though the school is defunct, "de funk" lives on!

Well I hope this has been sufficiently mind blowing for one installment of the Trail Tales. And kids (of all ages), this is perfectly safe to try at home!

Stay cool,

Halbert

After this phenomenon started to occur with a good degree of regularity, naturally, I started to wonder what was "possible." So I have hoped and prayed for the past couple of years that two would grow together from adjacent "opportunities for growth," shall we say. The thought had never even crossed my mind that one might grow up, over, and down into an adjacent ice "cube." (I guess if we can tolerate calling glasses "glasses" even when they are made out of plastic, we can tolerate calling a round ice cube a "cube.")

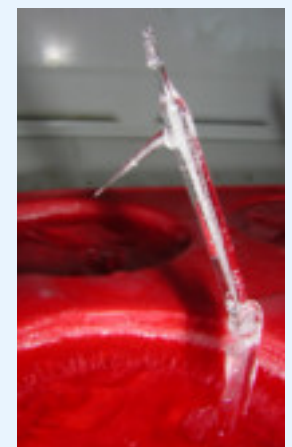
My favorite (blue) ice cube trays for this phenomenon have broken over the years due to heavy use. One day I was out shopping for some new trays when I saw this red, silicone rubber muffin tray. I thought that would be fun to play with, so I bought it. (In December of 2006 it produced the biggest Halbertcicle ever, three and half inches!) Naturally, because of the distance between the cubes and the fact that there are only six per tray, I was never especially hopeful that two would grow together in this tray. So for one to take a course directly out of one position and into an adjacent one is something that just never occurred to me until it happened!



**Crossing Over**



**Your Basic Halbertcicle**



**Your Not-So-Basic Halbertcicle**

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**3/5/07:**I just don't what to say about these new Halbertcicles. I'm at a loss for words. Not a good thing for a person in my position. . .

Last week was an extraordinary week all the way through. The week

started off with a trip to Phoenix, where I met people at three study groups. Plus, there was a wonderful "let's meet at Denny's after study group" meeting, because sandwiched between study groups on Tuesdays and Thursdays are two study groups on Wednesday nights. People were very kind to meet with me late on school night.

Dick Johnson's Tuesday night study group has been going on for decades at one location or another. The other three groups are fairly new. A good sign of the times! Go Phoenix! It was at this first study group on Tuesday night where I learned (as they started to organize the clean up crew for Saturday) that the roadside *Adopt A Highway* Urantia Book photo for the Trail Tales section came courtesy of the Grand Canyon Society. Thanks, guys! Nice work! An inspiration to us all! (Hint. Hint.) I think I'd like to start a collection of "Urantia Book" *Adopt A Highway* photographs!



**The Previous  
Champ: 3.5 inches**

On Wednesday night at Ed's I met a couple people who were new to *The Urantia Book*. One of them needed to get a copy; fortunately, I carry a small stock of Urantia Book's with me for such eventuations. Sue Smith's study group on Thursdays sports a dedicated room with a wonderful assortment of study aids, images, recorded lectures, memorabilia, and more.



We had a fine cast of characters at the Denny's meeting. It was almost 11:30 pm before we left. That meeting got planned so that Jennifer and I could talk about making some short videos that introduce *The Urantia Book* and UBtheNEWS. We were considering a little something to expand the range of Urantia Book material that comes up on YouTube.com; something that could be passed along in emails with a "check out this short, interesting video" type of message.

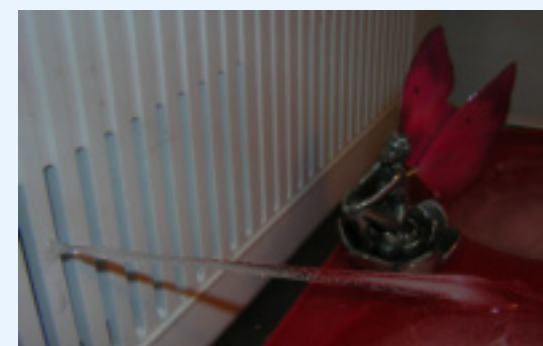
### **The New Champ: Going as far as it takes to get there.**

