

‘Set to work yourself, put your hands to the plough yourself,  
directed towards your own task in the service of the Universal Light.’

J van Rijckenborgh in *The Gnosis in Present-day Manifestation*, p.147



# pentagram

Lectorium Rosicrucianum

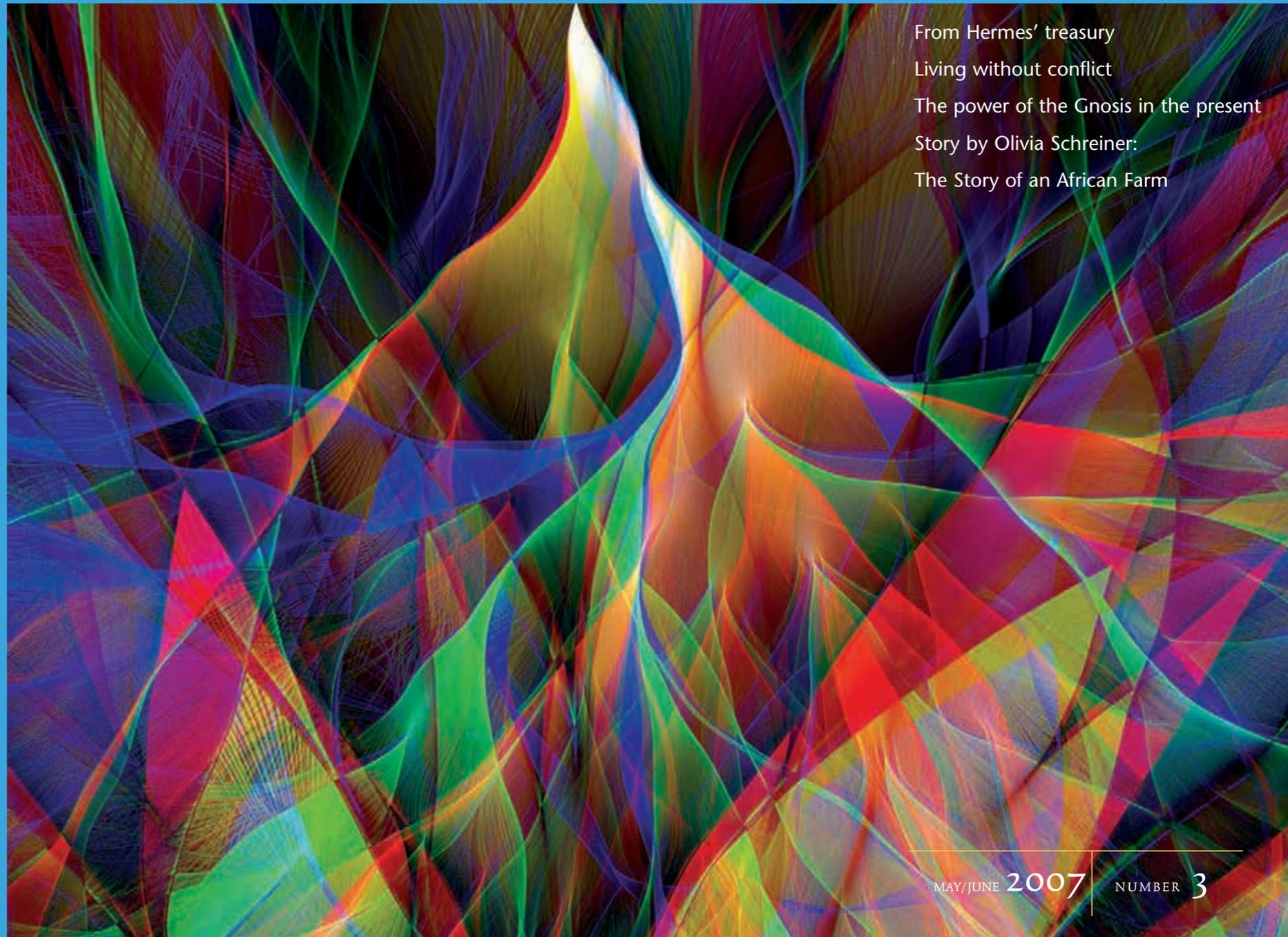
The Light is the great magician; without it, nothing is accomplished. Everything comes forth from the womb of the eternal Light. In its radiation lies the beginning of every material and chemical activity. But just as the Light awakens life, it can also kill life. When the Light is not born as only power, but also as Light, everything that cannot tolerate the Light is transformed. This is therefore quite a different effect than that of only a magnetic power, for a gnostic magnetic Light power -- Christ -- that touches us, transforms something in us. Through this touch, you can no longer remain the same. Do you understand the tremendous significance of the birth of the Light in a human being, in a spiritual school? Everything that cannot tolerate the Light, is killed and transformed! This is the meaning of: ‘In him and through him, the old human being in us is killed, and the new human being is raised.’

