

IN MEMORIAM

PETER ILYIN
San Francisco, Calif.



1941 – Nov. 12, 2023

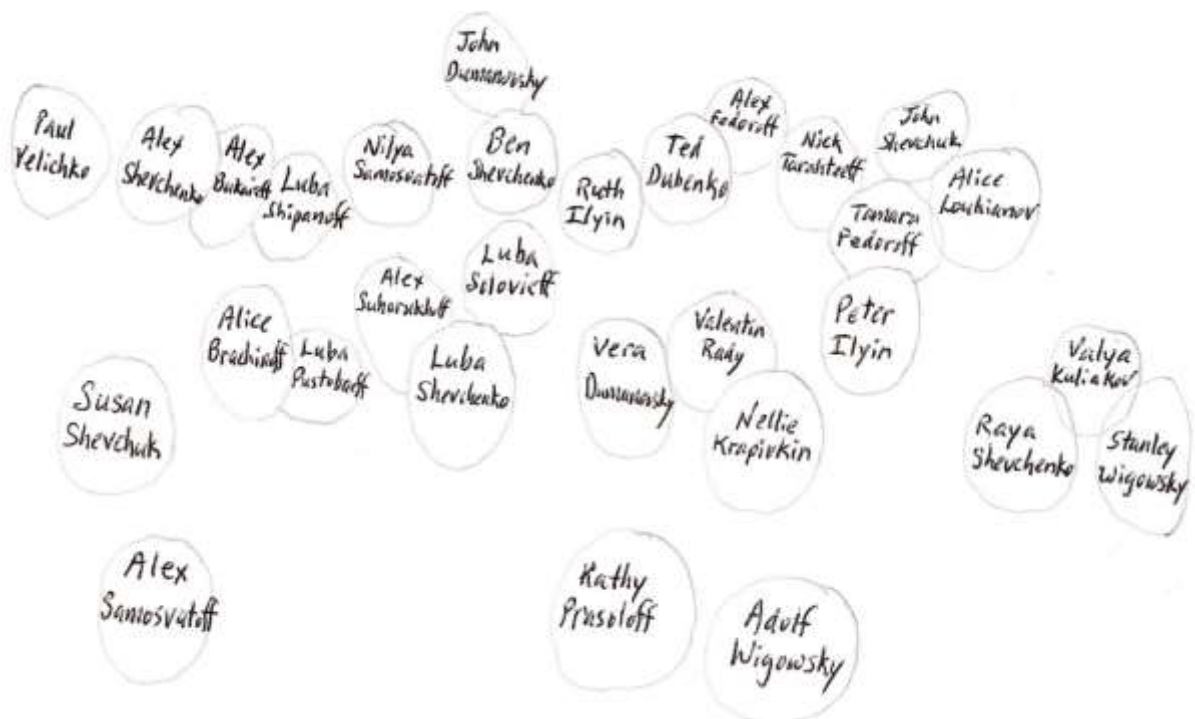
I was informed that my lifelong friend Peter Ilyin passed away on Sunday, Nov. 12th. He was a colleague of mine at Bethany Bible College, and we shared a lot of memories from our Geary St. church group in San Francisco. He told me many stories of his life in Paraguay, where my wife came from. And his Ukrainian stories were exceptional, for he traveled to the land of his ancestors, just like I did. I will always remember him for his great humor and amiable character, and also for the spiritual quest that we were both on. In fact, the last book that he shared with me was Resurrection, by Neville. Thanks for sharing your life and thoughts with me, Pete. I dedicate the song "Пташка" to my Ukrainian "brother".

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Мені повідомили, що мій друг життя Петро Ільїн помер у неділю, 12 листопада. Він був моїм колегою в Біблійному коледжі Бетані, і ми поділилися багатьма спогадами про нашу церковну групу на вулиці Гірі в Сан-Франциско. Він розповів мені багато історій зі свого життя в Парагваї, звідки родом моя дружина. І його українські оповідання були винятковими, бо він мандрував землею своїх предків, як і я. Я завжди буду пам'ятати його за чудовий гумор і доброзичливий характер, а також за духовні пошуки, якими ми обидва займалися. Насправді останньою книгою, якою він зі мною поділився, було «Воскресіння» Невіла. Дякую, що поділився зі мною своїм життям і думками, Піте. Пісню "Пташка" я присвячую українському "брату".



