

— ROSICRUCIAN —
BEACON



September 2020, Vol 29, No. 4





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CONTENTS

The Count of Saint Germain - by Raphael Berger	2
Jacaranda Trees - by Rodrigo Sanchez	9
Longing for Love - by David Gunston	12
Reincarnation Lore Explored - by Frank Hutton	14
A Simple Life - by Pensator	19
Mask of Calakmúl - by Mark Cornwall	20
Christopher Wren - by Serita Glassenberg	23
William Blake - by William McKeeg	27
Live and Learn - by Niamh Martin	32
The Rainbow Serpent - by Ronnie Bigsmile	34
Book Review - Flower of the Soul - by Raymund Andrea	36
Compassion in Action - by Louise Lane	38
Procrastination - by Shirley Elsby	40
The Two Buddhas - by Affectator	42
The Eye in Ancient Egypt - by Paul Goodall	44
Mahakala - by Charles Tease	46
My Life Portrait - by Helen Rocaro	48

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Cover spread

Autumn - Forest life prepares
for winter hardship





The Count of Saint Germain

by Raphael Berger

*Chateau de Chambord (Top) &
The Count of Saint Germain*

A MYSTERIOUS man, known by many names, the most well-known being the *Comte de Saint Germain*, is claimed to have been born in 1712 in the town of Sárospatak in what is today Hungary, and to have died in 1784 in the town of Eckernförde in modern day Germany. That is what is claimed about him, though so much mystery was spun about him during his life, that it's difficult to discern truth from falsehood.

There are many descriptions of the *Comte*, some so detailed and frivolous, that they throw more light upon the customs and superstitious beliefs of the period than upon any objectively factual truths. However, wild as the claims may be, they help to define the background against which the Count played his mysterious part. The *Memoirs of Madame du Hausset*¹ are considered to be closest we will ever get to an authentic and historically accurate account of who the man actually was.





Marquise de Pompadour, better known as Madam de Pompadour who was for many years the official mistress of Louis XV.



According to Madame du Hausset, Louis XV would not tolerate condescending or mocking talk about St. Germain.

As first chambermaid of the *Marquise de Pompadour*, better known as *Madam de Pompadour* who was for many years the official mistress of *Louis XV*, Madame du Hausset was privy to the inner intrigues at the French Court, and made a careful record of them, possibly with the knowledge and consent of Madame de Pompadour. Madame du Hausset reports the following about the Count:

I [saw] him several times; he seemed to be forty years old. He was neither fat nor thin, had a fine and humorous face, was extremely, though simply, well dressed, and on his fingers he wore magnificent diamonds which [also] decorated his snuffbox and watch. Once he appeared at a gala function of the Court with shoe buckles and garters of beautiful diamonds which were so splendid that Madame la Marquise [Pompadour] said she did not think the King himself had any as beautiful as that.

He went then to the antechamber to detach them and bring them in to be inspected at closer range. Monsieur de Gontaut², who compared them with other stones, claimed they were worth at least two hundred thousand francs. He wore that day a snuffbox of immense value and cuff links of sparkling rubies. It was unknown where the extraordinary wealth of this man originated, and the King would not tolerate condescending or mocking talk about him.

This last remark fits in with the contention that Louis XV knew who this enigmatic person was, though due to his great stature, had vouched secrecy. Of course, we aren't likely to ever know with certainty if this was the case, but it would explain why Saint-Germain was so popular with the king. Before delving any deeper though I'll quote from another reputedly reliable source, namely the *Comtesse de Genlis*, who later became governess of the children of *Philippe Egalité*, the duke of Orleans³

He [Saint-Germain] was somewhat below middle size, well made, and active in his gait. His hair was black; his complexion dark, his face expressive of talent, and his features regular. He spoke French elegantly and without any accent, and likewise English, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese.

M. de Saint-Germain, during the first four months of our acquaintance, not only never spoke extravagantly, but never even uttered a single uncommon phrase; and he had something so grave and respectable in his demeanour and appearance that my mother never dared venture to question him relative to the singularities ascribed to him. At last one evening, after he had accompanied me by ear in several Italian airs, he told me that in four or five years I should have a fine voice... [whereupon] he immediately changed the conversation.

These few words encouraged my mother, who, an instant afterwards, asked him if Germany was





Madame de Genlis

really his native country. He shook his head with a mysterious air, and heaving a deep sigh, “*All that I can tell you of my birth*” he replied, “*is that at seven years of age I was wandering about the woods with my governor, and that a reward was set upon my head!*” These words made me shudder, for I never doubted the sincerity of this important communication... “*The evening before my flight*”, he continued, “*my mother, whom I was never more to behold, fastened her portrait upon my arm.*”

“*Oh heaven!*” I cried. Upon hearing this exclamation, M. de Saint Germain looked at me, and seemed to be touched on seeing my eyes filled with tears. “*I will show it to you.*” he continued, and at these words he bared his arm and undid a bracelet admirably painted in enamel and representing a very handsome woman. I contemplated this portrait with the most lively emotion. M. de Saint Germain said no more and changed the conversation.

When he was gone, I was extremely grieved to hear my mother ridicule his proscription, and the queen his mother; for the price put upon his head at the age of seven, and his flight into the woods with his governor, all led us to believe him the son of a dethroned sovereign. I believed, and I wished

to believe, a romance of so extraordinary a kind, so that the pleasantries of my mother on the subject shocked me extremely. After that day M. de Saint Germain said nothing remarkable in this way: he spoke only of music, of the arts, and of the curious things he had observed in his travels.

Could this be true? Was he the dethroned heir to the throne of a country in Europe? Although Madame de Genlis’ account is dramatic and touching, her’s is the only account of this nature.

The House of Rákóczi

It is generally accepted that the Count was a descendant of the glorious House of Rákóczi, a Hungarian noble family who were Princes of Transylvania. The last reigning Prince of this House was Francis (Ferenc) Rákóczi II, who had three sons: Leopold-George, Joseph and George. The first was born on 28th May, 1696, and was declared deceased four years later in 1700. The other two sons were separated from their parents when the same were imprisoned by the Emperor of Austria in 1701. The boys received the titles of *San-Marco* and *Della-Santa-Elisabetta*, and were thoroughly dominated in their upbringing by the Viennese Court. They had to abandon all traces of the House of their ancestry and even of the name of Rákóczi. Prince Karl of Hessen-Kassel reports that when Saint-Germain was told this story, he remarked: “*Ah well, then I will call myself Sanctus Germanus [Saint-Germain], the Holy brother!*”

**Saint Germain certainly
conducted himself like a prince...**

According to all records, Saint Germain certainly conducted himself like a prince and considered his brothers to be traitors to the House of Rákóczi. If we accept as truth that Saint-Germain was the missing Rákóczi prince who had supposedly died four years after his birth, many otherwise inexplicable matters fall into place. For one, the great material wealth of the Count need not be ascribed to supernatural powers. The fortune of the House of Rákóczi was estimated at ten million florins in 1652, an immense wealth in those days.

In the last will and testament of Francis Rákóczi II⁴ we find mentioned three sons. The third son, thus far unknown, was put under the special supervision of



the executors of the will, namely three princes of royal blood: the *Duke of Bourbon* and the *Duke of Maine*, and the *Count of Toulouse*, by whom Saint-Germain had been particularly befriended. This third and unknown son must then have been the eldest, and supposedly dead, *Leopold-George*. The rumour that he was not dead must have reached the Viennese Court and apparently so alarmed the Emperor, who saw in the heir of Francis II a powerful, potential enemy, that he put a price on his head, according to the story of Madame de Genlis.

Now we can also understand the consideration and regard of Louis XV of France for the Count; for if his fortune was under the direct control of the aforementioned three noblemen, it is more than likely that he knew the secret and that he paid the Count all the honours and respect due to his high rank and birth. Some of the privileges the king bestowed upon the Count aroused considerable conversation and jealousy among courtiers who knew nothing of Saint Germain's origins. In 1758 the king assigned the Count a spacious apartment in the vast *Chateau de Chambord*, one of the most magnificent castles on the river Loire. It is here that the Count set up an alchemical laboratory where he frequently spent long hours with the king. What investigations and experiments they may have done we will no doubt never know; but there are many stories concerning this, some of which are too fantastic to be true.

We need not hesitate to accept the pretended death of the first-born son of Francis II, for such was common practice in those days. It could have been simply a ruse to safeguard the life of the crown-prince from the persecutions of the Habsburg Dynasty, which was a vital



Francis Rákóczi II

Some of the privileges the king bestowed upon the Count aroused considerable conversation and jealousy among courtiers.

threat to all members of the Rákóczi family. A similar pretended death was claimed in the life of *Sir Francis Bacon* in 1626, though it seems unlikely in his case. Further evidence to the Rákóczi theory is the Count's use of the name Tzarogy when he met the Margrave of Brandenburg-Ansbach in Schwabach in 1774; for Tzarogy is an anagram of the German spelling of the name Rákóczi, namely Ragotzy.

Another statement by Saint-Germain about his identity was the answer he gave to the inquisitive *Princess Anna Amalie*, sister of *King Frederick the Great of Prussia*: "*I come from a country which has never had any foreigners as rulers.*"⁵ This statement is one of the arguments against the Rákóczi theory and favours the theory that the Count was the son of the widow of Carlos II of Spain, *Maria Anna of Pfalz-Neuburg*, and of the *Count of Melgar*, known as the Admiral of Castille⁶. It is claimed that Transylvania did not have any national sovereigns until 1571. The story of Madame de Genlis does not contradict anything in this theory though, and would place the birth year of the Count at around 1698. The Queen died in 1740 in Guadalajara, two years after she was authorised to return from 32 years of exile in Bayonne, France. The Admiral died in 1705, apparently in Portugal. A Dutch source⁷ directly hints at this alleged Spanish descent: "...he looks like a Spaniard of high birth, [and] speaks sometimes about his Mother with great emotion, that he signs himself sometimes *Pr. d'Es.*" This signature is said to mean *Prince d'Espagne* (Prince of Spain).

Artistic Achievements

The artistic achievements of the Count of Saint Germain were highly praised by his contemporaries, and yet hardly a trace of them remains. However, there is some evidence of the Count's activities, especially in the musical field. But none of his pictorial creations have thus far been found and we may assume they were lost or destroyed during the French revolution, for they are said to have represented





In 1758 the king assigned the Count a spacious apartment in the vast Chateau de Chambord, one of the most magnificent castles on the river Loire. It is here that the Count set up an alchemical laboratory where he frequently spent long hours with the king.

fastidiously adorned and bejewelled dignitaries.

It is not impossible, nor even improbable, that somewhere in an attic, one of these paintings is hidden and may be brought to light one day. We don't even know if the Count signed his work, and it is quite likely that he did not. If the unusual colours he used, which caused so much comment in his days, had resisted the disintegrating ravages of time, the identification would however have been considerably facilitated. The Comtesse de Genlis, (quoted above) has the following to say on the subject:

He [St. Germain] was well acquainted with physics and was a great chemist. He painted in oil colours, not, as has been said, in the finest style, but very well: he had discovered a secret respecting colours which was really wonderful, and which gave an extraordinary effect to his pictures: he painted historical subjects in the grand style, and never failed to ornament the draperies of his women with precious stones: he then employed his colours in painting these ornaments, and his emeralds, sapphires, rubies, etc., all had the glancing brilliancy of the precious stones they imitated.

Latour, Vanloo⁸ and other painters, saw these paintings, and admired extremely the surprising effect of their dazzling colours, which however had the disagreeable effect not only of throwing the figure into shade, but of destroying, by their truth, all the illusion of the picture. Notwithstanding, in the ornamental style, these colours might have been happily employed; but M. de Saint Germain never consented to give up the secret.

In the literary field there is one mystical poem attributed to Saint-Germain⁹, written in French. It is not known when the sonnet was written, but it sounds

unmistakably Vedic in content. The idea of Nirvana plays a major part in it, and the poem could have been written during one of the Count's journeys to the East. Saint-Germain himself wrote to the Hungarian Count Lamberg¹⁰:

I owe the discovery of the melting of precious stones to my second voyage to India, which I undertook in 1755 with Robert Clive under command of Vice Admiral Watson. On my first trip I had obtained only very slight knowledge on this wonderful secret. All my attempts in Vienna, Paris and London served only as experiments. To find the Philosopher's Stone, I was privileged in said period.

The following is a free translation as to meaning, without conforming to the sonnet rhyme and line length:

Philosophical Sonnet

Curious scrutiniser of all Nature, I have known the beginning and end of the great All. I have seen the gold in all its might in the depth of the mine. I have grasped its substance and understood the workings of its leaven.

I could explain by which art the soul makes its home in the flanks of a mother and carries on. And how a grain of wheat and a grapestone, both, when put under the humid dust, become young blade and vinestock, and ultimately bread and wine.

Nothing was..., God willed, and nothing became something.

But I doubted it and searched upon what the universe is based. Nothing kept it in balance and nothing supported it. [And] finally, with the measure of praise and reproach, I measured eternity. He called my soul, I died, I worshipped, I knew nothing any more.

Threefold Wisdom

We now come to the most precious esoteric document in existence: *The Most Holy Threefold Wisdom*, which is generally attributed to Saint-Germain. If we trace its history however, we find little evidence that it was created by the Count. All we know is that he was in possession of





Said to be the most precious esoteric document in existence, *La Très Sainte Trinosophie* (The Most Holy Threefold Wisdom), is generally attributed to Saint-Germain.

We read in many accounts about the musicianship of the Count de Saint-Germain, but nowhere do we find his name in the music dictionaries, at least not under Saint-Germain.

the original at one time and that he himself undoubtedly went through its initiation.

The beautiful manuscript, which now rests in the *Librairie de Troyes* in France, is only a copy, made during Saint-Germain's lifetime and decorated in the then fashionable Egyptian manner. The original was destroyed by the Count on one of his voyages. We can't here even begin to analyse this profound document, for that would include a thorough knowledge of Hermetic philosophy, Kabala and Alchemy, which three constitute the Threefold Wisdom.

Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* tells us that Giovannini in 1745, travelled from Berlin, where he lived most of the time, to London, where he composed, under the pseudonym of the Count of St Germain, a pasticcio entitled *L'Inconstanza delusa* (Haymarket, 7th April 1745), in which the airs were much admired. He also wrote seven violin solos (which are really complete sonatas with figured bass accompaniment) and many songs. The most important work however, seems to be the "*Six Sonatas for two violins with a bass for the harpsicord or violoncello*" which were published around 1750 by someone called Walsh in London.

Another enigmatic work attributed to the Count is entitled *The Sacred Magic*, supposedly revealed to Moses, rediscovered in an Egyptian monument and preserved in the East under the design of a winged dragon. The manuscript, written in a fairly simple cypher, is a ritual of ceremonial magic with instructions "*How to accomplish three miracles:*"

Walsh printed a small advertisement on the bottom of the title page of the Six Sonatas about another work by the same author: *Musique raisonnée selon le bon sens aux dames Angloises qui aiment la vrai gout en cet art*. Curiously enough we find exactly the same words in French inscribed by the Count in a copy of that work which he dedicated to his friend and host, Prince Lobkowitz at Raudnitz Castle in Bohemia. Count Lamberg mentions in his aforementioned book that the Count of Saint Germain "*...intended to go to Vienna to meet again Prince Ferdinand Lobkowitz whom he had known in London in 1745.*" That explains how the London publisher of the Six Sonatas could have seen the *Musique Raisonnée* with its dedication to Prince Lobkowitz.