The birth of the original Light is the basis for and of a totally new life. From the Light is life; the new life is made possible by it. Then there can also be a new mode of life, a life as it is described in the, otherwise incomprehensible, sermon on the mount. This can only succeed, when you assign the central place to the Light within yourself. If you begin at the wrong end, you will fail.

Begin with the Light!

From the Light is life, and not light from life, not light through life. The old mode of life cannot be the basis; that is impossible. They who consider the new mode of life to be a continuation on the basis of the old one, will soon discover that renewal fails to occur. But he who begins at and with the Light, does not even have to accept this new mode of life: he cannot do otherwise than living it, with all liberating results.

From Hermes' treasury  
Living without conflict  
The power of the Gnosis in the present  
Story by Olivia Schreiner:  
The Story of an African Farm



# pentagram

‘There is this,’ said Wisdom: ‘Some men have climbed on those mountains; circle above circle of bare rock they have scaled; and, wandering there, in those high regions, some have chanced to pick up on the ground one white silver feather, dropped from the wing of Truth. And it shall come to pass,’ said the old man, ‘that when enough of those silver feathers shall have been gathered by the hands of men, and shall have been woven into a cord, and the cord into a net, that in that net Truth may be captured. Nothing but Truth can hold Truth.’

Olive Schreiner, *The story of an African farm*, 1883



## INHOUD

- 2 2007 — DOES IT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE?
- 4 FROM THE SCHOOL OF HERMES I
- 5 LIVING WITHOUT CONFLICT
- 11 FROM THE WORKING FIELD
- 22 FROM THE SCHOOL OF HERMES II
- 25 THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM
- 33 THE UNVEILING OF HIDDEN WISDOM
- 37 FROM THE SCHOOL OF HERMES III
- 38 LIKE A CHILD TAKING ITS FIRST STEPS

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Cover: Computerised representation of the energy patterns caused by the collisions between waves of the ocean and counterstreams or eddies. Eric Heller/Science Photo Library

## 2007 - DOES IT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE?

*At every turn of the year, this question crops up in one or another guise. The media pay attention to it, and we, too, often eagerly looked over someone's shoulder to catch a glimpse of the 'foresight'. But we did not leave the course of events totally to fate. What we cannot influence directly, we only 'wished'. To this end, pretty cards have been printed and heart-warming or solemn expressions have been devised to transfer our 'best wishes'. And at the same time, we have barraged the lords of fate with our 'best wishes' to mollify them somewhat in favour of our part of humanity.*

All of this does not make any difference. No one has become any better for it. Our wishes only remain blanks, hot air. Yet, all of it is done with the best of intentions. What is wrong then? Do we not hear about the magic of the word, the power of positive thinking?

The question is how these positive thoughts look like. An impartial examination of our insignificant personality usually shows simultaneously wishes and curses, love and hatred, philanthropy and self-interest; there are always opposites. We, human beings, fit exactly in this nature of building and breaking, coming and going. Unimaginably great, but also with an amazing narrow-mindedness, which limits everything again.

We are like an out-of-control balloon, which the slightest breath of fate can send in any direction. What, then, should we expect? What are we going to wish on this basis and for whom?

We now write the year 2007. What did 2006 and the preceding period really 'bring' us? An intriguing question, but should a year 'bring' us anything? Perhaps we are asking the wrong question and should rather wonder: 'What did we *give* to all those years? What do we have to offer to 2007 and the next period?

We have to devise totally new rules to elaborate such a question. For example: cease cherishing wishes, hopes and expectations, and stop consulting people who are trading visions of the future. We are going to *shape* the future. Or rather: today we experience the future, with the burden of our past. Here and now. We now answer and stop asking questions.

Does this have to happen in 2007 in particular? Of course not, this specific year has nothing to do with it; it just has to happen *now*. Though...  $2 + 7 = 9$  – the number of humanity. We are going to proclaim the year 2007 (and all following years) as *the year of Man*, of Man with a capital M, of those who have, through the clouds, caught a glimpse of the new light or perhaps an impulse of the new renaissance that undeniably presents itself in our days, provided we are prepared to see the signs, a new 'hora est – the time has come'. Who knows? It has been said: what you sow, you will reap. This means that every-

thing that you ever had to reap – and this was not always pleasant – you had sown yourself. It is an equally stunning as liberating conclusion! It gives a totally new vision of life and fate, a new vision of the human being, of ourselves.