Youth Group at the Geary St. Church on Geary & 4th in San Francisco, California.





<https://wigowsky.com/PaulJ/Bethany/BethanyUniversity2008.pdf>

Bethany Bible College, Santa Cruz, California

Peter was a student here from 1961-1964

I was with him from 1963-1964 during his junior year.

He left before his senior year. He was set on getting married.



(from the Bethany Yearbook)



Photo courtesy of Kathy (Krapivkin) Samuelson – flower girl in the picture; Pete's best man was Boris Prasoloff, and maid of honor was Pete's sister, Ruth.



Peter in his humorous mood.



With his lovely wife Nell (Krapivkin)



Peter, the fisherman, at his home in Washington.



Peter & Nell at their home in Arizona.



Photo courtesy of Kathy (Krapivkin) Jurchen, daughter of Pete & Nell. (1983)

Peter loved to sing. One of his favorite songs was this Ukrainian song:

ПТАШКА

<http://wigowsky.com/songs/PeteK/pete1.mp3> (listen)

Ukrainian words to the song (with English on the right):

Дивлюсь я в небесну блакить І рідний свій край уявляю Душа наче пташка летить В простори жаданого Краю.	I look at the blue sky And I imagine my native land The soul is like a bird flying Into expanses of the desired Land.
Там квітне чарівна весна Там радість небесна панує Там рідна моя сторона І серце за нею сумує.	A magical spring is blooming there Heavenly joy reigns there My native side is there And my heart misses her.
Крізь бурі земного життя Як пташка лечу я до Тебе Там світле моє майбуття Там радість знайду я для себе.	Through the storms of earthly life Like a bird I fly to You My future is bright there I will find joy there for myself.
На груди Христові схилюсь Забуду страждання і горе І в хори небесні ввілюсь Як річка вливається в море. А поки що тільки в думках Я лину до рідного Краю І з вірою в серці свій шлях.	I bow to Christ's chest I will forget suffering and grief And I will join the heavenly choirs As a river flows into the sea. And so far only in thoughts I'm going to my native land with faith in your heart your way.
По вузькій стежині звершаю Та скоро я вірю прийде Ота довгожданна хвилина І зірка досвітня зійде, Зустріну я Божого Сина Дай віри Ісусе мені Для Тебе трудиться і жити Коли мої скінчатся дні Щоб зміг я тебе в небі зустріти	I walk along a narrow path But I believe it will come soon That long-awaited moment And the morning star will rise, I will meet the Son of God Give me faith Jesus To work and live for You When my days will end So that I could meet you in heaven

Peter sang in the Russian Gospel Temple (RGT) choir in San Francisco. Now he sings in the heavenly choir! <https://wigowsky.com/RGT/RGT60.htm>



<https://wigowsky.com/images/misc/choir.htm>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h8o8MRYlg4g> Our History - 1961-2011
Church Anniversary - RGTsf.org Christian Church



<https://wigowsky.com/RGT/RGT.jpg>
 Russian Gospel Temple
 (after 2022, renamed
 San Francisco Gospel Church)
<https://sfgospelchurch.com/>

<https://wigowsky.com/RGT/RGT60.htm>
 (albums – choirs singing, YouTube)



When Peter lived in the Northwest (Oregon, Washington), he came over to our house to enjoy our SF 49er games:





We used to visit Pete & Nell at their house in Washington, and here is a photo from those years. Tony & Alexandra (Shura) Temoshenko are in the photo.

We would fish in the Horseshoe Lake in his backyard.

And he would give us a ride in his pontoon-style party boat, slowly cruising on a sunny day, enjoying each other's company.



This photo was taken of me and Peter at his Woodland, Washington home beside Horseshoe Lake, with the pontoon-style party boat beside the deck in his backyard. This is when I gave him my book in which he makes a cameo appearance. He is holding the book, and I am holding a "fish." Date: 2007.