- To find things lost in the seas since the upsetting of the globe.
- To discover mines of diamonds, gold and silver in the heart of the earth.
- To prolong life beyond one century with strength and health.

Musical Composition

We read in many accounts about the great musicianship of the Count, but nowhere do we find his name in music dictionaries, at least not under Saint-Germain. We do however find him mentioned under another name, namely, under that of Giovannini, an Italian violinist and composer (birth year unknown), who died in 1782 and who had been a pupil of Leclair.

The most amazing feature is the exact imitation the engraver of the Six Sonatas made of the mysterious symbol in front of the name *de St. Germain*¹¹. This symbol is as yet unexplained because we do not know definitely what initials are represented. There is a letter in the British Museum of the Count to Sir Hans Sloane (1735) signed P M de St Germain. Here then, we have strong evidence that the great mystic, who called himself the Count of



Saint Germain, was actually the man who wrote the music attributed to Giovannini.

We read again in Grove's account of Giovannini that the song "*Willst du dein Herz mir schenken*" has been attributed to Johann Sebastian Bach for some time. The reason was that it was found in Anna Magdalena's (Bach's wife) second and largest music book, with the marking "*Aria di Giovannini*" on the outside of the page. Scholars considered this to be an Italianisation of Bach's first name Johann, but this has been widely disputed since then. Dr Alfred Heusz¹² argued that if Giovannini had really written it, he would have been so proud of it that he surely would have made it known to the world that he was the composer of it, and would have published it with his other songs.

This argument loses all its strength since we know that Giovannini was the Count of Saint-Germain who seemed to thrive on just this type of mystification. He never attempted to justify his moves and actions even under the most embarrassing circumstances. We might also point out that it was quite common for one composer to copy by hand an admired composition of another, and even J.S. Bach did this with illustrious contemporaries like Vivaldi for example.

There is an unmistakable Bach flavour in the song in question but that does not prove anything, for we notice this also in other works of Saint-Germain. His music is delicate, graceful and charming without being extremely profound or original. It does however show a particular characteristic which can be readily felt and recognised throughout the various works, large and small. His music, if indeed it is his, is without doubt typical of the era: elegant and gentle though without becoming too boring or trivial.

His music does not attain the Olympian heights of a J.S. Bach, nor does it match the nostalgic beauty and originality of Mozart; but it rather compares favourably with Telemann, Quantz, C.P.E. Bach and his other contemporaries. Because his work is overshadowed by the musical giants of J.S. Bach, Haydn, Handel, Mozart and Beethoven, it may account for the total eclipse of Saint-Germain's music, or at least investigation into whether or not it actually was by him. There is a wealth of beautiful music hidden in the great libraries of the world, just waiting for someone to rediscover and revive them, and maybe one day, something definitely attributed to the Count will emerge.

Fact Not Fiction

I have tried to present absolute facts known to be true about the Count, and to discard all doubtful information

and frivolous gossip. But even with the greatest will in the world to get at hard facts, this has been for me and many others before me, an almost impossible task. Many facets of the life of this strange man never become entirely clear, and although his writings alone point to a highly evolved mystic in the nature and refinement of Louis Claude de Saint Martin, no one can be absolutely sure if he was the genuine article or just the outer mask of someone and something a lot deeper and more mysterious.

Emperor Napoleon III of France ordered a complete dossier to be made on the Count, but after that monumental effort, the entire corpus of material, with all its priceless proofs and documentation to vouch for the veracity of its conclusions about the great man, went up in flames with the building in which it was kept, as if it were destined to remain a secret. Are we to believe this as fact or just more obscuration of fact? To be honest, I don't know, though the depth of the writings and the beauty of this music attributed to the Count, certainly point to some one or more persons who had acquired the training and depth of experience of a truly accomplished mystic.

Endnotes

1. *Collection des mémoires relatifs à la révolution française* (Paris 1824)
 2. *Monsieur le Duc de Gontaut* was the brother-in-law of the *Duc de Choiseul* and was befriended by the Count.
 3. *Mémoires inédits de Madame la Comtesse de Genlis, depuis 1756 jusqu'à nos jours*, Vol. 1, 2nd edn (Paris 1825).
 4. *Genealogischer Archivarius aus dem Jahr 1736*.
 5. Dieudonné Thiébauld in *Mes souvenirs de vingt ans de séjour à Berlin* (Paris 1804).
 6. Paul Chacornac in *Le Comte de Saint-Germain* (Paris 1947)
 7. This item is dated March 1762 in the *Memoirs of G J van Hardenbroek* (*Gedenkschriften van Gijsbert Jan van Hardenbroek, 1747-1787*), uitgegevan en toegelicht door Dr F J L Kramer, Amsterdam 1901).
- Maurice Quentin de la Tour*, 1704 – 1788, famous for his portraits of Louis XV and the royal family. There were two painters with the name of Vanloo: Jean Baptiste (1684-1745) and Carle (1705-1765). Madame de Genlis was probably referring to the latter.
8. *Poemes philosophique sur l'homme*, Mercier, Paris, 1795.
 9. *Le mémorial d'un mondain* by J M Comte de Lamberg (Au Cap Corse 1774).
 10. Although we usually find the name saint spelled out, the Count seems to have preferred the abbreviation St.
 11. *Zeitschrift für Musik* (March 1925, Leipzig)





by Rodrigo Sanchez

Jacaranda Trees Beautiful & Medicinal



THE CITY of Pretoria in South Africa is famous for its avenues of beautiful Jacaranda trees, hence its alternative name, the *Jacaranda City*. I was fortunate to travel there a few years ago when the trees were in full bloom in spring. Coming around a wide bend on the modern freeway leading to the city, I was astounded to see below me a city completely bathed in the purple colour of this wonderful tree's flowers.

That time of year, September and October, coincides with the end-of-year exams at Pretoria University, and

during my two month lecture tour of this and two other universities, students told me that if a Jacaranda flower drops onto a student's head, s/he will pass the upcoming exams with flying colours, guaranteed! I doubt it worked though, as I marked many of those exam papers, and it's virtually impossible to walk anywhere in the city and suburbs without flowers dropping around one almost constantly. Definitely, everyone should have passed with flying colours, but it was not to be!

The sidewalks and street verges are covered in purple





Jacaranda tree-lined street in Pretoria, South Africa.

carpets of spent flowers, a real feast for any tree lover's eyes, though especially for a nose enchanted by the Jacaranda's strong though at the same time delicately soothing scent. The Jacaranda is a genus of 49 species of flowering subtropical plants from the family of Bignoniaceae, native to the tropical and subtropical regions of Central and South America, as well as islands of the Caribbean. But today, it can be found in virtually all subtropical parts of the world. It is extremely popular, not only because of its singular beauty, but also due to its reputed medicinal properties.

The word *Jacaranda* is believed to derive from the native Guaraní words *haku* meaning *perfume*, and *renda*, meaning *place*; hence the name *hakurenda*. The trees live up to 100 years and are ideal for urban areas because of their high resistance to pollution. But they are not so good to park your car under, as they constantly shed tiny droplets of a sticky sugary substance that's extraordinarily difficult to clean off. But what a small price to pay for such spectacular beauty, not to mention the plants' many healing properties!

Worldwide

Of course Pretoria isn't the only city to be graced with Jacarandas, and in my home city of Mexico City, the Jacarandas give a spectacular view in the streets and

parks. Their presence in thousands of trees completely transforms the ambience of the Paseo de la Reforma, the wide avenue running through the heart of the city. The sweet scent from these trees helps me to relax and find moments of quiet and tranquillity during my spring walks, as the flowers gently rain down.

It is extremely popular, not only because of its singular beauty, but also due to its reputed medicinal properties.

Jacarandas can also be found in great numbers in the warmer parts of eastern Australia, southern Africa, including Zimbabwe and Zambia, Hawaii, southern California, the south-eastern USA and in parts of Kenya, Uganda and Tanzania. It has also been planted widely in other countries such as Nepal, New Zealand, Israel, Italy, Portugal and Spain, particularly in Malaga. The town of Grafton in northern New South Wales, Australia, is also famous for its Jacarandas, and each year in late October and early November, the city has a Jacaranda Festival during the period of maximum flowering.



Living Trees

It is estimated there are 120 species of trees and shrubs belonging to the Jacaranda genus. The tree needs a sunny area in well-drained, preferably sandy soil. You should prevent grass from growing near or under the tree. Its blossoms have a mild sweet honey smell, but when they drop they are very fleshy and get stepped on and smeared and they tend to make the pavements slippery.

It has antiseptic and antibiotic qualities.

An adult Jacaranda tree can reach a height of 20 metres, depending on the conditions. A deciduous or evergreen tree, its main distinguishing feature is its spectacular lavender blue blooms which has led to its popularity as an ornamental tree. *Jacaranda mimosifolia* is fast growing and regrows easily if damaged. Its bark is thin and grey-brown in colour, smooth when the tree is young though it eventually becomes finely scaly. The twigs are slender, slightly zigzag, and are a light reddish-brown in colour.

Its flowers are fragrant, lavender blue and tubular, 2½ centimetres long. They appear in dense 15–25 centimetre clusters with often the entire tree in flower before the ground becomes carpeted in blue as the flowers fall off. They are a joy to all except drivers who may park underneath them and come back to find their cars covered in lavender flowers and a coating of sticky excretions from the tree.

Medicinal Properties of the Jacaranda

While not a substitute for allopathic medicine, the tree is used to treat hepatitis and in folk tradition, the flowers, leaves and bark are used to ease neuralgia and varicose veins. It is efficient in treating a wide range of bacterial infections, and as about one-third of the world's population is allergic to penicillin, the primary drug used in fighting many diseases, it is beneficial to have the option offered by the *Jacaranda mimosifolia*.

Extracts are also used to treat mental health issues and epilepsy. It has antiseptic and antibiotic qualities. Hot Jacaranda-leaf baths treat wounds and skin infections and is said to help in the treatment of acne. The method of using Jacarandas varies; some healers use the distilled essential oils derived from the leaves, others from the

bark and seeds that look like a cross between a tiny turtle shell and a nut. Others use instead a water extract of any of these same parts, for use either internally or externally.

Drinking a blend of the Jacaranda root can induce sweating, which helps to expel toxins from the body and stimulates the immune system through perspiration. A syrup made from the roots is also used to aid in liver conditions, skin inflammations, haemorrhoids and detoxification of the blood because of its diuretic and diaphoretic properties. The daily dose is four ounces.

Due to the strong antiseptic properties of parts of the tree, various decoctions have been used for thousands of years by Native American healers as external washes to treat acne, syphilis, varicose veins, chickenpox, sores and superficial wounds. Another option is the use of infusions of 30 grams of leaves per litre of water to treat the aforementioned illnesses, as well as rheumatism, anemia (lack of iron), the viral forms of mouth ulcers, and the immune system overdrive that results in some forms of psoriasis. The daily dose is 130 grams of infused leaves per litre of water.

Extracts are also used to treat mental health issues and epilepsy.

The Jacaranda is a graceful tree garlanding many streets in subtropical and warmer temperate cities. For two months of the year it is intensely blanketed in clusters of fragrant lavender-blue flowers; an intense blossom experience that compels the gaze and lifts the spirits. As Professor Jonathan Drori, author of *“Around the World in Eighty Trees”*, puts it:

To those impoverished souls for whom gladness needs further justification, street trees should be regarded as a great investment. Ample research demonstrates their contribution to air quality, urban cooling, flood prevention, good mental health and community cohesion: a profusion of benefits far outweighing their cost.

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A person in a light blue shirt and dark pants stands on a sandy beach, looking out at the ocean. The sky is filled with soft, golden light from a setting or rising sun, with scattered clouds. The water is calm, reflecting the light from the sky.

Longing for Love

by David Gunston

A PERSON was praying in church on a cold winter's evening, when the verger came to lock the building for the night. As the person continued praying, the verger thought, should he wait until the stranger had finished, or get on with the job of closing for the day? After some hesitation and more than a touch of annoyance, the verger curtly interrupted the prayer, and told him he had to leave. While we can appreciate the verger's wish to get home to his family and supper, his action was nevertheless lacking in both patience and charity.

It is these untold millions of small, thoughtless and selfish deeds overlying everyday life that contribute to the longing for love that lies at the heart of human unhappiness. The combined lack of love and the simultaneous longing for it is the greatest problem in society today.

In recent times, more authorities have come round to confirming the 2,000-year-old New Testament teaching that love is a fundamental factor in human welfare. Biologists, social scientists and others increasingly share psychologist Ashley Montagu's view that, "*To inhibit or*

prevent the expression of love is to do violence to the needs of the [human] organism. To love and be loved is as necessary as breathing air." And Carl Menninger longs for the day when, as he puts it, "*We shall have accorded to love that pre-eminence which it deserves in our scale of values. Love is a medicine for the sickness of the world, a prescription often given, but too rarely taken.*"

This lack of love manifests itself in society in many negative ways. The media is full of tragic examples. Wars, revolutions and persecutions are all-too-obvious examples, and they can be measured in human terms. A lack of love shows itself vividly on the faces of the starving, the sick, the imprisoned..., and also on the distorted faces of the violent, fanatical and power-mad.

But these are not the only examples. Delinquents and vandals, no less than callous criminals, are betraying in anti-social terms just how much they lack love in their distorted, ego-centred lives. And so are those whose main concern is to compensate for what they lack in their lives by acquiring all the wealth they can, often through the heartless cunning and exploitation of others less ruthless than themselves. Further examples are those who harry the



weak and helpless, including animals, or spoil our natural environment. Even the compulsive purchase of consumer goods, the obsessive consumption of food, drink, tobacco and drugs may be but the external symptoms of a thwarted or crushed desire to give and receive love.

Power, greed or resorting to violence, are poor substitutes for love, but they're widely pursued. It's almost as if the ego was saying: *"If I can't have what I want, then I'll have these instead, to make up."* How many millions live by that sterile creed! And there is as well what Aldous Huxley called *"organised lovelessness."* We not only exploit the natural world with total disregard of posterity, but we also crush numerous aspects of creative art and entertainment with mass production and mechanical thinking that concentrates on the lowest levels of taste and excitement. We readily think of people as mere units in a workforce, their hands producing ever more goods for our consumption. Mass organisation in economics and trade eventually climaxes in a *"crowning superstructure of uncharity."* This process, regarded broadly, has little love in it, less and less each decade.

To live as fully and as sanely as we are intended to do, we need to immerse ourselves in love.

After grappling for years with the problem of how best to reconstruct our modern civilisation, Lewis Mumford felt that the only answer is in the *"...assiduous devotion to love in all its aspects, beginning with tenderness."* Otherwise, inhuman forces will threaten our civilisation with widespread destruction.

To live as fully and as sanely as we are intended to, we need to immerse ourselves in love. The love we must reach for, which we invoke in prayer and which takes hold



of our lives from time to time, is not a feeble attempt to generate warmth and light in a cold and alien universe. It is the vast being of God or the Divinity. It is the essential nature of our existence here on earth, and the love by which we live, grow and advance together.

Our failure to love brings in its train everything we dislike and seek to escape from.

It has become almost trite to say, "God is love," without following the concept through. Or rather, it will become trite unless we make an effort to consider what it means. Its significance is not only that love is at the heart of the universe, not only that our lives are moved in Dante's words, *"...by the love that moves the sun and starry fires"*, but also that the essential core of each person is also love, because we are made in the image of a loving Creator.