Let us leave the personality with its insignificant aspects, however great it may be, for what it is meant to be: the servant in the background; its domain is the earth. What matters is the inner other one, the light bearer. With him, we are children of the light. Through the other one, we are able to spread the light in a world of ignorance and fear, not with beautiful words or great deeds, but with the new ensoulment of our thinking and desiring, filled with a light without shadow.

Are we now suddenly going to improve the world? There has never been a lack of starry-eyed idealists. We leave the world for what it is; it will do its work. We are going to do *our* work, without wondering if we are up to it or what the result will be, and we do not become lost in visions of the future again. Just: here I am, whatever may come; armed with a dose of sober optimism and, if necessary, right through our tears, but with the indestructible joy of being a servant of the new light. Welcome in *our* 2007.

*‘Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and give glory to your Father who is in heaven.’*

*This is clear language, dynamic, direct.*

*Let your light shine! When and where? In a world that is dark for the human being who needs light.*

*Prove God by your actions in a world in which building is necessary, in which your spontaneous deed is urgently needed.*

*Let your light shine!*

*Are you able to do so? You are able to do it!*

*We do not wait for peace,*

*we do not wait for tomorrow,*

*but we create the new morning.*

*We let our light shine out into the night; we*

*radiate it into the night; we pour out this*

*light, which burns so irresistibly within us,*

*over the world and humanity, and we create*

*the new morning. We speak these radiant,*

*fiery words: ‘New sun, arise!’*

*And the new sun does arise.*

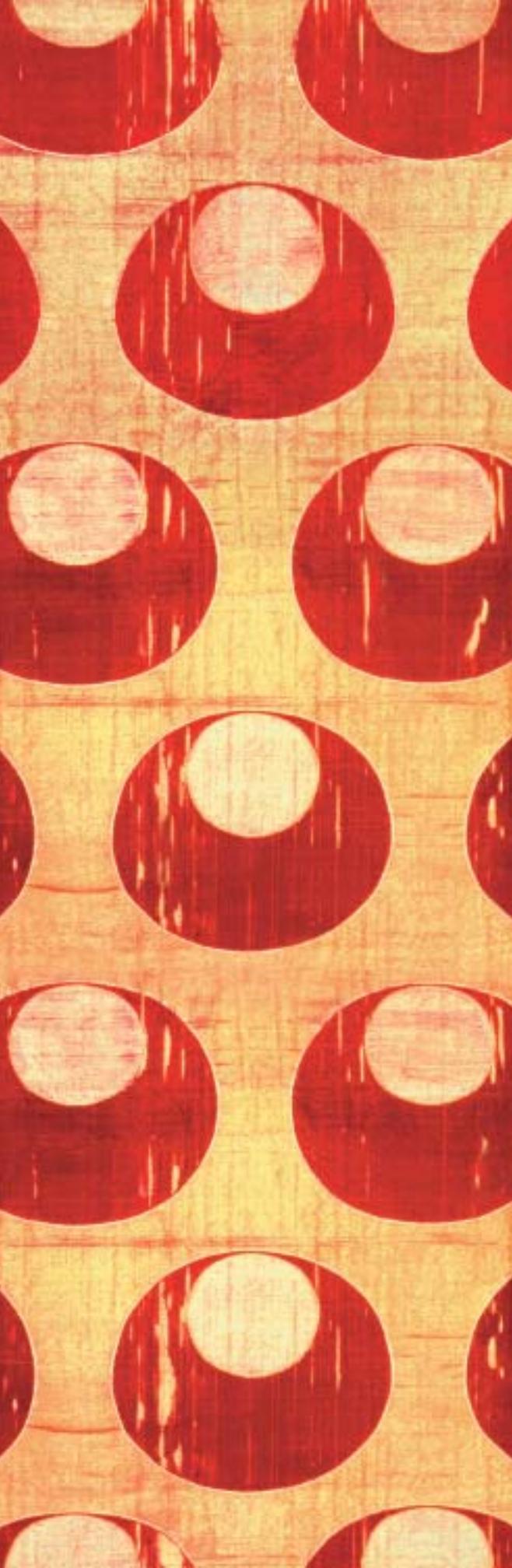
*It ascends to the firmament.*

*We join together, so that through our work,*

*through our radiant striving, people will*

*glorify the Father, who is in heaven.*

J van Rijckenborgh, *The Light of the World*. Haarlem, 1981, pp. 14-15.