[Photo is courtesy of his daughter, Kathy Jurchen]

[Here is where Peter makes a “cameo appearance” in my book, God in Three Persons: A Spiritual Odyssey: <https://wigowsky.com/GTP.pdf> (p.233) Note: I use the name Apollos as my alter ego.

Apollos found out about a voice student of Maestro’s who was willing to tell him the rest of the sad news:

“Maestro Salvatore D’Aura turned one hundred on the 21st of April, and he passed away two days later. He started having problems with prostate cancer sometime in February. Since he was too old to have surgery, according to his doctor, he was given chemo pills, which made him sick. He knew he was dying, so close friends paid their last respects while he was still alive. He did not want a funeral, so there were no services for him. He’s really missed. He did live a wonderful life, and he didn’t suffer too long. He was cremated since he belonged to the Neptune Society. His ashes were simply spread over the ocean just beyond the majestic Golden Gate Bridge.”

When Apollos called Peter, a former voice student who introduced Apollos to Maestro D’Aura, he was appreciative of the remembrance. “Maestro taught me much more than how to sing,” recollected Peter. “He taught me how to live. The main teaching he imparted to me was: ‘In this world there is no one better than you and no one worse.’ That teaching has stayed with me throughout my entire life. He also told me that if I want to pursue the path of God-realization, I should read and study the works of St. Teresa of Avila.”

“I can never thank you enough for introducing me to the great adept,” said Apollos. “I would like to send you copies of some pictures that I took of him and some words of wisdom that he wrote to me.”

On one Christmas card, Salvatore D’Aura had written in cursive: *“To welcome another with love and affection is the highest religion. To find God in your own heart is to experience the highest religion. And to carry that awareness with you seeing the same divinity in others is to manifest it in your daily life. Best Wishes, Salvatore D’Aura.”*



When Peter & Nell moved from Woodburn, Oregon to Woodburn, Washington, he gifted us a Chinese tapestry that hung on our wall for many years.

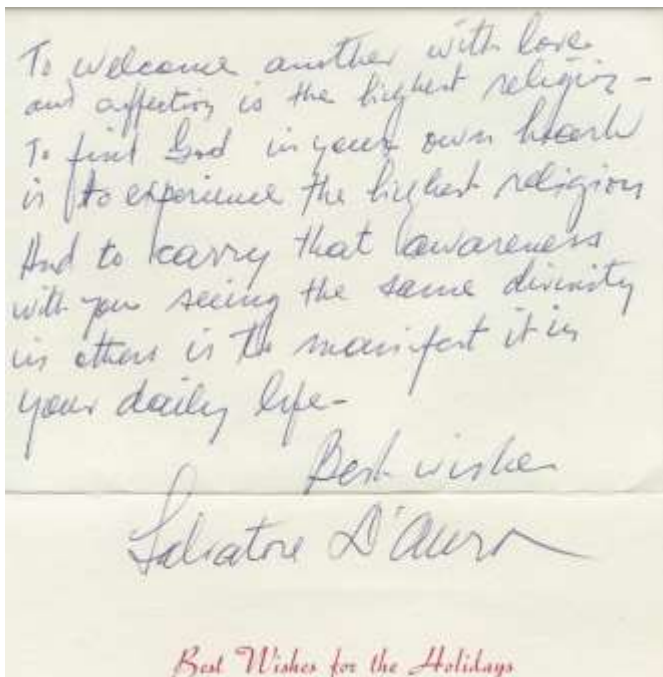
Peter showed me some original work that he brought back from his trip to Ukraine, after the Chernobyl disaster in 1986. I had also visited the area near Chernobyl around the same time as Peter – in 1989. The art work he shared with me was by the humble artist Maria Prymachenko. He had met her personally and she gave him some of her art work.



https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Maria_Prymachenko



Peter introduced me to a spiritual teacher, an adept, named Maestro Salvatore D'Aura. We had many talks about what our mutual teacher taught us. Peter once told me: "Maestro taught me much more than how to sing. He taught me how to live. The main teaching he imparted to me was: 'In this world there is no one better than you and no one worse.' That teaching has stayed with me throughout my entire life. He also told me that if I want to pursue the path of God-realization, I should read and study the works of St. Teresa of Avila."