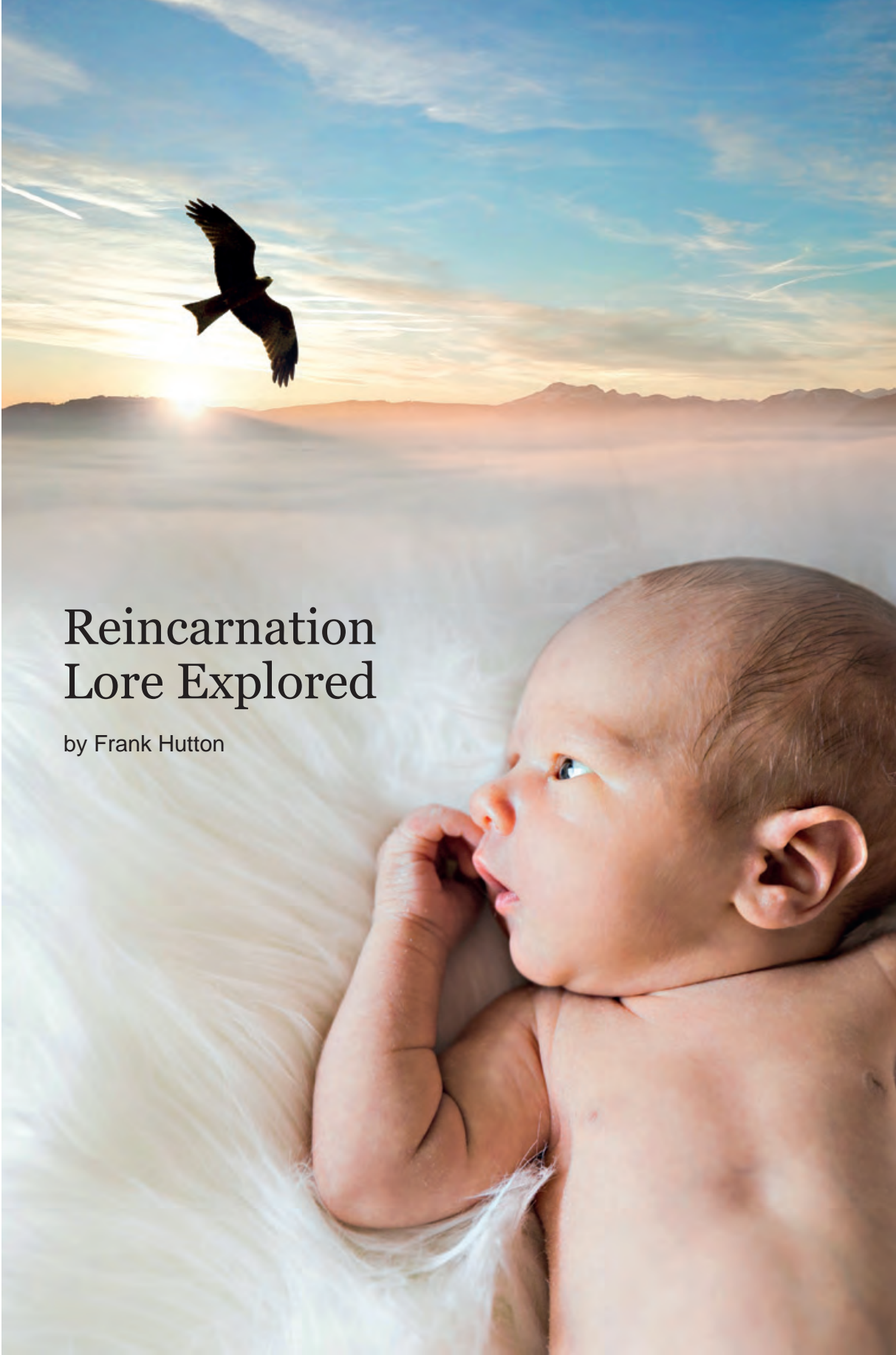
This divine love, in which we bask more closely than we think, is not just an overall benevolence. It is a love of deep concern and sympathy. It is at work using—ultimately for loving purposes—evil, grief and suffering and turning them into an overall pattern of good. God's love may be unfathomable, but it is never remote or unattainable. *"He that dwells in love dwells in God, and God dwells in him"* as St. John says.

Our failure to love brings in its train everything we dislike and seek to escape. How then, are we to increase the amount of love in the world? By being more loving, not only to friends and relations, but to those whom we see every day and take for granted, and to those whose good qualities we find hard to discern. We can try to see each person as an immortal soul dear to our God.

What counts is a loving, *uncritical* acceptance of other people, undistorted by any notion of what we think is good for them. Only then can we discover how best to help them. All such love continually renews itself in cosmic blessings, increasing the effectiveness of the divine presence in the world, and bringing the presence of love nearer to ourselves and to others. *"The only cure for love is more love."*

We should never ignore a manifestation of love from wherever it comes. Let us instead live and rejoice in the certainty that the Divine cooperates with those who love. And release people's love from all that imprisons and suffocates it, and get it out into the open where many people of good will eagerly await its gentle touch. The choice is ours. Let us every day try to turn yet another *longing for love* into a true *living in love*.





Reincarnation Lore Explored

by Frank Hutton



TO MANY in the ancient world, particularly on the Indian subcontinent, reincarnation was the most logical and just conclusion they could come to about the possible continuance of life and consciousness after death. And today, in all countries of the world, though especially in civilisations rooted in one or other form of Christian ethic, reincarnation is slowly but steadily being accepted by more and more people as an alternative to the stark finality of beliefs that exist in the Judeo-Christian-Islamic belief systems, the so-called *Abrahamic lineage*.

The taboo surrounding the subject of reincarnation in past times is all but gone today, and more and more people each year openly, and often in defiance of their religious faith, accept reincarnation as a more logical and certainly a more just system of belief than one which says we have only one chance in this world to either make it to heaven or to be eternally damned to hell. As the penetrating light of mystical understanding spreads and illumines not only the darkened areas of the world, but more importantly, the darkened areas of the mind, humanity will sweep away those human-created restrictions, limitations and barriers placed in its path.

That ‘still, small voice within’ tells us that reincarnation is a natural, compassionate, universally just and logical explanation for the mystery of life.

The collective philosophical reasoning regarding the purpose of life and the true nature of universal justice, inevitably draws us to the subject of reincarnation. That *‘still, small voice within’* tells us that reincarnation is a natural, compassionate, universally just and logical explanation for the mystery of life. But the Western religious education we’ve received has haughtily assured us from childhood that reincarnation is a superstition of unenlightened and ignorant people. And that if it really possessed any truth, it would after all have been taught to us, just as all other truth has been! *“Why suffer earthly trials when we have been promised eternal peace in paradise if we will but follow the rules of the church? Be careful, why gamble? This could be your only chance.”* Indeed!

There isn’t much choice there, either believe what the church hierarchy says, or spend the rest of eternity in the

fires of damnation! Such a stark and devastating assertion is intended to shame us, and certainly it’s intended to instil fear in us so we don’t make the ‘wrong’ choice in life. But, can we be sure that religious dogma is correct purely because it has existed for so long? Long usage is, after all, no guarantee of truth. So, it’s incumbent upon us to rely on our own inner wisdom when deciding what to do.

...reincarnation is a belief system too.

Opponents of reincarnation consider the birth of each child as the first *and only* incarnation of that individual soul. People are created by God, fully formed, with all their physical, mental and emotional traits, like new cars coming off a production line. And they have only one chance of either making the best of this single life, or completely messing things up and ending up in a place of eternal suffering. Where’s the justice in that? It doesn’t take a genius to see that such a regime is fundamentally flawed from the perspective of universal justice. How on earth can your actions be compensated for in a single lifetime? How can you possibly learn all the things you need to learn through trial and error, by making mistakes and correcting them, when all you’ve got is one short life?

If there is a God, then surely that God is impartial, and above all, upholds the highest form of justice the human mind can conceive. Having one chance at living a life that’s good in the eyes of the church, regardless of the conditions in which one was born, certainly lies far below the ideal of universal justice that even a child can conceive. One really wonders how people can be so sure and dogmatic about their beliefs. In his classic book, *Mansions of the Soul*¹, former Emperor of AMORC between 1915 and 1939, Harvey Spencer Lewis wrote:

Whether we accept the doctrine of reincarnation or not we will continue to live in accordance with some law, some principle, some scheme of things [...] What we may believe, or think, in regard to reincarnation will not change one principle of the doctrine nor affect the laws involved one iota.

Natural Law

It seems obvious that natural laws are inviolate and we can’t change them for our own selfish purposes. We accept the tangible evidence of the laws of the physical world, and if we’re sufficiently wise, we’ll cooperate with them



to our advantage. Many aspects of the physical world, and indeed the universe, still puzzle us; for our knowledge is supremely limited, though we still do our best to cooperate with the few natural laws we know of, and to understand why they exist and what benefit they are to us.

Of course reincarnation is a belief system too. And like all belief systems, it can't be empirically verified by any scientific laws we know of... yet! Unfortunately, this opens the subject to all kinds of unbridled speculation and consequent literary trash. So few people have made an effort to do any personal research on the subject for themselves that it's understandable there are vastly more misinformed popular notions about reincarnation than there is correct knowledge. Most writers on the subject have simply rehashed the already abundant erroneous material available. And yet, for those who truly think for themselves, there is much good, honest literature around, if one is prepared to search for it.

Evolution and Refinement

The sincere seeker of esoteric truths prefers to draw a line of refining distinction between the several popular terms used to describe reincarnation. *Metempsychosis*, we find, is derived from *metempsychoein*, or the Greek words *meta* (*over, beyond*) and *empsychoun* (*to animate*).² It has to do with the mythical phenomenon of spontaneous generation.³ Transmigration has to do with a soul entity migrating from one animate vehicle to another, seemingly

regardless of its form or neurological sophistication. Such migration is conceived to be casual, if not chaotic, or in other words, without plan.

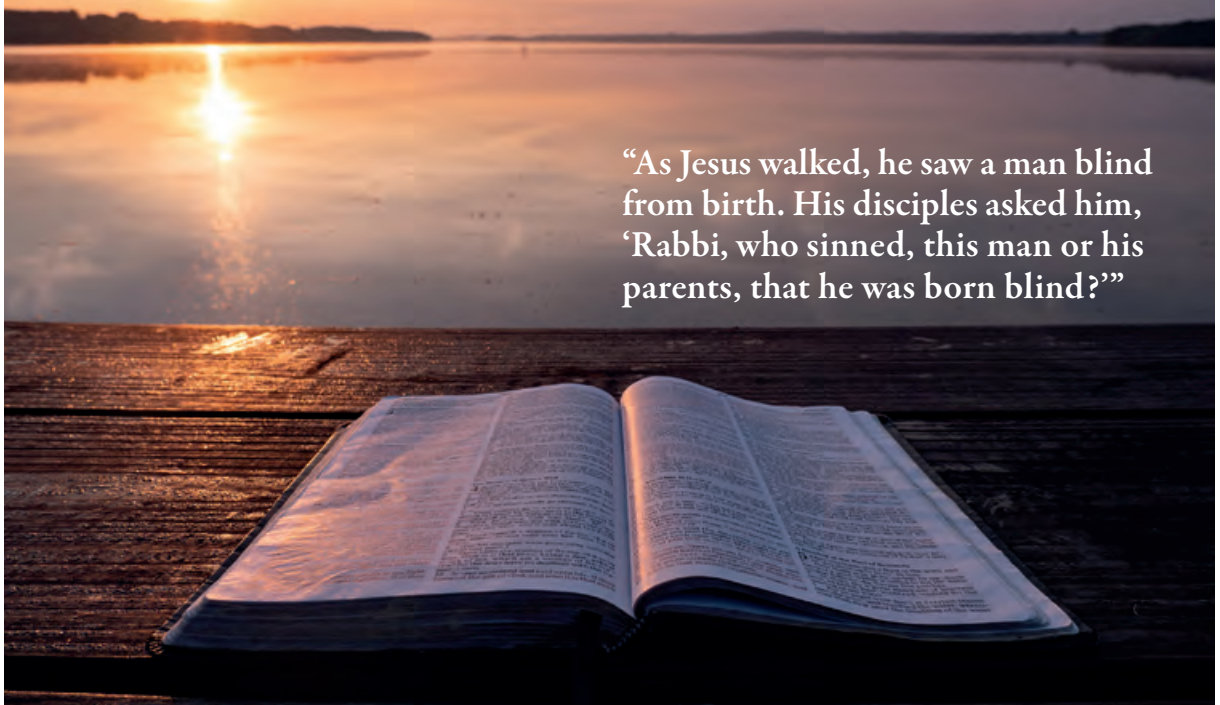
Reincarnation, on the other hand, derives from Latin and means literally to be *embodied again in flesh*. Mystically, it means also that *'the entity'*, that *'sentient thing'* which re-embodies and reanimates itself through a new body in a world much like ours, evolves itself to ever higher and more sophisticated levels of consciousness with each incarnation it completes. Quite specifically though, this precludes the possibility of retrogression from the human form to for example the form of some

Reincarnation derives from Latin and means literally to be 'embodied again in flesh'.

other creature, as is commonly understood in the concept of transmigration.

Since the dominant religions of the East teach some form of reincarnation, it must be admitted that the chief opponent of that philosophical doctrine has been the traditional Christian church. But why? There's evidence that up until a certain time, even Christianity embraced the idea of reincarnation and we find references to it even





“As Jesus walked, he saw a man blind from birth. His disciples asked him, ‘Rabbi, who sinned, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?’”

in the Old Testament. The Jewish historian, Josephus (37-100 CE), wrote in his *History of the Jewish War* “... they say that all souls are incorruptible, but that the souls of good men are [only] removed into other bodies.” In the Christian *Book of Revelations*, the last of the Christian Bible, we read: “He who overcomes, I will make a pillar in the temple of my Father, and he will go no more out.” This could be a reference to the end of the cyclical process of reincarnation after reincarnation in a truly accomplished Christian.

Biblical References

No less a mystic than St. Augustine said, “*Did I not live in another body, or somewhere else, before entering my mother’s womb?*” If we expect reincarnation references in the Bible to be headlined as daring proofs, we will be disappointed; for the subject was not mysteriously rejected in ancient times as it is by the church today. One must be capable of recognising references without the benefit of a headline or index to the subject.

For example, in John 9:1-3 we have the following incident: “*As he [Jesus] walked, he saw a man blind from birth. His disciples asked him, ‘Rabbi, who sinned, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?’*” Clearly the disciples were aware of reincarnation, for if they were not, they would not have entertained the notion that the man could have sinned before he was born.

In Mark 9: 11-13 we have the following conversation “...and they [Jesus’ disciples] asked him, ‘*Why do the scribes say that Elijah must first come?*’ [i.e. be reincarnated] *And he answered, ‘Elijah verily comes first, and restores all things [...] but I say to you, Elijah has indeed come, and they have*

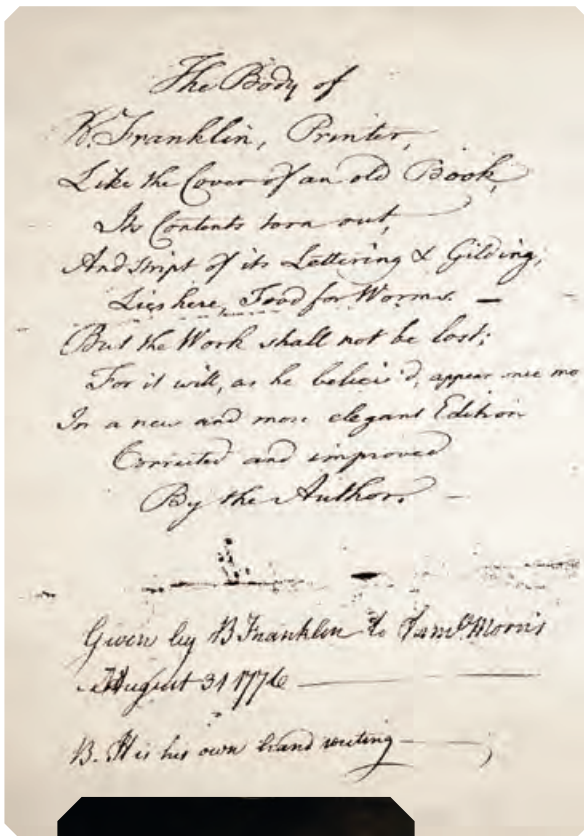
done to him whatever they wished.” And that is a clear reference here reincarnation, and Jesus says specifically that Elijah was reincarnated as John the Baptist. That at least opens up the possibility of reincarnation within the Christian faith, even if not reincarnation by everyone.