# FROM THE SCHOOL OF HERMES I

Hymn of the thrice-great Hermes  
about the One who rules all

*Guardian with the eye  
of ever burning fire,  
who brings to life the circulation of the ether;  
who makes mighty the heat of the sun;  
who chases the clouds  
through a violent storm;  
for whom there is no name in the cosmos.*

*I know You as the everlasting eternal,  
all-seeing and terrifying eye;  
the Father of the All who alone is God  
who owes his origin to no one.*

*I worship after You only one Son  
who came forth from You as the eternal one,  
whom You have begotten forthwith  
as your own and created Logos,  
without envy and without passion,  
with the unspeakable and penetrating power  
of your spirit and your voice.*

*This God is, as to his essence, from your essence,  
who of You, the Father,  
carries the imperishable  
and totally perfect image,  
so that he is in You and You are in him:  
a mirror of your beauty,  
a countenance that brings mutual joy.*

*'Of the thrice-great Hermes,  
about the one who controls all' (Symphonia I, 2).*

Taken from the recently published compilation of various text fragments attributed to Hermes, published by In de Pelikaan: Roelof van den Broek, *Hermes Trismegistus, Introduction, Texts, Comments*, Amsterdam, In de Pelikaan, 2006, p. viii.

# LIVING WITHOUT CONFLICT

*Without conflict!  
Two simple words.  
Perhaps we shrug our shoulders and  
think 'ah well,  
every now and then there is some con-  
flict,  
life can't do without,  
but we should not get too worked up  
over it.'*

According to the familiar creation myth, human decline began with *conflict*, by eating the fruit of a mysterious tree, a tree symbolising discord, division and conflict.

Eating the fruit of opposites, or, in other words, listening to 'the whisperings of the serpent', was the overture to our current state of life. Although this is considered an event of the past, nothing of this is really over, everything continues. Is conflict not part of our daily reality, at this moment, tomorrow or the day after tomorrow – unless a flash of insight gives us a thorough shake-up? Day after day, we eat of the tree of opposites. We cannot do otherwise: as human beings, our origin lies in the synthesis of opposites, of positive and negative impulses.

Our thinking and feeling are dominated by choices that we continuously have to make between good and evil, for or against, sympathy and antipathy, my opinion against your opinion; the tree of conflict carries an endless variety of fruits. But the human epic begins with the eating of this first fruit, which makes all other fruit taste the same and have the same effect.

Eating of this first fruit still implies: negation of the divine unity, disregard for the original wholeness, for the paradisaical state, turning away from what is holy, whole, from the light.

We know the image of the serpent, winding itself around the trunk of the tree. It is the power of the so-called spinal consciousness. 'Spina' means 'spine', or rather 'thorn', referring to the thorn-like protrusions of the vertebrae. This spinal energy curls like a serpent upward along the vertebral column and manifests itself in the head in the form of our mental faculty, of our mind.

The mind, the mental faculty, is divisive and generates doubt, discord and disagreement, discriminates continuously and creates conflict. We daily experience its result in the lives of the peoples and nations of the whole planet, but above all *within us*. The conflict is in fact rooted within us.

Certainly, the *cause* of a conflict may lie outside us, but when our thinking faculty would not find a point of reference to this cause within us, no conflict would develop. The cause of our broken life lies in the desperate state of the microcosm; and the possibility to overcome grief lies within us.

UNITY IN DIVERSITY – DIVERSITY IN  
UNITY

The personality is part of the microcosm; this is where our real task lies. Cosmos literally means order, a combination of several things according to a certain order. Several forces and forms work together in unison; unity in diversity – diversity

in unity. For anyone with enough refined sensitivity, this is where the key to the healing of our broken existence lies.

