



THEY came—and they conquered without the blare of trumpets — practically unheralded—with no newspaper publicity—like the Arabs they came into town. Whom do I mean? Why the Ballards, of course.

A few lucky ones, who had read “Unveiled Mysteries,” were thus prepared and attended their first lecture at the Friday Morning Club, in Los Angeles. By the next night, they were turning so many away that they had to take the larger hall. After a couple of lectures, they were compelled to move to the Trinity Auditorium—which they filled. The demand was so great that they had to give a second course also to packed houses at the Trinity Auditorium. Never had people been so stirred. The entire town was talking of our beloved Messengers, the Ballards, and their marvelous message.

They went to Santa Barbara—all who had cars and could go followed them. In Santa Barbara, they had two packed houses.

From there to San Francisco, where their fame had preceded them and eighteen hundred people awaited them. There also were Los Angeles people who could not get enough truth, so followed along. I met people who drove fifty miles to the lectures and fifty miles home each night. Never

have I seen a more sincere, studious group than that San Francisco class.

They went to Seattle where they accomplished a very great work for America. They met stubborn opposition there at first, but it goes without saying, they conquered. Before two days had passed, transcendent work was accomplished.

The Messengers returned to Los Angeles, where the entire town of right thinking seekers of the "Light" met them with open arms, filled the Trinity and turned hundreds away. The same tremendous success followed in Pasadena, where great things were accomplished, and in Long Beach countless healings took place during the lectures.

After a week at San Diego, they returned to Los Angeles and the Shrine, the largest auditorium in the world. People stood in line for hours before each lecture and that huge place was filled with such earnest, enthusiastic students, that when you entered the door you were flooded with such Peace, Love and Light that you felt as if you were just beginning to live, after years of groping in the dark.

Never will I forget the last day, it was truly a Love feast, the stage was beautiful with white floral pieces and decorations. Mrs. Ballard was a beautiful white lily with the face of a rose. Mr. Ballard and Don on either side of her were attired in white, and finally the staff all in white made a most impressive picture. Mr. Ballard was never more powerful and one seeing and hearing the Ballards could easily understand why St. Germain had chosen them as his beloved Messengers. Don was a dynamo, his voice rang out in that vast

place like a trumpet call to arms. They are the only people I ever met who really live the Life. I have been closely connected with them day and night and have always found them Loving, Helpful and Gracious, really living what they teach.

The lights were wondrous and everyone felt the Presence of the Ascended Masters. I personally felt such an out-pouring of Love that I expressed then, what I say now, "A lifetime of devotion and loving service could not half express my gratitude for the service these dear Messengers are giving to the world. They have become a blazing torch carrying the Light to countless millions of hungry souls, who have searched for years for this transcendent truth."

So when they went to other fields, our love and blessing went with them. May the Mighty "I AM Presence" protect, guide and guard them forever.

And now again, they are back and the entire state of California is welcoming their return. Again they have flooded our city with such Light as has never before been known.

Light, Light and more Light, "The Light of God that Never Fails."