And in Matthew 16: 13-16 Jesus says to his disciples, “*Who do people say that the Son of Man is?*” *And they [the disciples] said, ‘Some say John the Baptist, others say Elijah, and others Jeremiah or one of the prophets.’*” Once again it is a clear reference to reincarnation and demonstrates that the belief in reincarnation certainly existed with the early Christians. And in there are several other references to reincarnation in the Old Testament as well. Reading the Bible with an open mind therefore, one realises that reincarnation is not the abhorrent concept portrayed by the modern church, but something that existed quite naturally in the ancient and early Christian worlds.

Among certain heretical Christian sects, such as the *Manicheans*, *Priscillianists*⁴, and *Cathars*, the doctrine of rebirth or reincarnation was firmly established, and in fact played a part in their suppression and destruction. It is probable that in all of Christian history there have been those who, although sincere in their faith, have nevertheless clung privately to the concept of reincarnation because of the private experiences of revelation they underwent which proved to them categorically, and through clear memories of past-life events, that they had incarnated before.

Rosicrucians have been asked in the past why they don’t publish a list of thinkers and prominent people who have endorsed the doctrine of reincarnation. The answer has been, and remains, that such a list would





Epitaph composed in 1728 by Benjamin Franklin (right), although not used on his grave.

prove nothing about the truth of the subject. Throughout history, great numbers of people have been wrong in their opinions, no matter how right they may have appeared to be at some time. On the other hand, this doesn't mean that such a list is unobtainable. Most of the venerated Greek philosophers accepted reincarnation without question, as did the Neoplatonists and Gnostics. Spinoza, Leibniz, Goethe, Hume and other philosophers of their time shared in their acceptance of reincarnation, though all with a careful eye on the power of the church and being always careful not to go too far for fear of facing harsh persecution by the Church.

The delightful epitaph composed in 1728 by Benjamin Franklin, although not used on his grave (as is sometimes erroneously stated), declares his belief in reincarnation. It bears repeating:

The Body of B. Franklin, printer; like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out and stripped of its lettering and gilding, lies here..., food for worms. But the Work shall not be wholly lost, for it will, as we believed, appear once more, in a new and more perfect edition, corrected and amended by the author.

The American philosopher and essayist Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote, "*We are driven by instinct but have innumerable experiences which are of no visible value; and we may resolve through many lives before we shall assimilate or exhaust them.*" And Thomas Edison and Henry Ford, two great though ruthless men, both of mechanical and practical bent, fervently accepted that they would be reincarnated again in the fullness of time.



The last few decades have brought about a drastic change in the respectability of the concept of reincarnation. In the past, courageous seekers and thinkers had to conceal their interest in reincarnation for fear of being ostracised from their church, family and friends..., indeed for fear of being burned at the stake in centuries past! How different it is today where we have the freedom to discuss and express our opinions on many subjects.

Few people realise how privileged they should feel to be able to think as they wish. The time has come therefore for everyone to give thought to the concept of reincarnation, and to coolly and calmly compare it in terms of its superior logic, compassion and justice, to the crude, cruel, illogical and unjust concept of just one life in which we, by chance, by a roll of the 'Cosmic dice', either make it to eternal paradise, or are condemned to eternal suffering in hell. Eternity is a long time..., only fools speak of it as though they understand it!

Endnotes

1. *Mansions of the Soul* is one of the greatest books to have emerged in the past century concerning *Reincarnation*. It is available from our online shop at <https://www.amorc.org.uk>.
2. Concerning metempsychosis, in the OED we read "*the supposed transmigration of the soul of a human being or animal at death into a new body of the same or a different species.*"
3. Ibid., "*the supposed production of living from non-living matter as inferred from the appearance of life (due in fact to bacteria etc.) in some infusions.*"
4. A Christian doctrine developed in the Iberian Peninsula (present day Spain) in the 4th Century by Priscillian.





A Simple Life

by Pensator

THE LAKOTA of the United States and Canada, or Sioux, as they are better known, were forced westwards with other tribes by the oncoming horde of Europeans. There is linguistic evidence to suggest that they once lived in communities along the great rivers but were forced onto the Great Plains with the advent of the horse. What follows is a brief talk given by a modern Lakota to explain the world that was lost.

As hunter-gatherers, the Lakota watched the fox and the bear. When they ate berries, they never ate all the berries on the bush. When bears ate honey, they seldom destroyed the hive; they took some honey and moved on. There was always enough left for regeneration. So, the Lakota knew better than to empty the land of its food simply to feed their greed. That is how they lived with nature, finding a balance, respecting the source of their sustenance.

Hunter-gatherers never emptied the larder of nature. They caused as little harm as possible to their environment. Their sources of food were very varied, and deliberately so, so that nature could keep on giving. Our ancestors knew where the water was, but shared it with all other creatures. The great Mother Earth was their cornucopia, with many species of animals, and all types of vegetables, roots and

fruits available in every season. As hunter-gatherers they knew about storing food as well, and knew the plants that were good for medicine, and where to find them.

With so little time required to devote to their own survival, our ancestors had the freedom to care for their families. They had time to bathe, to clean their teeth, to groom themselves and each other, to live by natural law. If you think about it, when a child is born, where in the world is there evil? A bear or a mountain lion, killing and eating whatever they eat, is no more evil than a human who eats what humans eat. We are still aware of everything in the natural world, what we use in the course of our lives, and what we need for our welfare and that of nature, as opposed to what many modern people vainly want without giving anything of value in return to Mother Nature. When our ancestors cut trees, they cut them only for use as tipi poles, and when they revered plants, animals and nature, it is easy to see why they saw no evil in the natural world.

Every good thought is a prayer. That is what we believe. We don't need churches, for life is our church, the universe is our temple. And being conscious of the well-being of the 'little-people', what we have learned from others are called 'insects', that too is a form of prayer.





MASK OF
... Calakmúl ...

by Marc Cornwall

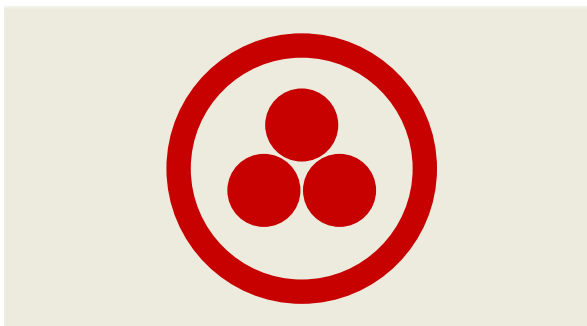


LIKE THE death masks in gold or silver that adorned the mummies of the ancient Egyptian pharaohs, the *K'ubul Ahawob*, namely, the Divine Lords or kings of the Mayan city states, were also buried wearing masks. In the Mayan world of Mexico, Guatemala, Belize and Honduras, although gold was considered precious, they esteemed something else as far more precious, namely, *jade*.

Deep in the dense jungles of the Petén Basin of Mexico's Yucatan Peninsula, the impressive city of *Calakmül* was reclaimed by the jungle soon after it was abandoned. The Mayan world was divided into city states, reminiscent of ancient Greece. In the classical Mayan period, the city-states of Tikál and Calakmül were huge rival entities that vied for power and influence over the known world. Think of Athens and Sparta and you get the idea.

The extensive ruins of Calakmül, which was the capital city of the *K'aan* or Snake kingdom, are currently inside the Mexican state of Campeche but close to the border with Guatemala. The site is difficult to get to even today. As far as we know, the original name of the city was *Ox-Té'-Tun* or "*Three Tree Stones*." An unusual name for a city you may think, until you realise that the name refers to a place in the heavens. Three Tree Stones Place refers to three stars in the constellation of Orion shaped like a triangle. The triangle was the way people of the time built their fires; three hearthstones surrounding a fire. We can see a modern image today on the Banner of Peace of Nicholas Roerich.

As in ancient Rome with its Vestal Fire tended by the Vestal Virgins, Three Stone Place has a special place in Mayan mythology. It was here on the mystical date in the Long Count calendar 13.0.0.0.0. 4 Ahaw, 8 Kumku (equivalent to 11th August 3114 BCE) that the Mayan Tonsured Maize god broke open and emerged from the carapace of the turtle in the sky: the constellation of Orion and created the current world in a dance of creation. Thus, Calakmül equated itself with the place of creation or emergence.



The Banner of Peace.



The main temple complex of Calakmül.

The Mask of Calakmül

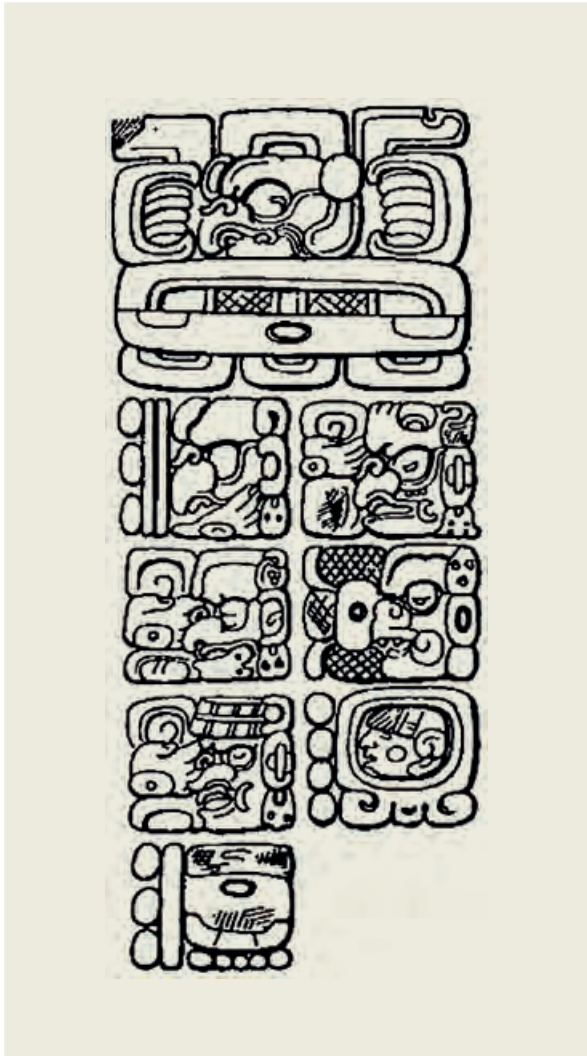
"The best known of the nine Mayan death masks from Calakmul reveals an ancient culture with its high aesthetic sophistication and cosmic significance, which, as long as we continue to admire it, will never die." – Diego Prieto, Director-General of the National Institute of Anthropology and History (INAH).

A jade mask is at the same time life, death and resurrection in an infinite cycle of existence. It is the divine image of a sovereign from whose power the life force of his people, his city, and all creatures of the universe emanates. Each of the elements of the mask has its own significance and at the same time collectively they are all related. Maya cosmology is not linear. In it, nature and divinity, animal and human, life and death are planes which interact and join together continually.

On 12th December 1984 one of the most important discoveries in Mexican archaeology was made. In Structure VII in Calakmül archaeologists uncovered the jade death mask of a ruler of the city whose name remains unknown. The Calakmül Mask is one of the most emblematic pieces of Mayan culture and still holds many secrets. I want to share with you some of the interpretations of each of its elements.

In the Mayan world, jade was considered extremely precious.





East side of stela C, from Quirigua in Guatemala with the mythical creation date of 13. 0. 0. 0. 4 *Abaw 8 K'umku* – 11 August 3114 BCE.

Calakmúl Mask Symbology

According to INAH specialists, the mask showing a divine countenance represents both death and a subsequent resurrection, but also represents life. Since July 2018, the mask, along with other pieces of the costume are on display at the Museum of Maya Architecture located in Our Lady of Solitude in the centre of the city of Campeche.

These are the pieces and the meaning of each part of the Calakmúl Mask: Jade is the material with which all the Mayan death masks were made. The green colour related it to nature, and it is the symbol of life, fertility and rebirth.

The Flower: The flower with four petals on the earspools or earplugs of the mask represents the Mesoamerican cosmos. The Maya believed that the world in its beginning was bounded by four corners and a centre.

The Serpent: Beneath the earspools are snake fangs carved out of shells. Mayan rulers used them in their costumes to give the message of their divine status. The rulers of Calakmúl were referred to as *K'uhul Kaanal Abaw*, “*Divine Lord of the Serpent.*”

The Wind: In the mouth of the mask we see the representation of the wind in pieces of conch shell. They represent the breath of the spirit, synonymous with the soul. The open mouth is a metaphor for the Sacred Cave.

The Butterfly: Under the chin is a butterfly with open wings. This symbolises the soul of the late sovereign. In pre-Hispanic art the butterfly was the symbol of the “*morning star.*”

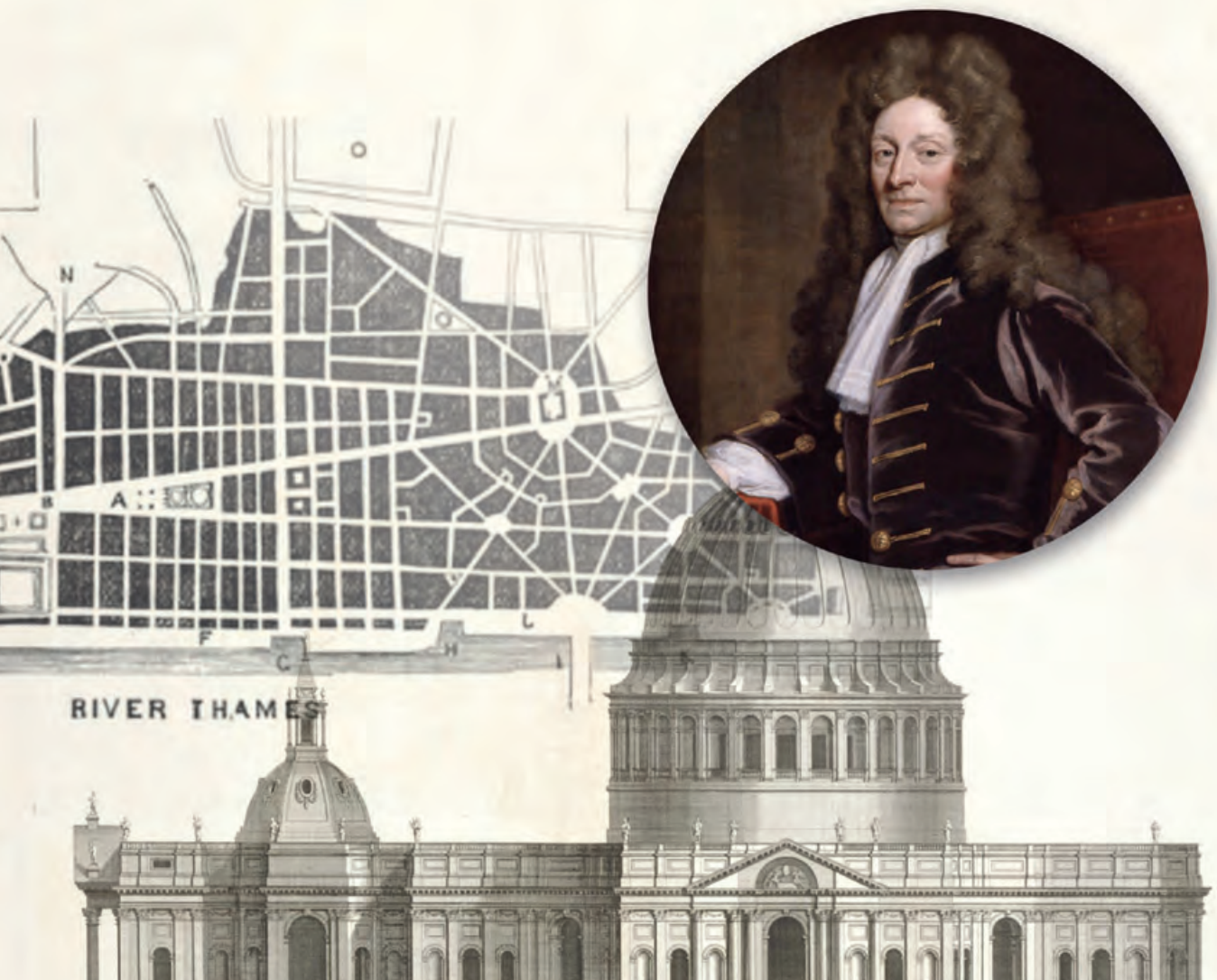
The Sacred Mountain: Symbolises the place of creation. Mayan pyramids are representations of mountains. Inside them, where the burial chamber is located, the ruler will be reborn as the god of corn.