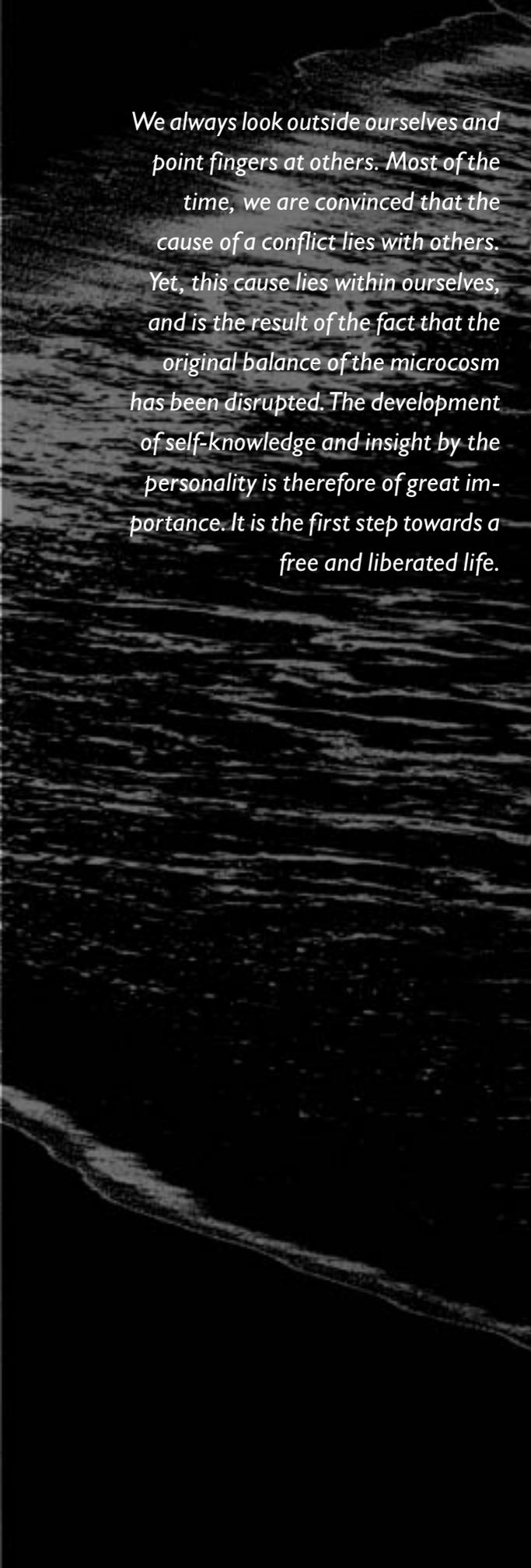
A microcosm, or 'small cosmos' is, therefore, a combination of different forces, forms, levels of consciousness and bodies. Originally, this system existed in perfect harmony, in which a great disturbance occurred. In the symbolic language of the biblical teachings of wisdom, this is the eating of the mysterious tree. The divine order – the pure alchemical consciousness fire of salt, sulphur and mercury – has been disrupted by the serpent with the forked tongue, the two strings, the DNA with the base pairs ATGC, and the unity or wholeness – being love – was broken. The paradisaical tree of the knowledge of good and evil has become a tree of conflict, of which we eat every day. What is the reason for this?

Conflict implies: strife, division, collision – both on the mental, psychological level and on the physical level. We are unable to live with others without conflict, because we have not solved the conflict within ourselves. 'Love God, the universal order, above all and your neighbour as yourself'. Is this still an impossible task, or do we feel the living heartbeat in these words? To love ourselves on this level means living *without conflict* with ourselves; and looking for the divine order in deep longing and humility. If we do not do so, we will stumble from one conflict to the next.

The tree of opposites is not a myth from a distant past. This tree is standing within us, we personify this tree. We are no strangers to conflicts: they besiege our heart, occupy our head, determine our actions and pursue us every minute. How often during a day, an hour or even a minute do we not say yes or no, are we not for or against?

And this may concern anything: fellow





We always look outside ourselves and point fingers at others. Most of the time, we are convinced that the cause of a conflict lies with others. Yet, this cause lies within ourselves, and is the result of the fact that the original balance of the microcosm has been disrupted. The development of self-knowledge and insight by the personality is therefore of great importance. It is the first step towards a free and liberated life.

human beings, opinions, relationships with others, with relatives, with colleagues, work or traffic situations, the situation in the world or the weather – the list is endless. Many of these conflicts occupy us considerably, activate our feelings and emotions and are the cause of endless mental discussions and discord. We continuously judge and in some cases this no longer even penetrates to our consciousness. Fear, the scourge of human existence, originates from the primordial conflict of the broken divine order within us.

Fear, doubt and insecurity are the faithful companions of conflicts, often expressed camouflaged as attack, aggression, and violence. Then there is also the discord between heart and head, the dichotomy between our thoughts and feelings. Discord is in our bone and marrow, in our blood, in our respiration field, in all the spheres and layers of the microcosm. The divine order has been disrupted – that is the main theme of our life. This main theme vibrates in our being, not somewhere outside us – even though the cause may come from outside. Conflict is an activity within us, a feeling of division, and a feeling is of course always *within* us.

‘Love God above all and your neighbour as yourself’. We sense that this is the key, but how should we use this key? Love God, the universal, original order of things, above all. This means: lift yourself up to the divine, link yourself, link *your soul* with God, the infinite, immeasurable potential, the primordial source of love, wisdom and power. Love is order, unity, it is working together and *being* together – our mind cannot comprehend this, because it never expresses itself on that plane. Wisdom is unity and order, and unity and order are manifested in the divine power, in and through the divine spirit. In the love that

encompasses *everything*, the true divine love, everything is *one*.

Imagine standing on the shore of a small lake and seeing the still water surface, smooth as glass. Then a small stone, or a drop of rain, falls into the water. What do you see? From the point, where the stone touches the water, waves develop in the form of perfect circles. These circles are expanding, becoming ever-larger circles around the point of contact. It is a perfect wave pattern, a perfect order.