Cross given to Peter from D'Aura

Peter in his last years introduced me to a book that he was studying. He wanted to share the spiritual and biblical truths that he found in that book. I told him that I shared the same spiritual quest as he did, and that quest was embodied in that book.



<https://www.amazon.com/Resurrection-Imagine-Reality-Neville-2008-06-21/dp/B01NAOAYHV/>

I wrote to Peter after reading the book that he introduced me to:

Hi Peter, Thanks for introducing me to the book, Resurrection by Neville Goddard. It definitely is an “enlightening” book for the spiritual seeker and biblical scholar. Of course, I immediately thought of our connection to Maestro Salvatore D’Aura, and of the teachings he had imparted to both of us. I automatically re-read the chapter about D’Aura that I had written in my own “spiritual odyssey” book. <http://wigowsky.com/Chapters/333.pdf> What impressed me most about the Resurrection book is the way the author connects his “spiritual revelations” (intuitions, meditations, contemplations) with biblical verses:

(1) “I of myself can do nothing, the Father within me He doeth the work” – and he connects it with the objective consciousness (the I, Self). Here I began to see that the author seemed to be getting some of his consciousness concepts from Carl Jung (the conscious and unconscious parts of the Self).

(2) “I am the Light of the world” – connecting the I AM to Existence (a Hindu concept of God/Self, (i.e. Sat Chit Ananda = Existence, Consciousness, Bliss).

(3) “The Kingdom of Heaven is within you” – author equates Heaven with Consciousness, and he calls it the deep subconsciousness of Self. Actually, you are Consciousness (the ultimate reality).

Read the rest at: <https://wigowsky.com/RGT/PeterRevelation.pdf>

spirit and cannot return unto me void but must accomplish whereunto it is sent. God's word (your conscious state) must embody itself that you may know: "I AM the Lord . . . there is no God beside me;" "The word was made flesh and dwelt among us;" and "He sent his word and healed him."

You too can send your word, God's word, and heal a friend. Is there something that you would like to hear of a friend? Define this something that you know he would love to be or to possess. Now with your desire properly defined you have a word of God. To send this word on its way, to speak this word into being, you simply do this: Sit quietly where you are and assume the mental attitude of listening; recall your friend's voice; with this familiar voice established in your consciousness, imagine that you are actually hearing his voice and that he is telling you that he is or has that which you wanted him to be or to have. Impress upon your consciousness the fact that you actually heard him and that he told you what you wanted to hear; feel the thrill of having heard. Then drop it completely. This is the mystic's secret of sending words into expression-of making the word flesh. You form within yourself the word, the thing you want to hear; then you listen, and tell it to yourself. "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." Your consciousness is the Lord speaking through the familiar voice of a friend and impressing on yourself that which you desire to hear. This self-impregnation, the state impressed upon yourself, the word, has ways and means of expressing itself of which no man knows. As you succeed in making the impression you will be unmoved by appearances.



THE ANNUNCIATION

THE use of a friend's voice to impregnate one's self with a desirable state is beautifully told in the story of the Immaculate Conception.

It is recorded that God sent an angel to Mary to announce the birth of His son. "And the angel said unto her, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son. Then said Mary unto the angel, 'How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?' And the angel answered and said unto her, 'The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the son of God.' For with God nothing shall be impossible."

This is the story that has been told for centuries the world over, but man was not told that it was written about himself so he has failed to receive the benefit it was intended to give him. This story reveals the method by which the idea or word was made flesh, God, we are told, germinated or begat an idea, a son, without the aid of another. Then He placed His germinal idea in the womb of Mary with the help of an angel who made the announcement to her and impregnated her with the idea. No simpler method was ever recorded of consciousness impregnating itself than is found in the story of the Immaculate Conception. The four characters in this drama of creation are the Father, the Son, Mary and the Angel. The Father symbolizes your consciousness; the Son symbolizes your desire; Mary symbolizes your receptive attitude of mind; and the Angel symbolizes the method used to make the impregnation. The drama unfolds in this manner. The Father begets a son without the aid of another. You define your

objective—you clarify your desire without the help or suggestion of another.