Corn: In the headdress of the mask you can see two small corn buds. When he died, the ruler became a seed that would resurface as a deity and therefore ensure the livelihood of his people. For the Maya, the first man was modelled on the three primordial corn grains.

The Calakmúl Mask is one of the most emblematic pieces of Mayan culture and still holds many secrets.

The mask represents the resurrection and rebirth of the deceased ruler. There is a dualistic theme that permeates Maya thought. It can be seen in the eternal struggle between the powers of good and evil, day and night, life and death. By wearing this mask, the ruler hoped to overcome death and climb the tree of life to the celestial world above.





Christopher Wren

Rosicrucian with a Vision of the Future

by Serita Glassenberg

BORN near Tisbury, Wiltshire, on 10th October 1632, young Christopher had a delicate constitution and grew up short in stature. Up to the age of 14, he attended the Westminster School; but impatient for progress, he left school to assist the famous anatomist Sir Charles Scarborough with his studies. Attending Wadham College, Oxford, in 1649,

Christopher joined “*a society of philosophical inquiries.*” It was with the help of these fellow intellectuals that he conducted many valuable experiments.

While still at college, Wren assisted in establishing the foundations of what later became the *Royal Society of London for the Improvement of Natural Knowledge*, an association of learned men dedicated to empirical



Credit: Wikipedia/Andrew Gray



Wren attended Wadham College, Oxford

methods of thought who met together for investigating “new or experimental philosophy.” The group’s first meeting was held during Wren’s residence at Oxford (c. 1651); but the *Royal Society* itself was not formally recognised until 1660, and thereupon received three Royal Charters in the years 1662, 1663 and 1669.

To advance his new theories, Wren wrote a “*Catalogue of New Theories, Inventions and Experiments*” in which he called for new philosophies to be advanced with other useful discoveries. Some of Wren’s new theories included in the booklet were a weather clock, a “*balance of weights*”, several new ways of engraving and etching, as well as “*diverse musical instruments*.” Some of his other new ideas included a hypothesis on the moon’s libration, “*how to stay long under water*”, and “*to measure base and height of a mountain only by journeying over it*.” Talking before the austere group of fellow scientists, Wren spoke of his “*juvenile blushes*” and “*my bashful years*”, but it mattered little, for he had by then already been recognised as a man of great intellectual genius.

By the age of 21, Wren had completed his university degree, and was elected a fellow of All Souls College. Still wishing more knowledge, he continued with his scientific study. His philosophical pursuits however, did not interfere with his absorbing profession. He made elaborate drawings to illustrate Dr Thomas Willis’ work, “*Anatomy of the Brain*.” In the book’s preface, Robert Hooke, famous philosopher and physicist, praised Wren as a thinker possessing a great combination of both mechanical and philosophical abilities. About this time, Wren also invented a planting instrument which, drawn by a horse, would not only plough and harrow the land, but also plant corn without waste. And he devised a method for making fresh water at sea. His produced work also clearly explained and illustrated a scheme for the graphical construction of solar and lunar eclipses and occultation of the stars. This work was published in 1681 by Sir Jonas Moore, along with Moore’s system of mathematics.

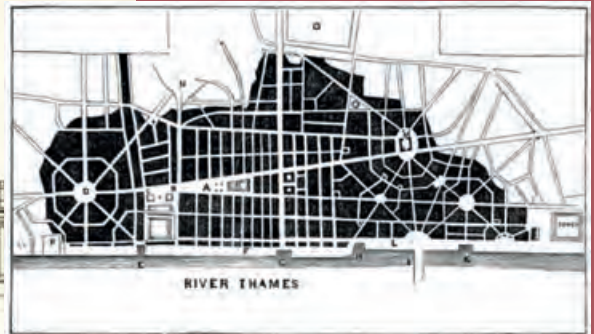
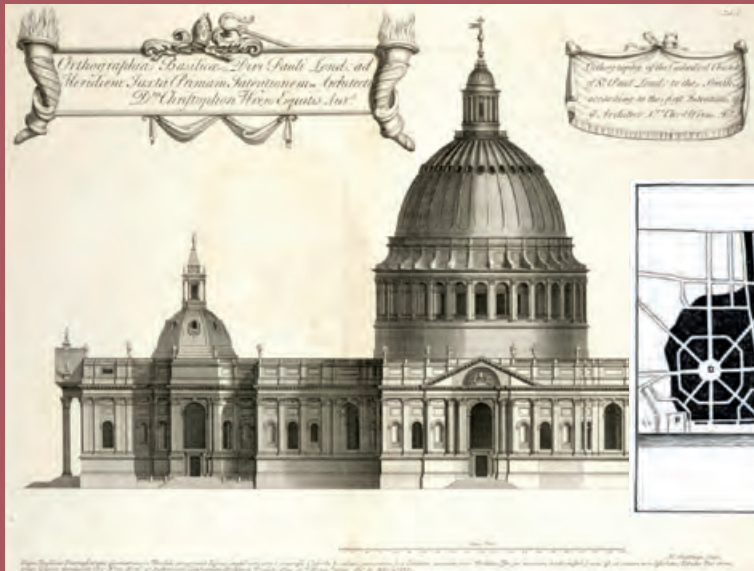
Wren also invented a planting instrument which would not only plough and harrow the land, but also plant corn without waste.

Not content with what he had achieved, Wren decided to solve a problem that had been proposed by the French philosopher Blaise Pascal to the geometers of Britain. Pascal, astonished that Wren devised an answer so quickly, failed to answer the challenge which Wren returned to the French scientist. Mathematics occupied Wren’s time at this period in his life and he wrote four of the tracts that later appeared in John Wallis’ book on



His produced work also clearly explained and illustrated a scheme for the graphical construction of solar and lunar eclipses and occultation of the stars.





Wren brought Charles II a sketch of his restoration plans for London following the Great Fire of London.

Wren is perhaps best remembered as the architect who designed and rebuilt St Paul's Cathedral in London, reduced to a smoking ruin in the great fire of London.

mathematical works. Wren's solutions, published here, preceded those of Newton. Newton himself thought Wren the best geometrician of the time. Unfortunately, Wren, trusting his fellow man, took very little care of his research and inventions and often allowed them to be passed off by friends of the Royal Society as their own. Unbothered, Wren turned his attention toward astronomy. From the astronomer John Flamsteed, he learned the geographical construction of solar eclipses.

Wren was on friendly terms with Oliver Cromwell, as well as with Charles II.

Returning to Oxford, Wren then initiated an experiment on the subject of barometer variations. The barometer's practical use in meteorology was attributed to Wren in 1679 by the Royal Society. Following this, Wren's interest in anatomy was rekindled, leading him to experiment with a method for blood transfusions from one animal to another. Twelve pages of *Parentalia* (written by his son) are devoted to Wren's anatomical and medical pursuits, a study which he pursued until the end of his life. Three years before Newton's demonstration of the Inverse Square law, Wren, along with Robert Hooke and the astronomer Edmund Halley, arrived at this same

law. Newton freely gave credit to his friends, but it was Newton who was applauded as the discoverer. Wren however, did not mind, as long as humankind profited.

When the Royal Society began meeting in 1664, Christopher Wren was called upon to give the opening address. Urging knowledge for the profit and convenience of humankind, he reviewed some of his latest theories: a punctual diary of meteorology; the study of refractions; the growth of fruits and grains (plenty, scarcity and the price of corn); the seasons of fish, fowl and insects; a useful account of epidemic diseases addressed to physicians; the effect of weather upon medicine; and the mortality in London. Wren then concluded, speaking of the self-registering anemometers, thermometers and hygrometers, all inventions or modifications he had made.

An amicable person, Wren was on friendly terms with Oliver Cromwell, as well as with Charles II, newly restored to the throne. Now in royal favour, Wren designed a form of level for measuring the horizon in every direction. He used this level in his survey following the Great Fire of London in 1666. Repeating his experiments on the force of gunpowder and in lifting weights and bending springs, he went far ahead of his time. The Great Fire of London left much of the city a charred wasteland. Within 12 days after the fire, scarcely before the ashes had cooled, Wren brought Charles II a sketch of his restoration plans for London.

But Wren is perhaps best remembered as the architect who designed and rebuilt St Paul's Cathedral in London. Following the Great Fire, the old cathedral was





St. Paul's Cathedral as it stands today.

reduced to a smoking ruin. Wren's experiments in prior years contributed to his reconstruction of St Paul's. As with every part of his work, he preferred public service to private advantage. He accepted very little money for his city work, and yet not only did he rebuild St Paul's (taking down the old remains from 1666-1668), but he also oversaw the architectural design and rebuilding of 52 parish churches, 36 company halls, the custom house, Temple Bar, and several private homes and provincial works. That same year, Wren also presented his papers on a pair of telescopes, and conducted more experiments on the laws of nature. Navigation, too, as it applied to swimming, sailing, construction of ships and latitude appealed to him.

St Paul's was finally completed in 1711 when the great master builder was in his 80th year.

Wren's life was not all work, though marriage came late. He was nearly 40 when he first married Faith, the daughter of Sir John Coghill. They had two sons, the first one dying at two, and the second, Christopher Junior, who outlived his father. The difficult births were, however, a major factor in Faith's death. The year following her death, 1676, Wren married Jane Fitzwilliam, daughter of Lord Lifford. She lived only three years however, leaving him with two more children, Jane and William.

Shortly before the birth of his first son, Wren had been knighted. By the death of his second wife, St Paul's was only half completed. And it took a total of 22 years following the fire until the cathedral was again open for services. At that

time the famous gold dome was still not finished, but other projects awaited the great man's attention. St Paul's was finally completed in 1711 when the great master builder was in his 80th year.

By 1684, as the King's Comptroller of Works, Wren had rebuilt Windsor Castle, and began to partake in politics. The following year, at the age of 53, he took his first parliamentary seat as an MP for Plymouth.

During the last years of his life, Wren lived at his home in the renovated Hampton Court Palace, and at his townhouse in St James' Street in Piccadilly. The last great project Wren worked on was the Royal Hospital for Seamen at Greenwich. The work began in 1696, but was not completed until after his death. In 1723, at the age of 91, he caught a chill and passed away soon afterwards. His body was buried in the crypt in St Paul's, one of the few men who had been favoured by the Stuarts, Oliver Cromwell, William III and Queen Anne. Though certain politicians, jealous of Wren's high position, had tried to discredit him at the close of his life, they could not eradicate the memory of all he had done for humanity.



Crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, Wren's memorial on the left.



William Blake

by William McKegg



Image - Oberon, Titania and Puck with Fairies Dancing. (Section) William Blake.

AMONG THE many famous painters and poets of Rosicrucian ancestry who flared across the artistic and literary horizons in the late 18th and 19th Centuries, William Blake stands out as one of the most illuminated minds through whom Divine wisdom flowed. In his ability to symbolise great truths in art, Blake is without peer. His paintings and poems revealed to men and women of his time what the esoteric philosophy of Jacob Boehme had revealed to 17th Century Europe. Like other great mystics who wrote inspiring works to assist a struggling humanity out of the dull rut of tradition and bigotry, Blake was little understood and never achieved the just fame he deserved during his lifetime. But soon after his death he was recognised as a genius and today he stands high among the list of England's immortal minds.

Born in London in 1757, he was the second of five children. His father was a hosier, and fairly prosperous. At the age of eight, young William had beautiful, strange visions. Nature appeared to him not in her usual guise but in the royal splendour of her true Self. He was sternly ridiculed by his elders and others when he related to them what he could see. And once running in to his mother to tell her he had just seen a vision of the prophet Ezekiel standing under a tree, he received not her approbation for gaining such an honour but a sound thrashing for being too imaginative. However, his ardent desire to create, finally caused his parents to permit him to take drawing lessons.

Later on he was apprenticed to James Basire, an engraver to the Society of Antiquaries. Basire sent young William to Westminster Abbey to sketch. There, in



Edward the Confessor's Chapel in the Holy of Holies in Westminster, he copied the heads of deceased kings and queens of old. It was here too that he drew his first picture of importance "*Joseph of Arimathea, Among the Rocks of Albion.*"

Establishing His Art

Blake was greatly attracted to the story of the Holy Grail, to the magician Merlin and King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Between the ages of 12 and 20 he wrote his first poems concerning them. Eventually branching out as an artist, he was urged to paint in oils. He tried it for a while but soon discarded it as being inadequate to his style, saying that oil paintings "*sank*", taking away the brilliance and colour he sought.

Colouring [Blake declared] does not depend on where the colours are put, but on where the lights and darks are put. And all depends on form or outline, on where that is put. Where that is wrong, the colouring never can be right.

His bold assertions and odd views incited the antagonism of various established artists, but they had to admit that his creations possessed a profound beauty of colour and symbolic vision. Frederick Tatham, the friend of his later days and his biographer, said:

Like his thoughts, his paintings seem to be inspired by fairies, and his colours look as if they were the bloom dropped from the brilliant wings of the spirits of the prism.

His bold assertions and odd views incited the antagonism of various established artists.

At 24, Blake fell in love with a young girl who did not however return his affections. Taken ill, he went into the country to regain his health and there stayed with the Boucher family. There he met their daughter Catherine, whose sympathy and care attracted him to her. A year later they were married and a devoted union of ideal beauty existed between the two until Blake's death in his 70th year. Four years later his wife passed away.



Joseph of Arimathea, Among the Rocks of Albion.

Imagination

Blake asserted to his friends, among who were some of the most famous men of his time, that he had the power of bringing his imagination before his mind's eye so clearly that he could not go wrong in his designs. He also said that he was often the companion of spirits who taught and advised him. His exquisite, hauntingly beautiful painting of "*The Vision of Jacob's Ladder*" reveals in an instant to every true mystic what Blake was referring to. He similarly declared that he had the power of calling upon the deceased from the past, and to converse with them about their painting methods. His own creations compared strangely enough, with those of the Cinquecento (16th century) period. He held the works of Raphael and Michelangelo in deep veneration.

