

## **Bill Sadler on Adjuster Communion**

**Transcribed by David Kantor from an original recording**

There are four fascinating papers dealing with Thought Adjusters—fragmentations of the nature of God. You know, God is kind of hard to understand when you think of him as having levels - prepersonal, superpersonal. The best way that I can think of a Thought Adjuster is as a piece of God. It's not all of God, but from a qualitative standpoint, it's God's nature. Very frankly, I don't think up very many problems with God.

I'm a little bit abashed. I mean, I'm not in the least afraid of God; he's too big. If he were only about ten percent of his size, I could be afraid of him. But he's entirely too big to be afraid of. And I understand intellectually that he's infinite and that he has just as much time for me as if I were the only creature in all existence. This I understand. But I'm a little abashed at taking up his time nevertheless. But I've got this Thought Adjuster and I'm not abashed about taking up his time because I AM his business. He's my partner. And I find it much easier to conceptualize a conversation with God if I direct it at the Adjuster instead of at the Universal Father of Paradise.

Paradise is a hell of a long ways from here, but the Adjuster is right here. I can get familiar with this Adjuster in a way that I would be a little bit concerned about with the Universal Father. I don't feel a bit familiar towards the Universal Father. My attitude has no fear in it, but it doesn't have any familiarity. But I can talk plain street talk to this Thought Adjuster. Have you ever tried that?

You know, the Thought Adjuster doesn't have your sensory mechanism. Let's think about a Solitary Messenger—one of the highest orders of the higher personalities of the Infinite Spirit. When you get to the Mansion Worlds, you're going to see seraphim, but you won't see Solitary Messengers. Even when you graduate into the true spirit levels of existence on the minor and major sectors of the superuniverse, you won't see Solitary Messengers. Even when you reach Uversa, you won't perceive a Solitary Messenger. You won't have the sensory equipment necessary to perceive a Solitary Messenger until you get to Havona. That's what rarified spirits they are.

Let's take what we know of a Solitary Messenger and consider: how does a Solitary Messenger react to our world? Well, first of all, the Solitary Messenger knows that this world is here because the Solitary Messenger registers the pull of linear gravity. The Solitary Messenger is acutely conscious of the physical mass of Urantia. Number two, this Solitary Messenger I think, is cognizant of the surface of Urantia.

Do you know what the Solitary Messenger perceives of the human race? The Adjuster presences of the indwelling Adjusters, and that's all. I don't think WE register on the Solitary Messengers. I have tried to conceptualize a Solitary Messenger's view of Urantia and I think the Solitary Messenger perceives the human race as a collection of fireflies in globular form, clotted by population density, and that's the Thought Adjuster—that's all he registers. I think the Solitary Messenger also perceives spiritual orders of existence. But as far as we're concerned, he sees the Adjuster part of us—not us. I don't think he has the equipment to perceive temporal beings.

All right—what does your Thought Adjuster see? Thought Adjusters are a pretty high order of beings, too. They're from Divinington. If I were to compare perception, I'd like to compare the perception of a Thought Adjuster to that of a Solitary Messenger. Here you've got a Thought Adjuster that you might say is not only a fragmentation of the love of God, but it is also a fragmentation of the adventuresome spirit of God. God is a personality, and I think the spirit of adventure is inherent in all personalities. And what is this whole creative business except the Universal Father adventuring - directly and vicariously?

I don't think anybody this side of the Universal Father would have had the courage to construct beings like us; to take glorified animals and indwell them with the highest form of Spirit in existence. This is the wedding of antipodal opposites.

These Adjusters are adventurous. I have never heard of any draft quota existing on Divinington. No Adjuster is ever a draftee. Every Adjuster is a volunteer. I suppose the only time they make a selection is if they have more than one volunteer. But that is merely a choice as between volunteers. And is this a kind of a Pollyanna-ish, blind, sentimental, injudicious love? Gosh, no.

These Thought Adjusters who have volunteered have not volunteered for the human race in general in some area; they've volunteered specifically, for each one of us. And they did so with knowledge aforethought. They did so with a full forecast of exactly what they were getting into, precisely. They saw all of the pitfalls, all of the probabilities, all of the chances they were running. This was not the volunteering of blind audacity. This was the volunteering based on cool, intelligent, calculated courage.

All right—this being the case, why don't you tell your Thought Adjuster about this planet he's in? I don't think the Adjuster registers very much of it, but you can register on the Thought Adjuster. The only way I know to communicate is in words. I talk. Kid your Thought Adjuster a little bit. Say: "Look pal, did you realize what you were getting into?" Pay him some attention. This should be a camaraderie. And I don't think anything you say in sincerity could possible give offense. Words are unimportant. This Adjuster, I think, would enjoy some attention—even stupid attention.

It speaks of the Adjuster as lonely in here. It speaks of this indwelling as an "incarceration." And I would submit that if God can derive satisfaction from the worship offered by ascending mortals

on Paradise, this indicates that God enjoys intelligent appreciation. And this Adjuster is a fragment of God, partaking of the nature of God, and is there anyone here who doesn't like attention? How about that? Wouldn't you rather catch hell than be ignored in the long run?

I don't think the Adjuster is any different. I think the Adjuster would enjoy some attention. And there's plenty of times—in privys (laughter) and other times, when you have nothing else to do, that I think it would be nice to pay some attention to the Thought Adjuster and spending some time with him. It's just not taking him for granted.

Put it this way: sit down, with your partner, when you're not in trouble, when you don't have any particular issue, and be friends. You know—how many of you who have had kids in college realize that you'll always hear from them when they run out of money, or need something; and that's good. But it's awful nice if they pick up the phone and call up when they don't particularly need anything—just to chat. Isn't that even nicer?

I kid with him. When we get into a strange town, I say: "What do you think of this burg?" And I try to tell him what kind of a town this is, because I know he can't perceive it. I tell him what it means to a person. I take time out to try to act as a good interpreter and a good guide to a being who can't really perceive where he is. I say that to the Thought Adjuster this world is just as imperceptible as the Thought Adjuster is imperceptible to us, or as a seraphim is imperceptible to us.

I take pleasure in trying, now and then, to tell this Thought Adjuster a little bit about what this world means to me. This is being friends. There is no reason for this, except it's fun. This is not just an efficient universe, this is a romantic universe. And I think a certain amount of romance is in order and is necessary to help relationships between personal and potentially personal beings. If the Thought Adjuster is your friend, act friendly.

The problem there is the fact that you're spiritually deaf, and it's so darn seldom that you ever hear hm. I will merely make this flat statement: I have never been sure of hearing mine at any time in my life. I've never doubted that when I was talking, that It was a dialogue; I just happen to be deaf, that's all. In fact, I'm so hard-boiled in my attitude, if I ever did hear a voice, I'd probably immediately consult a psychiatrist. I'd decide that it was the initial stages of paranoia.

I think this discussion of Thought Adjusters is fun, isn't it?

This, to me, is a being, who, with all due veneration, I consider as a comrade. I mean, we're in this adventure together. And I believe he's gonna get just a big a kick out of learning about MY end of things as I'm going to get out of learning about his end of things. And I'm just practicing down here. And likely most of it doesn't get through, but it's fun to practice. And I'm SURE, even if my communication is lousy, the Adjuster is appreciative of the fact that I take time out and think about him—you know?