Then the Father selects that angel who is best qualified to bear this message or germinal possibility to Mary. You select the person in your world who would be sincerely thrilled in witnessing the fulfillment of your desire. Then Mary learns through the angel that she has already conceived a son without the aid of man. You assume a receptive attitude of mind, a listening attitude, and imagine you are hearing the voice of the one you have chosen to tell you what you desire to know. Imagine that you hear him tell you that you are and have that which you desire to be and to have. You remain in this receptive state until you feel the thrill of having heard the good and wonderful news. Then like Mary of the story, you go about your business in secret telling no one of this wonderful and immaculate self-impregnation, confident that in due season you will express this impression.

The Father generates the seed or germinal possibility of a son but in a eugenic impregnation; he does not convey the spermatozoa from himself to the womb. He has it borne through another medium. Consciousness desiring is the Father generating the seed or idea. A clarified desire is the perfectly formed seed or the only begotten son. This seed is then carried from the Father (consciousness desiring) to the Mother (consciousness of being and having the state desired). This change in consciousness is accomplished by the angel or imaginary voice of a friend telling you that you have already achieved your objective.

The use of an angel or friend's voice to make a conscious impression is the shortest, safest and surest way to be self-impregnated. With your desire properly defined, you assume an

attitude of listening. Imagine you are hearing the voice of a friend; then make him tell you (imagine he is telling you) how lucky and fortunate you are to have fully realized your desire. In this receptive attitude of mind you are receiving the message of an angel; you are receiving the impression that you are and have that which you desire to be and to have. The emotional thrill of having heard that which you desire to hear is the moment of conception. It is the moment you become self-impregnated, the moment you actually feel you are now that or have that which heretofore you but desired to be or to possess.

As you emerge from this subjective experience, you, like Mary of the story, will know by your changed attitude of mind that you have conceived a son; that you have fixed a definite subjective state and will in a little while express or objectify this state.





Those we love
don't go away,
They walk beside us
Every day. Unseen,
unheard, but always
near, Still loved,
still missed and
forever dear.



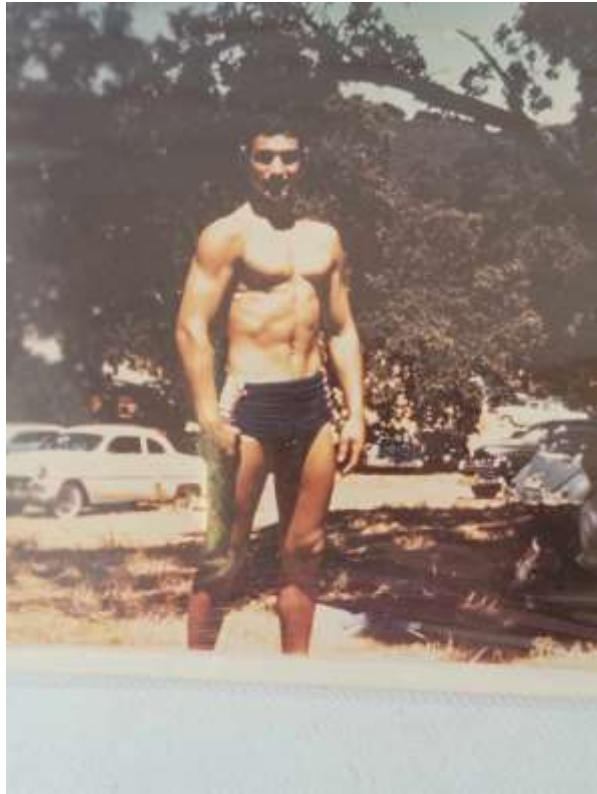
Photos courtesy of Kathy (Ilyin) Jurchen, daughter of Pete & Nell:



Peter with his mother (Vera) and father, and brother Paul



Peter with his wife's parents, Mr. & Mrs. Krapivkin (father was aka Mr. Lee)







Peter with his two lovely daughters: Susie and Kathy



"To Life" – Pete with his brother Alex



Pete with his sister Nida