As a mystic, Blake had revealed to him the Divine





Blake's portrayal of Jacob's Ladder, the dream that the biblical patriarch Jacob envisions during his flight from his brother Esau as described in the Book of Genesis 28: 11-19.



Wonders of the Universe and the secrets of Nature. Once, when a prospective patron commented that his designs were a bit too unreal, Blake replied:

The tree which moves some to tears of joy is in the eyes of others only a green thing which stands in the way. Some see Nature all ridicule and deformity, and by these I shall not regulate my proportion; and some scarce see Nature at all. But to the eyes of the man of Imagination, Nature is Imagination itself. As a man is, so he sees. To me this world is all one continued vision of fancy, or imagination, and I feel flattered when I am told so.

Why [he later said] is the Bible more entertaining and instructive than any other book? Is it not because they are addressed to the imagination, which is spiritual sensation, and but immediately to the understanding or reason? Consider what Lord Bacon says: 'Sense sends over to imagination before reason has judged, and reason sends over to imagination before the decree can be acted.' I am happy to find a great majority of fellow mortals who can elucidate my visions, and particularly they have been elucidated by children who have taken a greater delight in contemplating my picture than I even hoped.

Indifference to Worldly Wealth

Blake had one horror in life..., the fear of wealth, which he habitually declared, "*destroys creative art.*" He was neither rich nor poor, and those who were closest to him affirmed that he always appeared to have sufficient on which to live and make himself and his wife happy and contented. They were both known to be very charitable, never failing in kindness, and always having some money to spare for anyone greatly in need of it.

**Blake had one horror in life,
the fear of wealth...**

Blake lived as many mystics before and since have lived..., with complete indifference to the glitter of material wealth. But he was never understood, many in fact regarded him as mad. A person prompted only by idle curiosity would get a bewildering reply to any question he put to him, which confirmed his suspicion that Blake was insane. But, to a soul eager for knowledge

and enlightenment, Blake showed himself to be a font of profound wisdom. His life was lived in this world but he was not of it..., sharing his angelic visions on paper and in his written words, for the few during his lifetime who knew him for the great mystic he was.

Messengers from Heaven

When his youngest brother died, Blake declared that he had appeared to him one night and disclosed a method whereby he could invent and put to use what he later called "Illuminated Printing."

I am not ashamed, afraid or averse to tell you [he wrote to a friend] what ought to be told; that I am under the direction of messengers from heaven, daily and nightly.

All who aspire to a life of sanctity and closeness to God, will at least once, go through a period of despair..., a seventh period or dark night of the soul. Blake's mystical pictures and poetry met with ridicule from critics and those jealous of his prowess, and this rejection of his artistic efforts eventually led him to his darkest hour and his world appeared to crumble about him. He left London and placed his talents at the disposal of a rather exacting friend who had an eye more on financial gain than artistic furtherance. Much against his grain, Blake made miniatures. He deserted 'imaginative' art, which is ever the highest, for 'imitative' art, which, though possibly more lucrative, carries with it no satisfaction, no worth.

I say this much to you, [he wrote to one of his most intimate friends] knowing that you will not make bad use of it. But it is a fact too true that, if I had only depended on mortal things, both myself and my wife must have been lost. I shall leave everyone in this country astonished at my patience and forbearance of injuries upon injuries; and I do assure you that, if I could have returned to London a month after my arrival here, I should have done so. But I was commanded by my spiritual friends to bear all and be silent, and to go through all without murmuring."

It would appear from Blake's inference that he was passing through a great test. Rosicrucians know this period as "*the dark night of the soul*", a period through which he was passing and from which he emerged, shining with an inner light that burned all the more brilliantly after its temporary inactivity. Soon he was back in London where he renewed his former life and work.





The Ancient of Days Striking the First Circle of the Earth.

The Wonders in Humanity

Blake was aware of the wonders within the human being. He was eager to enlighten others by revealing the powers they could attain from within themselves if they would but put to use various simple, natural laws.

Oh! What wonders are the children of men! [he wrote] Would to God that they would consider it, that they would consider their spiritual life, regardless of that faint shadow called natural life, and that they would promote each other's spiritual labours, each according to its rank.... If the doors of perception were cleansed everything would appear to man as it is, infinite. For man has closed himself up till he sees all things through narrow clinks of his cavern.

The True Spiritual Life

Imagination was the word Blake used when alluding to true spiritual life.

I know of no other Christianity, and of no Gospel than the liberty both of body and mind to exercise the Divine Arts of Imagination: Imagination, the real and eternal World of which this Vegetable Universe is but a faint shadow, and in which we

shall live in our Eternal or Imaginative Bodies, when these Vegetable Mortal Bodies are no more.

While his mystic paintings may have appeared odd to the average person, they certainly appealed to those who sought spiritual Light, and were regarded with high esteem by some of the greatest artists of the time. Both Romney and Fuseli were ardent admirers of Blake's paintings, as Coleridge and Wordsworth were admirers of his poetry. He read books in their original languages, which he taught himself..., and when he was past 60, he read Dante, though before then he knew no Italian.

Transition

Shortly before his death, while in bed, he executed his most distinguished picture "*The Ancient of Days Striking the First Circle of the Earth.*" It was suggested to him by the lines in Book VII of "*Paradise Lost*" beginning with "*He took the golden Compasses...*"

Blake spoke calmly of the approach of his transition to a higher realm and did not consider it as a death in anything but name. We are told that the happiest and most joyous period of his life was the hour before he passed away. He sang in a manner so beautiful that those who heard it were held moved beyond words by its mystic import.

His bursts of gladness made the room peal again. [Tatham relates] The walls rang and resounded with the beatific symphony. It was a prelude to the hymns of saints. It was an overture to the choir of heaven. It was a chant for the response of angels. Then his spirit departed like the sighing of a gentle breeze.

Another friend wrote of him:

He was more like the ancient pattern of virtue than I ever expected to see in this world; he feared nothing so much as being rich, lest he should lose his spiritual riches. He was at the same time the most sublime in his expressions, with the simplicity and gentleness of a child.

The predominant truth William Blake expounded throughout the nearly 70 years of his life may be summed up in one of his own lines:

Nature has no Outline, but Imagination has. Nature has no Tune, but Imagination has. Nature has no Supernatural and dissolves: Imagination is Eternity.



Live and Learn

by Niamh
Martin



The spirit of adventure lies within all of us, and we can't ignore its call.

FOR QUITE a few years now, my work as a guidance counsellor has meant that I come across many problems that university students need to discuss with a sympathetic ear. These range from personal problems to much wider world issues that can and often do prey on the minds of young people.

During my private reflections I've often asked myself what I've learned from life that might help solve this or that difficulty? Of course, no-one has that all-encompassing a level of wisdom to be able

to give blanket answers to every question. Yes, we're taught how to attune with our own innate wisdom to find solutions to pressing problems, and answer will indeed come in due course if we're open and ready for them when they appear. But sometimes the answer, good as it may at first appear, can obviously not be more than a partial solution. For the ultimate solution is always much more complex and broad than we ever anticipated, and we can't encompass any whole answer in a single lifetime.

We all come across questions that demand to be





asked and answered in our daily lives. When you ask a question and receive an answer, don't imagine it will necessarily be the ultimate best answer there is, for the answer will depend on your personality and karmic inheritance. And in no way do I pretend to have all the answers, only a great desire to help wherever and whenever there is a genuine need. In my job, I don't offer wisdom in the true sense of the word, but I do give some clear guidelines that have proven to be helpful to me during my life.

When I give an answer, I hope I'm steering someone away from the pitfalls I've stumbled into, and help them avoid the mistakes I made. And sometimes, I must admit I wonder if the only true way to learn is through making our mistakes and paying for them! Although that may be true, I still feel compelled to guide someone in distress by at least pointing them in the right direction. The essential thing is to learn through our own efforts, but know which general direction to follow; and that smidgen of knowledge can be a great advantage. There's nothing we experience in life from which we can't learn something useful. When we stop learning, we stop living in any meaningful sense.

The purpose of our life on Earth is to live it to the full, learn from our experiences, and reach out and search for more. That is what we're taught as aspiring mystics and is probably what drew us to the Rosicrucian Order in the first place: an unquenchable desire to know ourselves, know the universe as far as possible, and find a perfect niche where we can live and learn from life efficiently

and happily. We want to experience things to the utmost, reach out eagerly for everything good, and do all things without fear of newer, richer experiences.¹ The spirit of adventure lies within all of us, and we can't ignore its call.

Our experiences can only have meaning if we understand them, and that occurs when we travel within to our own inner sanctity. The beginning of understanding lies within ourselves which will free us for the fullest experiences of life.

When we stop learning, we stop living in any meaningful sense.

I love my life and my job. I've seen the best in people and helped them on the path to greater realisation. I've seen students conquer their fears and come out the other side stronger than before. And I've seen many of them turn their lives around completely and redirected their aims in life towards better, more peace-filled and happiness-producing things. That is life in all its diversity; we shape our lives and shape ourselves in a process which never ends, until we transit through that final exit portal from life on Earth, to..., well something else yet unknown. And then, I believe, the learning cycle begins anew.

Reference

1. "You Learn by Living" by Eleanor Roosevelt. ISBN: 978-0-06-206157-7.





The Rainbow Serpent

by Ronnie Bigsmile

WELL G'DAY, g'day all you earth fellas. Come, sit down in my country. I see you come into the sacred place of my tribe to get the strength of the Earth Mother. We're a bit different you and me. We say the earth is our mother; we can't own her, she owns us. This rock and all these rocks are alive with her spirit. They protect us, all of us. They're what you fellas call a temple. Since the Alcheringa, that thing you fellas call Dreamtime, this place has given us all shelter from the heat, a place to paint, to dance the sacred dance and talk to his spirit.

How do you repay such gifts? By protecting the land. This land is the home of the Dreamtime. The spirits came and painted themselves on these walls so people could meet here, grow strong again and take this strength back into the world. This is my totem, Kabul. You know her as the Carpet Snake. She's my tribe's symbol of the Rainbow Serpent, the giver and taker of life. When the spirits of men have been made strong again by Kabul, she'll come back to this earth.

But we're not strong now. We're too tired from fighting time, machines and each other. But she sends





her spirit ones with message sticks to help us take time, to remember, to care for her special things. First there's Dooruk, the emu, with the dust of the red Earth Mother still on his feet. He comes to remind us to protect the land, to always put back as much as we take. Then there's Kopoo, the big red kangaroo, the very colour of the land. He comes to remind us to always to take time for ourselves. And Mungoongarlie, the goanna, is last of all because his legs are short. He brings the news that we, his children, are forgetting to give time to each other.

But the animals of the Earth Mother come to say more than this. They come to say that our creator, that Rainbow Serpent, is getting weak with anger and grief for what we're doing to this earth. But come fellas, sit down by my fire. Warm yourselves and I'll tell you the story of how the world began.

In the Beginning

In the time of Alcheringa the land lay flat and cold. The world was empty. The Rainbow Serpent was asleep under the ground with all the animal tribes in her belly waiting to be born. When it was her time, she pushed up. She came out at the heart of my people, Uluru, or as you call it Ayer's Rock. She looked around, everywhere was all dark, no light, no colour. So she got very busy. She threw the land out, made mountains and hills. She called to her Frog Tribe to come up from their sleep and she scratched their bellies to make them laugh. The water they stored in bad times spilled over the land making rivers and lakes. Then she threw the good spirit Biami high in the sky. She told him to help her find light.

Now Biami, he's a real good fella, he jumped up high in the sky and smiled down on the land. The sky lit up from his smile and we, his children, saw colour and shadow. And that warm sun spirit saw himself in the shining waters. The pine trees, they burst into flower. That's his way of telling us it's time to hunt the big mullet fish. And when the wild hop trees bloom,

that's his way to tell us the oysters are fat on the shores of our great sea spirit, Quandamooka. Grow strong Kabul, come back to your children, the mountains, the trees and our father, the sky. Come, bring us your birds of many colours, come back to your rivers rushing to Quandamooka. Return to your teeming fish of a thousand colours and shapes.

Kabul is the mother of us all. She's the spirit of the land, all its beauty, all its colour. But there are those who see no colour, who'll not feel the beauty of this land, who wish only to destroy the mother and themselves. Their eyes are open but they don't see. Kabul, bring back the fire of knowledge to your children. Like the fire of that pretty stone in the ground, the one you call the opal, the colours of the rainbow, the colours of life itself, bring it back.

It's good for all people to dream of places which are beautiful to them, of the waters where they sail their boats and canoes. And now it seems that with all our great machines, we can travel almost anywhere. We can travel across the land at great speed. And for some, the city with its bright lights and the music and dancing of the modern world, there's almost nothing we can't do. We can hover or swoop in the air, and we do all these things with the land. Good reason to protect it then.

But where would we ask our machines to take us? They have no spirit or feelings of their own. Only we can guide them to the places that have meaning for us. That is why, like my ancestors before me, I'll always come back to this place to share the feeling of the land with all living things. I belong here where the spirit of the Earth Mother is strong in the land and in me. Take time you earth fellas. Let the spirit of this mighty land touch you as it touches my people. The water is good, it carries the strength of Kabul, and now that I am rested, I'm ready for my own journey into the world.

Have I helped you to rest on your way? Perhaps soon, in all our travels, we'll see Kabul in the places she's made. Perhaps she'll come again when the spirits of men and the spirit of the land are once more together as one.



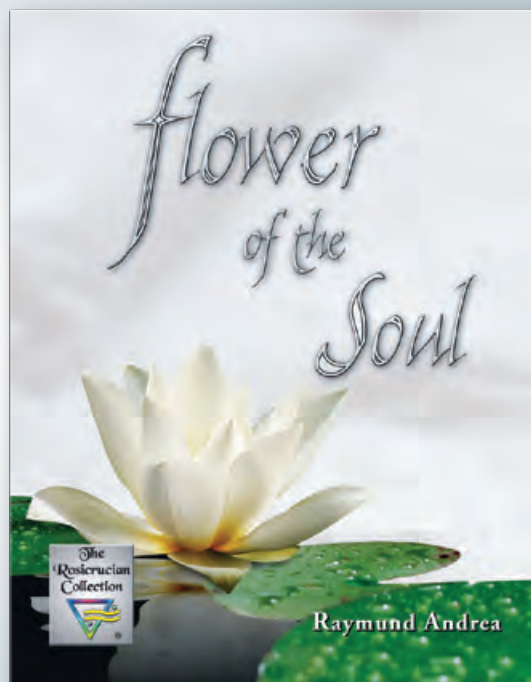
Book Review

Flower of the Soul

by Raymund Andrea



It gives us an insight into the mind of a great mystic, virtually unknown to the world...



THIS book, published by *The Rosicrucian Collection*, concerns an enigmatic soul, who exemplified the modern mystic, and who found enjoyment in his love and knowledge of music as well as his research into mysticism while serving as a Grand Master of the Rosicrucian Order for over two decades. *Flower of the Soul* is a compendium of his writings, speeches, correspondence, and personal reflections, most of it never before published. It gives us an insight into the mind of a great mystic, virtually unknown to the world, except among some Rosicrucians.