A few ideas did get passed around on that subject, but with five of us there, the conversation turned in a number of different directions. Kelly Tippet reminded me that the last time I was in the area was six years ago while picking up a motor home to take up to northern California to stay with a couple who I had met in the Bay Area, but now live out here in Tucson which is how I met the person I'm now staying with outside of Tucson near Saguaro National Park. Clear? So naturally when Jennifer told Kelly that I was traveling in a motor home and so therefore it must be the same guy, they were both right and wrong at the same time. Same guy, two totally different motor homes and only loosely connected reasons for traveling.

Speaking of motor homes, at one of the study groups an angel named Chris offered to fill up the gas tank on my motor home! Bless his heart! A very much appreciated way to support the UBtheNEWS cause and just about what it took to get up to Phoenix and back. Many thanks also to Beth and Bruce, who let me park at their place for a couple nights. And Bob for the meal.

By now, though, you're probably thinking, "Okay this human element with all that love-makes-the-world-go-'round stuff is very interesting, and sure, it more directly relates to what this website is all about, but what's the deal with these ice cubes!?" Ice cubes, indeed. Halbertcicles.

The Halbertcicles really seem to be loving life these days. (For those of you who are new to all of this, I just put water in the tray, put it in the freezer and *Voila!* I do not "make" this happen. It just does. Not just to me. But apparently it happens more often and more dramatically to me than to your average bear. At [www.halbertcicles.com](http://www.halbertcicles.com) you can see more pictures and get a bit more by way of explanation.)



**A little distilled water, a  
little fairy dust. . .**

I left Phoenix at 6am with the hope of beating the traffic and being able to see off my host from the Tucson area with whom I have been staying the last several weeks. He was leaving Friday morning for Florida for the week. I arrived back at his place shortly before he left. He and I ended up having very different days. It was almost two days before his luggage showed up. Meanwhile, I was in Halbertcicle heaven.

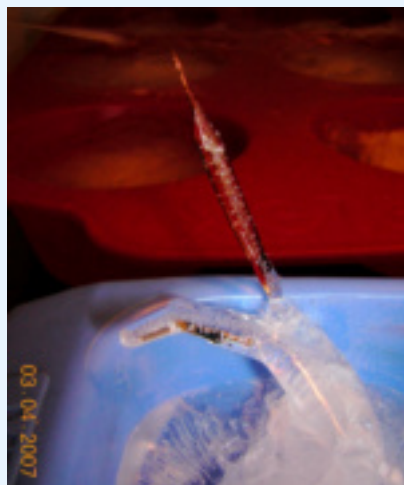
After he left I put the red muffin tray in the freezer and the biggest Halbertcicle ever grew! At four inches it beats the second longest one by a half inch and must also be given credit for making a connection with the outside world, a rare phenomenon in its own right. But I guess at four inches, a Halbertcicle is bound to start bumping into things.

Two days later this other one(s) grew. There have been ones that fork out in different directions. The most extreme example of this can be seen in last week's Trail Tale. By checking there you can see that this new one formed in a distinctly different way, being something more along the lines of two separate cicles rather than one splitting off from a main branch.

What does it all mean?

This is a good question. So listen closely; here's the answer. . .

It means that you should share this site with people. Do it now. I wouldn't mind if you did it later, but you can't. It's never later; it's always now.



**Two weird.**

Let people know that something very peculiar, very good, and very cool is happening. And I'm not just talkin' Halbertcicles here. The Halbertcicles are lot like UBtheNEWS. Sure, there's a scientific explanation behind them, but that's not where we find the real excitement. The Halbertcicles are, after all, only ice cubes. We are the ones who get inspired by them; get curious; see the beauty; and wonder why it happens so much for Halbert. When science catches up to *The Urantia Book* in one way or another, it doesn't change the world at all. We make it mean something; we allow it to be intriguing and inspirational; we are the ones who associate these circumstances with the concept of valuable and credible source material; we choose to share it with others or let them live their lives in more or less total ignorance that anything this cool actually exists.