At some distance from each other, more small stones or drops fall into the water. Then what do we see? Everywhere perfect water circles are forming, expanding from the point of contact, from the centre. At a certain moment, these water circles touch each other and begin to interfere. A magnificent chaotic pattern develops, a moving, undulating network of expanding and interfering water circles.

It is a fascinating spectacle. As long as it concerns only two, three or four crossing circles, we can still follow the movements with a keenly observing eye. But as soon as tens of points of contact appear on the water surface, we stop our attempts to follow the course of the movements and surrender to the beauty of the interference patterns that set the entire water surface into motion.

What at first sight seems to be a conflict or a collision, or a mutual obstruction of waves, turns out to be a magnificent co-operation, a harmonious coming together, an attuning to each other. We might say that *consensus* has been reached, an agreement based on an inner order. This consensus is the end of the conflict, to be compared with the re-established consensus in our own microcosmic system, and, consequently, also between people, between striving people on the path to true freedom.

The interference pattern can clarify a great deal. Water is a wonderful element. Interference is a simultaneous effect of two movements, which obstruct or reinforce each other, like vibrations and wavelike movements.

Water can teach us a great deal, but it requires attention. In his *Tao Te Ching*, Lao Tzu also refers to water. In the universal teachings, water is

often a symbol of healing, of becoming whole. Drinking of the *living water* represents being taken up into another, higher consciousness, and because consciousness is by definition always creative and manifesting, drinking of the living water is also: being taken up into a higher state of life.

#### STATE OF CONSCIOUSNESS IS STATE OF LIFE

'State of consciousness is state of life.' This statement also contains a key to true life renewal. When the consciousness changes, life changes. When a new consciousness is born, new life is born.

Consciousness is creative, manifesting, because consciousness is energy. He who remains stuck in the old consciousness will also continue to display the old, egocentric life. When the consciousness remains bound to or influenced by the mechanisms or energy patterns of the astrological Ages of Pisces, Aries or Taurus, the expressions of life will correspond to them.

When the consciousness is open to the new energies or waters of the approaching Age of Aquarius, this will be demonstrated in our lives – in our personal lives and therefore also in our contact with others.

Attuning to each other, agreement, consensus, cooperation, openness, clarity, humility, harmony through reborn order, love – that is the new spirit of Aquarius. This does not concern a more or less near future, but it concerns *the present*. Aquarius means together forming a *wholeness* in a new energy pattern. This is possible when the wholeness in our own microcosm has been restored, when we allow this new 'spirit of the times' to affect us. It is the overture to the feast of universal love. This overture is resounding *now*.

Let us return once more to the wavelike image of the concentric water circles, which develop around a centre or point of contact. It is a simple, but apt image of the revivifying microcosm.

There is a point of contact, a radiant centre in the heart, from where the waves expand. This concentration point is the rose, awakened by

the incoming light rays from the divine life order, the great cosmos of love expanding in undulating, vibrating light circles that also shape the microcosm.

However, the microcosmic reality is multidimensional. The microcosm living in divine harmony and order is a system of expanding circles of waves and energy that ultimately appears to be in a vibrating contact with the infinity of divine *being*. When the centre is vivified, a miracle happens, provided the human being attunes himself to this, in other words, when consensus also develops on that level.