The book brings together many of the reflections of Raymond Andrea (1882-1975) on aspects of the mystical life. During his lifetime, when he was Grand Master of Great Britain, he had a great rapport with Harvey Spencer Lewis, Imperator of the Rosicrucian Order between 1915 and 1939. Among much formal literary activity, Andrea wrote books such as *The Mystic Way*, *The Technique of the Master*, *The Technique of the Disciple*, *The Disciple and Shamballa*, *Discipleship on Trial*, *Six Eminent Mystics*, *The Way of the Heart* and others, some of them no longer in print, though currently being prepared for re-printing by *The Rosicrucian Collection*.

Andrea was a man of great compassion who felt that true mysticism should embrace a deepening of

the “life of the heart” and include acts of service to our fellow human beings. This is exemplified for example in a message to Rosicrucians in the United Kingdom in 1961:

My mission, if I may call it that, was to challenge and agitate and cut across some of the old time-accepted thinking about our studies and the path. In that sense, I have been directly critical and an intentional destroyer of many accepted and complacent views which I knew meant stagnation instead of advancement, and therefore could only prove unhelpful.

When I read this, I can't help but think how appropriate this is to our current world situation. Raymond Andrea, a name he assumed later in life, was born Herbert Adams, into the Gilded Age or Belle Époque of the late 19th Century, a period of intense cultural and scientific advancement. He lived through two World Wars, and witnessed both the horrors of war and the great technological achievements of the 20th Century. His message will always remain pertinent for those who look to the future instead of the past, who look to the stars instead of looking at the ground beneath them.



Contents

And one of the first things we realise is that the Spirit within is the only true guide, and that under its influence, life is a process of revelation and reconstruction.

The book is rich in detail and is divided into 13 sections with an In Memoriam and index at the end.

- Section 1 deals with Andrea's early writings in the publications *The Occult Review* (1919-1928) and *The Theosophist* (1921-1922). Here we find articles such as *The Tibetan Messenger*, *Self Knowledge* and *The Light of the Soul*.
- Section 2 recounts articles he wrote for the Rosicrucian publication *The Mystic Triangle* (1927) and includes topics such as *The Comte de Gabalis* and *The Technique of the Master* which became the title of one of his best-known books.
- Section 3 has articles he wrote in *The Mystic Triangle* in 1928 with topics including *The Comte de Saint Germain* and the Catalan mystic *Raymund Lully*.
- Section 4, again from *The Mystic Triangle*, this time from 1929, finds Andrea articles about Lord Bulwer-Lytton, the author of *Zanoni*, a well-known Rosicrucian novel, as well as articles about Roger Bacon and again *The Technique of the Master*.
- Section 5 has articles by him from *The Rosicrucian Digest* (1929-1935). There are topics on *Paracelsus*, the *Dark Night of the Soul* and *The Technique of the Disciple*, which became the title of another of his best known books.
- Section 6 has extracts from *The Modern Mystic and Monthly Science Review* (1937-1947) to which he contributed regularly. There are several intriguing articles such as *The Guiding Hand*, *On the Mystic Path* and *Crises in Development*.
- Section 7 has a collection of Andrea's messages to members of the Rosicrucian Order between 1931 and 1945. There are 12 letters to members included, mainly during the period of the Second World War.
- Section 8 has additional articles by him from *The Rosicrucian Digest* for the period 1939-1945.

Among these articles are *Ambition or Stagnation* and *The Hour of Trial* during this awful period in the history of humankind.

- Section 9 is entitled Selected Correspondence (1932-1964) with a selection of letters with prominent members of the Rosicrucian Order such as the world-renowned British Suffragette *Sr Jessie Kenney* and the much-loved English Rosicrucian *Sr Ellen Fitzpatrick*.
- Section 10 is made up of articles Andrea wrote for The Rosicrucian Digest between 1946 and 1957. Here you can read his thoughts on *The Sanctity of Work*, *The Divine Experiment*, *Idealism in Practice* and *A Prophet of the Times*.

In these days of turmoil and fear,
we need to read a book like this
to help us gain an inner strength

- Section 11 is from *The London Rosicrucian* (1952-1961) and has 16 articles including *Discipleship on Trial*, *Minds Ancient and Modern*, *Advance or Retreat* and *Impersonality*.
- Section 12 is made up of four writings of an unspecified date.
- Section 13 has articles written by him and published in *The Francis Bacon Chapter Bulletin* (1963-1973) and deals with topics such as *Loneliness*, *The Critical Decision* and *Mystical Ascension*.

It seems appropriate to end with a quotation from a letter to members dated 18 December 1941:

In these days of rapidly changing attitudes and values on all planes of life, I have been wondering what changes in thought and action our members will demonstrate in a desperately needy world after the tension [of this war] has passed.

In these days of turmoil and fear, we need to read a book like this to help us gain an inner strength to deal with the many problems we currently face, to pick ourselves up and stride purposefully into the future.



Compassion in Action

by Louise Lane



WE HAVE been taught not to be judgemental of others, and for good reason; for we can never fully know the circumstances that may have led a person to his or her present situation. The ability to understand is inherent in every human being, and makes it possible for us to realise that another person's experience is parallel to our own, yet not the same. Compassion is a feeling of deep sympathy for another who is stricken by suffering or misfortune, and is usually accompanied by a strong desire to alleviate the person's pain or to remove its cause. In the fullest sense of the word, compassion is using our mental and psychic abilities to bring us to a realisation that what exists in the world is a complex mixture of human experiences.

Compassion comes in different forms. The first and most common one is when we are moved to alleviate the suffering of others within our social and cultural circle. This form of compassion is very much tied to our recognition of ourselves in other members of our society. At this level, we are motivated especially to help children, the weak, the infirm and the aged. It helps us to understand our own suffering and makes us feel good, that we have done our good deed for the day. Here compassion is still very much conditional. There are others, who by our standards of behaviour clearly deserve neither our help nor our understanding.

The second level of compassion is still very much conditional, but encompasses the suffering of those outside



our own social and cultural circle. It includes others of different races and cultures, but excludes the criminal, and those who have become, from our point of view, morally outcast. Such limitations on the expression of compassion, though easily rationalised, reflect unconscious feelings of fear. If we were really honest with ourselves we would soon realise that we often withhold our compassion and feelings of sympathy for such persons, for no other reason than that we fear them in one way or another.

On a third level, is what can be referred to as pure compassion. This, as we shall see, is the most difficult form of compassion to achieve for it demands complete, unconditional love for another human being. It is entirely uncontaminated by any unconscious feelings of fear and pierces the veil of all appearances. It sees beyond those walls of protection that we have spent our lives constructing in the vain hope of protecting ourselves from daily life. This form of compassion recognises that the most difficult, the most violent and most depraved persons, are at one and the same time the most sensitive and least adept at self-protection.

Pure compassion allows us to see that fear is the only energy that can so confound the subconscious mind as to distort the personality, and drive us to perform violent and depraved criminal acts. Pure compassion therefore, goes beyond tolerance, charity and forgiveness, for this at last is true compassion in action.

But how open are our hearts to compassion? What is our capacity to expand unconditional love? For love to be real, it has to be put into action. Love is not something to be thought about, it is to be felt. Compassion in action can be explained in that one word, *action*, and action means service. There is of course a difference between service and just helping. Helping has its roots in inequality. Those being helped could perhaps feel in an inferior position, and this infers a sense of debt. There is also a sense of judgement, us versus them. It is the work of the ego and something that makes us feel good. Service, on the other hand, offers love to all parties. It includes empathy, which is the ability to feel another's pain. Service means doing something for the highest good, and is the work of the soul. With service there are no strings attached, no greed, no social kudos and no guilt.

Compassion begins with us. It is the art of self-renewal and therefore the actualisation of loving your neighbour as yourself. As an example, in South Africa there was a Vuka award advert on TV for cancer. In the advert, there was a 10-year-old boy who had been diagnosed with cancer. In the process of having chemotherapy treatment, he lost most of his hair. However, instead of leaving it that way, he decided to shave off the rest. Now, when this little chap was ready to return to school, he walked

apprehensively into his classroom, only to find that all the other boys and his teacher greeted him with huge smiles, banners of welcome and bald heads. That was a case of compassion in action!

If we learn to develop spiritual feelings of solidarity towards humankind, this type of altruism is totally free of ego, and is the highest form of compassion. When we show compassion, we must be generous, without judgement, without argument or any desire to impose our wishes on another. In other words, absolutely unconditional. We need to practise random acts of service without any thought of reward. Examples of this are: anonymous donations to charity or someone in need, assisting with disasters like fires and floods, and doing chores for folk who are unable to look after themselves. There are many ways in which our service is needed. We just need to look around; it won't be far away.

Human beings have a remarkable ability to respond to the needs of others in times of crisis, but it is unfortunate that most of the time it takes a catastrophe to bring out the best in us. Compassion is something that has to be practised on a regular basis, and it must begin with us. If we are unable to contribute consciously to the well-being and spiritual development of those who share this world with us, then we will be much the poorer for it. If we are unkind to ourselves, we will be unkind to others, and if we are negligent with ourselves, we will be the same with others. Only by feeling compassion for ourselves, can we feel compassion for others. If we cannot love ourselves, we cannot love others, and we cannot stand to see others loved. If we cannot treat ourselves kindly, we will resent it when we see others being treated kindly. When we are able to love and care for ourselves in an unconditional and loving way, then we can do the same for others who may desperately need love and kindness. It is through compassion, service and unconditional love that we learn.

The late Dr Loren Eiseley, American philosopher and palaeontologist, was convinced that the future of the scientific age in which we live depends upon our ability to continue to show compassion. He stated, that as long as we can weep, as long as we can express emotions and are considerate, not only of the well-being of ourselves, but the well-being of all people, then civilisation is safe. Humanity will continue to evolve and will continue to struggle for perfection, but only for as long as we are able to express compassion. Let us remember that as we study, as we attempt to progress in the work that we are meant to do in this life, and to progress in our own desire to develop ourselves physically, mentally and psychically, compassion is one of the most important keys in our own personal evolution. No it is the *most* important one!





procrastination

by Shirley Elsbey

EVERYONE these days suffers from the feeling of being pressed for time. We are busy people with active lives; but we just don't seem to be able to catch up with things the way it was *'in the old days.'* In fact it's useless at times to sit down with only our thoughts for company, as those thoughts inevitably turn to the guilty feeling, no the certainty, that there are many more important, more urgent things we should be doing.

Do you know that much of this is due to past procrastination? It's obvious when you think of it. If we didn't needlessly put things off, those "urgent things" would now be done. So, procrastination is the first thing we need to eliminate, and that demands planning and the stamina and will to put our plans into action. Procrastination is a much more serious problem than we realise. It is like a silent cancer. It requires no effort, does its work silently and unnoticed, but ends up delivering a painful blow. In fact it does more than almost any other habit to deprive us of satisfaction, success and happiness. We do ourselves a great dis-

service every time we toss an issue into the mental tray marked "pending", when we are perfectly capable of dealing with the issue then and there.

More than two centuries ago Edward Young, disappointed with law, politics and in his 35-year rectorship of a small church, wrote the often-quoted line "*Procrastination is the thief of time...*", and how true that is. In fact, procrastination is much more than a thief of time, it is the mother of all thieves of our self-respect. It nags at us, spoils our fun and deprives us of the fullest realisation of our ambitions and hopes. Even our leisure is eaten into by procrastination. Were it not for procrastination, logically at least, we should easily have enough time for all those things we can't do now.

For so many who complain the most that they have no time for leisure, life is a real drag, a constant, steady grind..., a proverbial pain in the... you know what! Most such people however have not learnt to organise their time and energy. They have also not learnt to set their sights just little a bit lower than they are used to..., so they can at least get through their allotted daily tasks.



They are the sort who find themselves nervously unfit to deal with immediate things, to stand the pressure of urgent jobs, and when faced with such challenges, retreat for what they think will be but a while, but which turns into full-blown procrastination.

Business people who are today at the heights of success are invariably people who were judicious enough to exert themselves at the proper time twenty or thirty years ago. They did not put off any of the things that were necessary to their advancement, and having their eye on tomorrow's opportunities they got today's business out of the way today! Not only is procrastination a deadly blight on our lives, it is a nuisance to all our companions too. Everyone the procrastinator has to deal with in the family, factory or office is thrown from time to time into a state of agitation that "nothing gets done" by this person. Everyone else has to work harder to take up the slack that is left by such a person. It is all very well to admit that procrastination is a bad thing, but if we are to do anything effective toward its cure we must know something about its cause.

Indolence may be the weak link in the chain of any person's character, especially if they are business leaders and have people under them who rely on their dynamism to push the company forward to success. Indolence at the top often manifests as indolence in the ranks of the employees too. Everyone is putting off something that could be done now rather than later. Reluctant to tackle jobs that are more challenging than normal, they seem baffled by small difficulties, or are engrossed in spinning out some activity unnecessarily. The famous Parkinson's Law "*work expands to fill whatever time is allotted to it*" is very much in evidence in such corporate cultures, and company failure is inevitable. Procrastination may of course in some cases be due to ill health, but usually it is due to much deeper rooted psychological and attitudinal problems and every real mystic knows have to be resolved before they can move on with their inner development.

A child who cannot find his clothes in the morning may be unknowingly rebelling against school, and postponing having to go there. A man who explodes in the midst of a business conference may be motivated by an inner irritation that follows a sense of putting off something that should have been given immediate attention. If you are a chronic procrastinator it may be

that your parents did more for you than they should have. Perhaps they 'picked up' after you, and quietly in their loving ways, did the things you left undone. You learned that by putting off duties nothing serious happened: someone else did the work.

But today you find that your habit leads to unending ills. You are effectively putting off proper, normal living to some fictional future date. You are making yourself unhappy because in deferring your life to the future, you are missing the present and its golden opportunities for rich living. You are putting off until tomorrow not only duties and jobs but happiness and achievement. The truth is that we are most inclined to postpone doing things that seem at

the time to be unpleasant, distasteful or difficult. When we have something like that to do, we fiddle around with little things, trying to keep busy so that we have an excuse that will ease the conscience.

Dreading and postponing a

task may be more tiring than doing it, and apprehension over delayed unpleasantness may so preoccupy us that other things cannot be done effectively.

The well-organised life leaves time for everything..., for planning, doing and following through. Time does not boss this sort of life like a taskmaster with a whip. Time is not used up in regretting, or in trying to live life retroactively, or in explaining why something needed has not been done. Human beings, like things in nature, suffer from inertia. It takes more effort to start than to keep going, and it is easier to stop than to continue. Even worse, we find it possible to delude ourselves: we frame plans and make decisions and then allow ourselves to think of them as being completed.

Decisions are of little account unless followed by actions. And no recipe for getting something done is as good as the words: "Do it now!" Doing nothing is "negative action", and there are consequences: discouragement, irritation, disappointment, and even ill health and mental upset. By constructive thought and action, energetically applied to the elimination of procrastination from our lives, we may make this year much longer than the past year in terms of things done, happiness realised and vividness of life enjoyed. Try following one of the rules found in that wonderful little book *Unto Thee I Grant the Economy of Life*:

"Whatever you resolve to do, do it now. Defer not till the evening what the morning can accomplish."

**"Procrastination is
the thief of time..."**



The Two Buddhas

by Affectator



THE TWO Buddhas on my bookcase are priceless objects in more ways than one. Others see them as *objets d'art*, but I see them differently. For me, they recall an incident I will never forget.

As I look at them, I still see the loving eyes of the monk staring into mine as he handed them to me so many years ago when I was a young man. When I tell you how they came into my possession, you will understand why I call them my object lesson, for what I learned from them has lasted me my lifetime.