**A strange pair.**

Ask yourself how would you like to be treated?

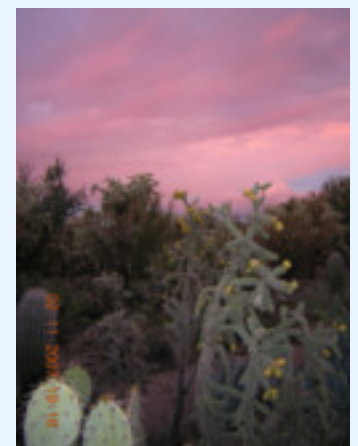
Please pass the love. This is about a shift in consciousness. A little knowledge can be a very blessed thing!

Namaste,

Halbert

**3/15/07:** Well, I thought I would leave the Halbertcicle issue alone for a little bit and move on to other topics. And in the spirit of that original intention I offer you photos of sunsets from the extraordinary location in the Arizona desert at which I have found myself for the last six weeks. But I made the "mistake" in an email to Phil Calabrese the other day in asking, "BTW, have you seen the new Halbertcicles posted on the Trail Tales section, bizarre and record breaking!"

Phil, being a wonderfully scientific-minded kind of guy when it comes to *The Urantia Book*, is a brilliant integrator of things scientific with things spiritual. I thought I was just making a little off hand remark about the Halbertcicles and what I got back was an upgraded response to the casual comment. He responded, "I took another look. At first I didn't know what to make of your "Halbertcicles" page, but I'm beginning to think you are purposely being a little mysterious to make people curious." (Golly geewillikers, can't imagine where he got an idea like that!) Then he quoted me some material from Paper 87: *The Ghost Cults*, Section 7: The Nature of Cultism, which states:



"But the great difficulty of finding a new and satisfying symbolism is because modern men, as a group, adhere to the scientific attitude, eschew superstition, and abhor

ignorance, while as individuals they all crave mystery and venerate the unknown. No cult can survive unless it embodies some masterful mystery and conceals some worthwhile unattainable. Again, the new symbolism must not only be significant for the group but also meaningful to the individual. The forms of any serviceable symbolism must be those which the individual can carry out on his own initiative, and which he can also enjoy with his fellows. If the new cult could only be dynamic instead of static, it might really contribute something worthwhile to the progress of mankind, both temporal and spiritual."

Wow, Phil! I figured I was just having some fun in the freezer; not forming a cult. I foolishly thought, "Just don't include any phallic photos of the phenomenon and everything will be fine." Now I'm flabbergasted and can't find a way to fend off alliteration. (Thank God "alliteration" doesn't begin with an "f" or I'd be . . . frantic!)



Ironically, I began to wonder if maybe there were ghosts in my freezer. But from the previous section, Coercion and Exorcism, I learned that throughout human history, "Water was regarded as the best protection against ghosts. Holy water was superior to all other forms, water in which the priests had washed their feet." This doesn't quite make sense to me because distilled water works the best for the Halbertcicles. Maybe I've got this complete backwards. Perhaps if I would simply wash my feet with the water before putting it in the ice cube trays, then the ghosts wouldn't show up that create the Halbertcicles. But I've been disinclined to use the ice cubes to quickly whenever the phenomenon occurs. I don't think they would be any use at all if

I washed my feet in them first.

At times like this, it is always good to keep reading. "In the past, truth has grown rapidly and expanded freely when . . . the symbolism [has been] expansile." Hmm. "Expansile: *adj* of, relating to, or capable of expansion." Okay, that seems to fit. And as Phil pointed out in his selected quote, "The forms of any serviceable symbolism must be those which the individual can carry out on his own initiative, and which he can also enjoy with his fellows." Even better. Anyone can grow these things.

As long as no one cares how badly I misapply these quotes to the current circumstances everything should be fine.

On the other hand, if I don't get off this subject, Phil may never communicate with me again. . . so on to other news.