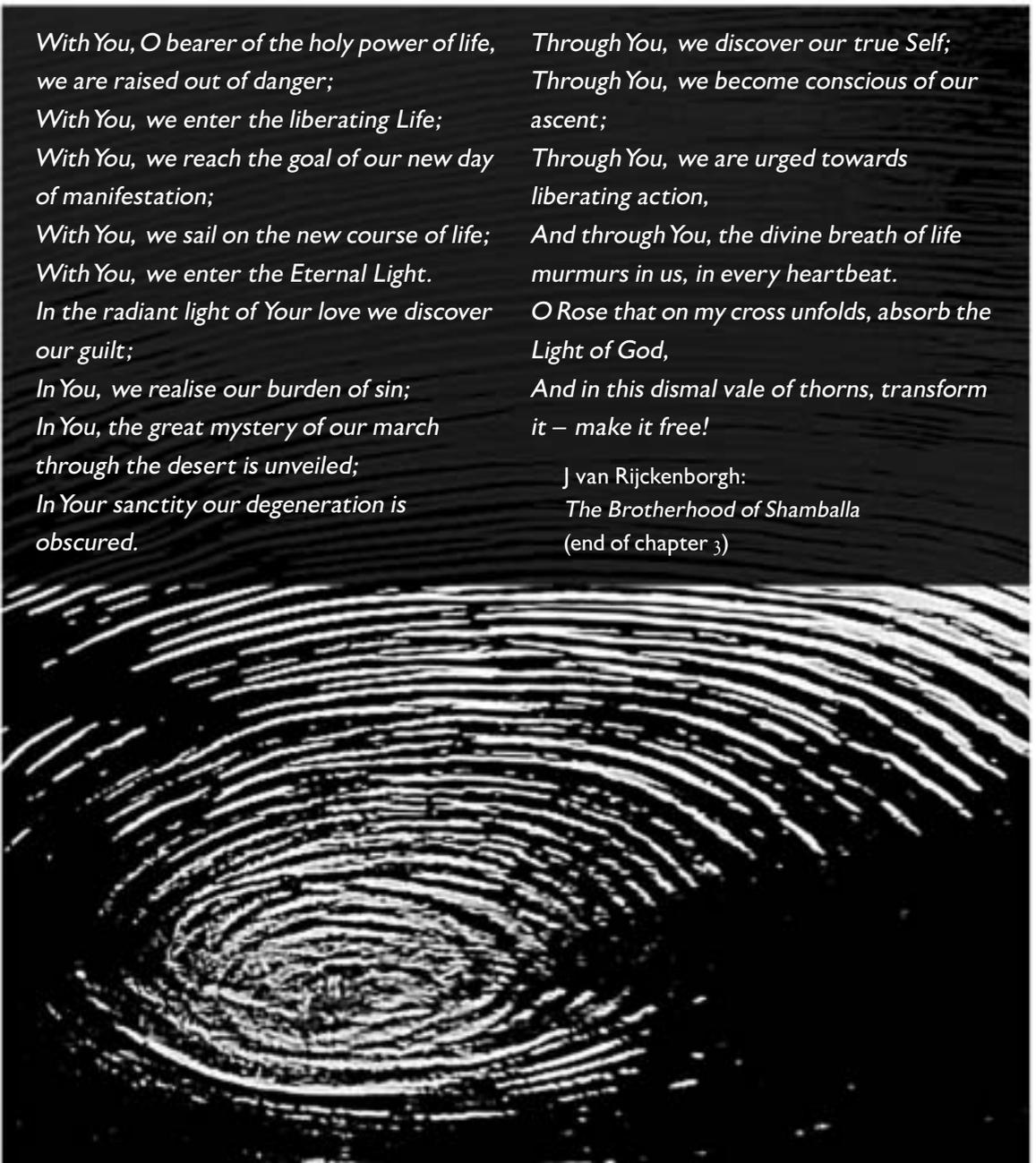
That is the end of the broken life within us, the end of the ancient conflict, developed through the whisperings of the serpent with the forked tongue, in the mysterious tree. Then also all outwardly projected conflicts cease. Whenever the divine order *in* us has been restored, whenever there is love in us again, there is love for all.

That is Aquarius! Love God above all and your neighbour as yourself. Then the tree of good and evil has again become a tree of true harmony, original order and love... the tree of life, erected *within* our own self.