In 1936 I was working as a junior radio officer aboard a large passenger liner on a round-the-world cruise. We arrived at anchorage early one morning

in the harbour of Colombo in Ceylon (Sri Lanka), surrounded by green hills and white colonial houses. It was an idyllic scene.

Four of us were bound for Kandy, located in the centre of the island. We set off in a rickety old truck, driving through steaming jungle on roads full of potholes and ditches. Finally, we had to change to rickshaws, for only those pulling the rickshaws were able to sidestep the car-sized holes in the road. In Kandy the sun was beating down unmercifully; but despite the intolerable heat we were determined to make our rounds and take pictures.

I first visited a snake temple. There in the middle of a large room was a circular altar raised about a foot



off the floor. Small trees had been fastened to it and their branches were festooned with a wide variety of snakes. A few people knelt, prayed and bowed themselves out of the temple.

Attracted by a multi-coloured snake coiled on a low branch near the floor, I stooped to get a better look when I felt a fanning sensation on my right ear coupled with a hissing sound. Without straightening up, I turned my head and found myself looking into the eyes of a brownish-coloured snake whose rapier-like tongue was just brushing my ear. Hissing loudly, it opened its mouth about to strike, but against all inclinations to recoil, I thankfully managed to remain completely motionless, waiting for the fatal strike, but it never came and the snake closed its mouth and quickly pulled itself up onto a branch that I had probably brushed against as I stooped down to see the multi-coloured snake.

I never remember leaving that temple, but it must have been at great speed, for what seemed just seconds later, I found myself in another temple, diagonally across the street. Here the altar stretched across the whole room. It was dotted with small Buddhas of various types. The one person there soon left and I was alone gazing around at the magnificent carvings. Then, out of the corner of my eye, a bright silver Buddha caught my attention, and without knowing why, even to this day, a sudden desire came over me to take it.

Looking around furtively and seeing that no

one was in the room, I quickly put it in my pocket, thinking a donation in the altar box would more than compensate. I turned to make the donation when it seemed from nowhere the curious figure of a white-robed monk appeared before me.

"Greetings, my son", he said, bowing low and smiling, his eyes looking straight into mine. *"I hope you have found our humble temple uplifting."* *"Yes, I have,"* I managed to stammer, glancing at the altar where the little Buddha had been. I hoped the monk had not noticed my guilty glance or the figure's absence. He bent over and picked up a golden-hued Buddha, which had been next to the one I had taken. I knew then that he was already aware that I had taken the bright silver companion Buddha.

He held the golden Buddha a few moments, then handed it to me, saying, *"Here, my son, please take this one too? The one you have symbolises honesty; this one symbolises truth. They go together; you really should have them both."* Shamefaced, I took the silver Buddha from my pocket and offered to return it. He shook his head slowly. *"No, my son, accept these as a gift from me. I have a feeling that your possessing these will cultivate their qualities in you."*

Looking at the two little Buddhas on my bookcase now, I can still remember those words and hear the quiet, measured tones of the voice. And indeed my life, since that eventful encounter, did change and I am eternally grateful for the meeting with such a wise sage.



Hissing loudly, it opened its mouth about to strike, but against all inclinations to recoil, I thankfully managed to remain completely motionless, waiting for the fatal strike, but it never came and the snake closed its mouth and quickly pulled itself up onto a branch that I had probably brushed against as I stooped down to see the multi-coloured snake.





THE EYE IN ANCIENT EGYPT

by Paul Goodall

Ancient civilisations were fascinated by the human body and none more so than the Egyptians. They attributed certain qualities to each part of the body and used them in hieroglyphic writing to convey not only objective but also abstract meaning. The eye was regarded with particular awe and was one of the most commonly depicted of the body-parts throughout ancient Egyptian writing and culture.

THE importance of the eye to ancient Egyptians stems from its status as the premier organ of perception. As such, it was seen to express abstract qualities like consciousness, intelligence, knowledge and understanding. Having the ability to discriminate between light and dark, this led to it being regarded as a religious symbol. The Egyptians also believed that power emanated from the

eyes, eventually leading to the concept of the *'evil eye.'* In order to combat its influence an amulet was worn as a protective piece of jewellery featuring the eye in the form of the *wedjat* symbol commonly known as the *Eye of Horus.*

Although the origin of this symbol is uncertain, the use of the *wedjat* in Egyptian iconography was widespread and extensive, and is the most numerous of all amulets



found in archaeological excavations. It depicts the highly stylised eye of the falcon god Horus. On examination it will be seen that this depiction is an amalgamation of human and falcon form. Beneath the human eye can be seen the *moustachial streak*, the characteristic feature that is found under the eye of the bird in nature.

Horus was the son of Osiris and Isis and as such, one of the primary gods of the Egyptian pantheon. According to Egyptian mythology, Horus fought against Set, his uncle, in order to avenge the death of his father whom Set had killed. During the battle Set tore out the left eye of Horus, shredding it into pieces. These were discovered by Thoth, the god of wisdom and writing, who reassembled them by magic. Myths such as these are prone to variation however, and some say that it was Hathor who healed Horus's eye.

From this myth was derived the method of representing fractions in arithmetic whereby each separate part of the *wedjat* was assigned a certain fractional value. In hieroglyphic writing these elements were used to indicate fractions in accounting. The sum total of these parts however, amounted only to $63/64^{\text{th}}$, not quite a whole, but the Egyptians presumed that Thoth's magic made up the remaining $1/64^{\text{th}}$.

Taken together, both eyes of the falcon god Horus expressed duality. The right eye represented the sun, and the left, the moon. As a funerary amulet this was indicated physically by the different material used for manufacturing each eye; the solar eye was made from red jasper (a type of quartz) and the lunar eye from lapis lazuli (a blue mineral). The two eyes were frequently paired together and it was common to see them painted on the left (east) side of coffins. The mummy would be turned onto the left side to enable it to use the eyes to look out. In effect, the corpse was facing east toward the living rather than westward into the underworld which demonstrates that the Egyptians were not totally preoccupied with death.¹ This method of using the eyes

was also employed on boats to allow the path ahead to be seen and thus afforded advance protection to the sailors, a practice that is still carried on to this day.

Protection was the prime motive for the use of the *wedjat* however, and representations of this symbol abound. Amulets and jewellery were the main artefacts to incorporate the sign, but also plates inscribed with the *wedjat* were placed over the incision through which the viscera were removed from the deceased during the embalming process. Ornate pectorals were another way of displaying the sacred eye for protection. Winged eyes were encountered too, hovering over gods and kings.

Yet another function of the sacred eye derived from mythology was its use as a symbol of offering based on the presentation of the restored eye by Horus to his father, Osiris. Variations of this act are found widely, but more so in the later art of Egyptian history.

The symbolism of the eye was not confined to Egypt of course. Everywhere in the ancient world it was feared and revered and today it still remains a potent esoteric

symbol. It even appears on the currency of the United States. Its enduring appeal remains though, not just as a multi-semantic symbol but also in its aesthetic design that is a testament to Egyptian art and will ensure its continued use in future.



Ancient Egyptian wall painting of the falcon headed god Horus. Inner wall of the Tomb of Amenemonet, priest of Ptah-Sokar from the Ramesside Period, Thebes, Luxor, Egypt.

Footnotes

1. Bob Brier, *Ancient Egyptian Magic*, Quill New York, 1981, p.121.

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Mahakala

Protector of Travellers, Great Power of Time

by Charles Tease

AS ROSICRUCIANS, we realise that no one religion holds the sole truth to the exclusion of all others. They are all expressions of the one Cosmic source and, ultimately, all teach the same principle. Therefore we can learn something from all of them. Many and varied have been the concepts of peoples around the world throughout the course of history, and the path of evolution will continue to lead us, as our knowledge and consciousness grow into the expanding universe. Our Order teaches us that no God is false, as long as it represents the highest possible ideal of the believer.

In the Indian sub-continent, there are five major religions. Hinduism and Buddhism alike have pantheons of gods. Frequently, their sacred books tell of battles and slaughter, but that these do not have literal meanings

seems fairly obvious when one considers the sublimity of some of the figures described in the ancient texts and legends. Look, for instance, in awe and wonderment at Shiva, as Nataraja or Lord of the Dance, dancing to the rhythm of cosmic order, trampling underfoot the demon of ignorance. Surely this can only be a source of inspiration to the aspiring mystic?

In Tibetan Buddhism, one of the gods, Mahakala, is depicted as an incredibly ferocious warrior holding, in his right hand a razor-sharp axe with which to sever the life-roots of enemies, and in his left hand, a chalice from which he drinks their blood. This may appear rather gruesome for modern western taste. However the texts state that his task is to protect the traveller on the path to enlightenment. It is the traveller's enemies that he attacks.

All of us reading this today are travellers on the



path to enlightenment. Do we have any enemies attempting to bar our progress? In times past, leading mystical philosophers have suffered torture and death for their efforts to make progress along the mystic path. Socrates, for example, was executed for his belief in a sole God and for allegedly denigrating the pantheon of gods at the heart of Greek religion, at the end of the 4th Century BCE. Many a scientist of the 15th and 16th Centuries CE faced the Inquisition for expounding beliefs that did not precisely match the teachings of the Roman Catholic church. Many Rosicrucians of the past therefore concealed their affiliation with the Rosecroix, often because of prejudice, though there were notable exceptions who made public their membership.

Free thought has been and is currently being suppressed by governments around the world. Do we ourselves experience adverse reactions today?

Nowadays, we are subject to rather more subtle pressures than hitherto, pressures from family and friends, from churches, from the establishment in general. We may experience a form of embarrassment and be reluctant to declare our affiliation through our fear of others' response to what is essentially a very private journey.

So where does Mahakala come in and what is he doing for us? Of course he is not out there in the physical world, like a serial killer, swinging his axe and chopping up all those who express prejudice against us, or who try to bar our progress. As usual we must look a bit deeper, beyond the physical plane, for his field of operation.

Our real enemies are not out there in the physical world but inside us, in our thoughts, in our illusions and self-delusions. The greatest obstacles to our progress on the path are our own creations, the mental barriers and the results of our own actions and inactions, our karma. We should be able to glide smoothly from here to eternity in one easy movement, but, in fact, it takes us unknown eons to get there. Why does it take us so long? Because the impurities in our thought processes clog up our steps and cloud our vision so that we lose sight of where we want to go and how to get there. In Hindu and Buddhist terms, we live in 'Maya', the world of illusions. The aim is



The mask for the Hindu god Mahakala has three eyes and five skulls.

to see clearly the way to Cosmic heaven. The theory seems easy, the practice very difficult.

What can Mahakala do for the aspiring mystic on the path to enlightenment? Looking at the root derivation of his name in the migration from India to Tibet there appears to be a reference to the 'Destroyer of Illusions'. As the traveller progresses along the Path, Mahakala is going to swing his axe and cut off his illusions, consuming their life-blood, and helping to clear the way ahead. Of course, he is not going to do it all of his own volition, we will need to form a partnership to identify the enemy and deal with it.

The teachings of the Rosicrucian Order return time after time to the importance

of this partnership. We are given every encouragement and many practical exercises to harmonise the outer and inner aspects of ourselves, so that, as we progress through the degrees of the teachings, we see self more and more clearly. We strip away our illusions and our self-delusion layer by layer. At the same time we must consider our karmic obligations, recognise and confess to our past sins, coming to terms with what we have done and what we have thought. In time we wash away the grime of ages and can begin to polish the precious stone until, however long it takes, we may shine forth in glory and eventually be found worthy of our true mission in life. To aid us we have the protection of our own inner master, ready at any time to deal with our enemies if we will but ask. The only conditions laid down are that we demonstrate in ourselves high ideals, loving kindness and tolerance at all times.

Further enlightenment on the meaning of Mahakala can be found in the works of the famous Indian teacher Swami Prabhupada. In a commentary on the Bhavagad-gita, he states that 'Kala' is an alternative name for one of the holy trinity, Paramatma, or God in the heart of man, while 'Maha' is the measure of his greatness. Here indeed is spiritual food to nourish the traveller on the path! On one level we have a warrior protecting us on our journey to the centre. On another level he is an aspect of the Divine coming to meet us and lead us home. In the words of our former Emperor Ralph M Lewis: "*As Man moves towards the Divine, so the Divine moves towards Man*"





My Life Portrait

by Helen Rocaro

*“Youth is the work of nature.
Age is a work of art.”*

THINK of the challenge in that quotation! It makes artists of us all, for whether we realise it or not, by the simple act of living, we create a self-portrait, a life-size canvas that will hang in the gallery of the memory of every person who has known us. And that life portrait is our very own walking, talking karmic destiny, the path we've taken and the one we'll take from here on.

I wish I'd thought of this earlier in life, for it would have inspired me to dream of worthy things to do, and do those things so my canvas would today show more warmth and inspiration for those who need to see it most. I would like my life portrait to be something I'm proud of. I want it to reflect truth and honesty, to carry a message of good will towards all beings, and inspire purpose, strength, kindness and compassion in all who gaze upon what I once was.

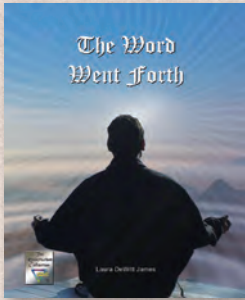
As I visualise what I would like my canvas to be, I see colours, many colours, some bright oils, others subtle pastel shades. I would like to see green forests, golden meadows, white beaches, blue skies, puffy clouds and glorious sunsets over peaceful waters. I want my portrait filled with sounds of happiness and genuine laughter, but for it also to reveal some of my moments of sadness and heartbreak, though especially the golden dawns which

eventually came after every unhappy moment. Snow-covered alps, paths through sun-dappled glades where birds are many and wildlife roams free, unafraid.

I would like my canvas to be filled with events of all description: happy times, times of learning, times of love, and times of pain. And amid its colour, my portrait must be alive with all the people I've known, each one having contributed to my growth in untold ways, portraits of dear ones, and images and memories of lifelong friends. I want my canvas to show the best side of living, the kindness of individuals and my own appreciation for the goodness of life. And then, speckled here and there throughout the canvas, I want the laughter and happiness that echoes through the years to be a visible reminder to all that despite the occasional tears and heartbreak, mine was a happy life, one I would gladly do all over again.

So, how would you like the portrait of your life in the great gallery of life to be? Plan it carefully, and remember that each new day gives the opportunity to turn your unadorned canvas into a work of living art. For this portrait is you, the real you, the path you've taken to get here, and the path you're destined to take from here on. Karma it is called by some, soul it is called by others; but dearest of all friends it will always be for me.





The Word Went Forth

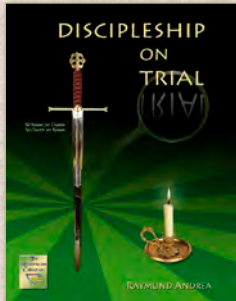
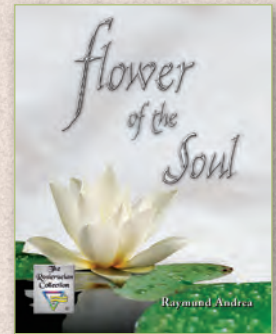
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Discipleship on Trial

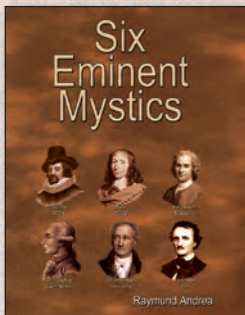
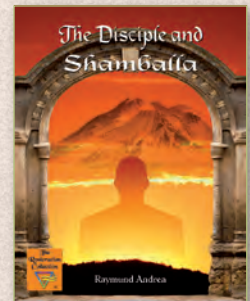
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