Last week I attended a wonderful study group here in Tucson and intend to get back there on the 29<sup>th</sup> along with a special guest. (Note how that previous sentence "embodies some masterful mystery.")

There were about a half dozen of us in attendance. The group was mixed with relatively new readers and seasoned veterans. Folks showed up around seven and I started going over the various Reports that are posted on UBtheNEWS, which led to all kinds of questions and comments and the sharing of experiences. Next thing I knew Barbara, who was hosting the meeting, said something about making closing comments and I came to the sudden and stunning realization that it was eleven o'clock!

My how time flies when we're living eternally. . .

Namaste,

Halbert

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**3/25/07:**For some very strange reason, last week I was thinking that I probably shouldn't "over inundate" the Trail Tales section with photos of Halbertcicles. What was I "thinking?" That this peculiar phenomenon, that's been following me around ever since I moved to Boulder to attend *The Urantia Book*, should, for some strange reason, not find a

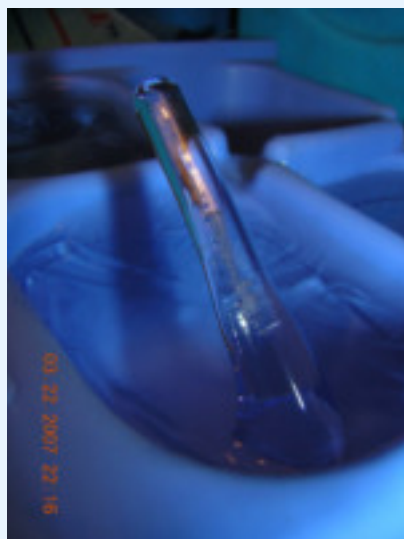
prominent place in what I have currently embarked on? It is fair enough to say that Halbertcicles should be hidden away in the freezer for safe keeping, but their light need not unduly be kept under a bushel.

So for the first time on UBtheNEWS allow me to present to you your first growing sequence of photos. Catching Halbertcicles during their growth state produces some of my most favorite photos due to the translucence of the water in a state that is clearly (pun intended, of course) less liquid than solid, but isn't quite fully solidified yet either.

As some of you may know who know me (or think you know me ;-), I've been talking for quite some time about creating a coffee table book of Halbertcicles. The title will be: *The Lost Art of Making Ice Cubes: The wisdom is in the questions.* The idea is to have images on one page and a series of questions on the adjacent page. Finally, the talk is starting to walk.



**And that's how we grew. . .**



**And grew. . .**

avoided the endless snow storms in Colorado this winter, it is time to head back up and deal with a few loose ends that did not get handled in the midst of the three December blizzards (which I did not miss) that dumped four feet of snow on Boulder. Springtime in the Rockies is such a great time of year!

I'll be dropping in on Charles Olivea's study group on the way up. We just spoke and I'm very much looking forward to attending the group.

Being in Boulder will also give me a chance to spend time at the University of Colorado library and confer further with Chris Halvorson on various science-related issues. This last week he was very helpful in pointing me in the right direction with regard to a particular atmospheric issue. I had contacted him with my head in the stratosphere, only to find out that I need to come down to earth a bit and look around the inner ionosphere (directly below the stratosphere).

This turns out to be a very intriguing issue on which most of us have gotten a bit misdirected. "Most of us" in this case probably means the dozen or so people who have ever given the inner ionosphere serious consideration with regard to *The Urantia Book's* statement about it. But nonetheless, this looks to be an intriguing scientifically prophetic comment in *The Urantia Book* for the simple reason that at the time of publication there was no discussion of an inner ionosphere below the stratosphere. Whoever said that coming down can be a real bummer after you've had your head in the stratosphere obviously had not considered this issue in the current millennium. That's why I say, "Hey man, you gotta get with the times. Stop living in the past. It's not about where we were at when the Urantia Book was published. That's ancient history. It's about where we're at now!"



**And grew!**

I look forward, with many thanks to Chris, to posting a summary and report on this Topic next.

Namaste,

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2007: 2nd Quarter

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