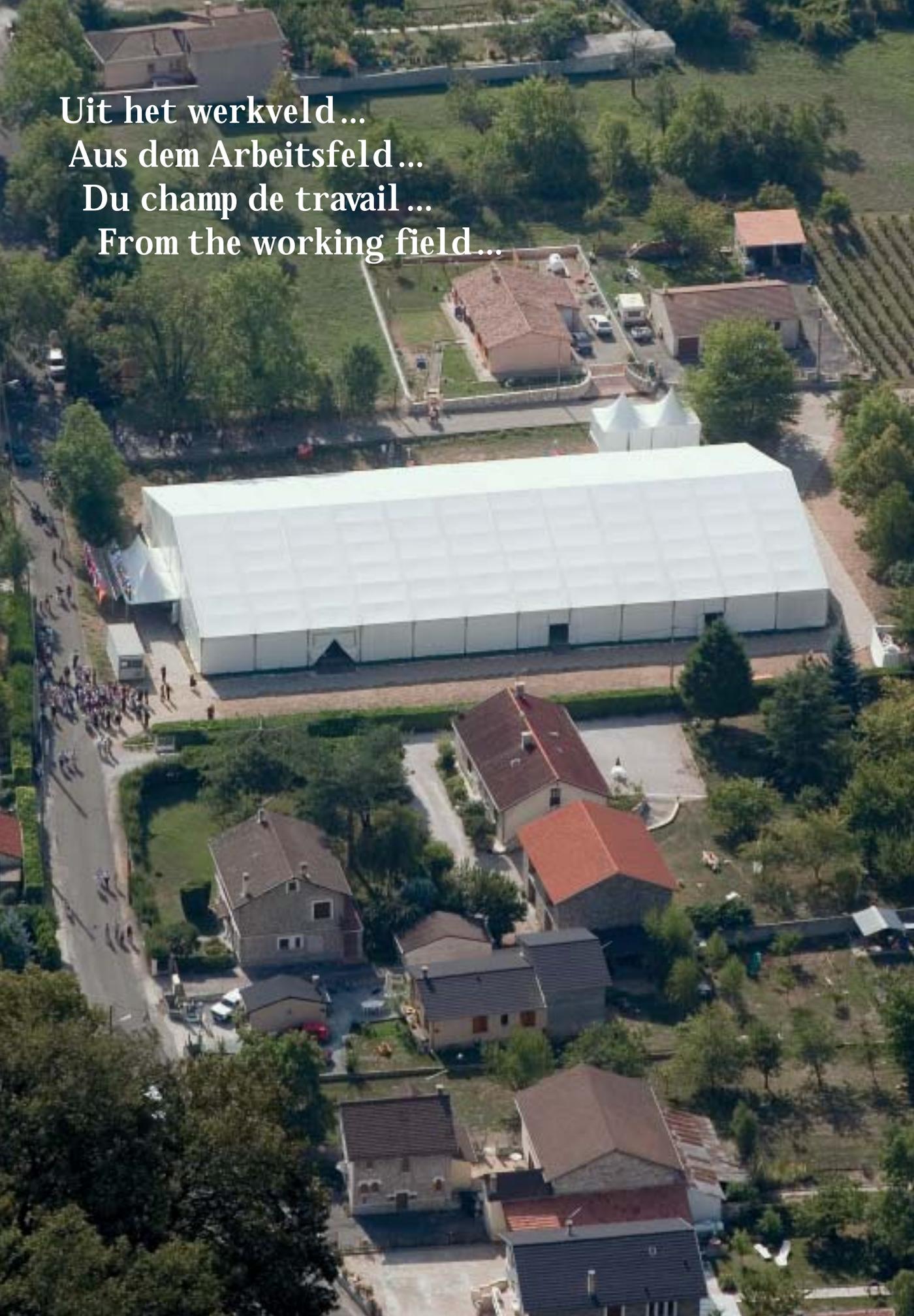
*With You, O bearer of the holy power of life,  
we are raised out of danger;  
With You, we enter the liberating Life;  
With You, we reach the goal of our new day  
of manifestation;  
With You, we sail on the new course of life;  
With You, we enter the Eternal Light.  
In the radiant light of Your love we discover  
our guilt;  
In You, we realise our burden of sin;  
In You, the great mystery of our march  
through the desert is unveiled;  
In Your sanctity our degeneration is  
obscured.*

*Through You, we discover our true Self;  
Through You, we become conscious of our  
ascent;  
Through You, we are urged towards  
liberating action,  
And through You, the divine breath of life  
murmurs in us, in every heartbeat.  
O Rose that on my cross unfolds, absorb the  
Light of God,  
And in this dismal vale of thorns, transform  
it – make it free!*

J van Rijckenborgh:  
The Brotherhood of Shamballa  
(end of chapter 3)



Uit het werkveld...  
Aus dem Arbeitsfeld...  
Du champ de travail...  
From the working field...



## FROM THE WORKING FIELD...

*When, in 1924, a few friends started with the work that would result in the establishment of the Lectorium Rosicrucianum, they found a confused and chaotic environment, in which the most diverse fragments of ancient wisdom circulated. Yet, also the seeds of hermetic thinking had been sown in it, particularly in the circle around the Theosophical Society. A few beautiful and striking thoughts from the ancient teachings of Hermes were available in writing. They had been obtained through literary research and sometimes through inspiration. We can say that this development might have been the impulse for a liberating philosophy.*

The gnostic and hermetic insights are not automatically accessible to the unprepared human being. In the old theosophical environment, which was particularly focused on the Orient, masters and adepts, usually from India, were looked for or personalities were assigned the status of gurus. During the first years after the foundation of this society, the situation in England may be described as a tiresome whole of misinterpretations and insinuations, so that we cannot speak of a structural, liberating work at that time. Moreover, the inner development of two thousand years of Christianity was consciously put aside. In this way, the baby was thrown out with the bath water.

During the two thousand years of the Age of Pisces, inner Christianity, the true ecclesia or human community, which had always been the aim of the messengers of the Light, has experienced many moments of manifestation.

In 1909, Max Heindel from Denmark was one of the first people, who, in the United States, linked esoteric insights with the Christian teachings of liberation. In 1913, Rudolf Steiner founded the Anthroposophical Society in Germany on the basis of theosophy. But the hermetic teachings, and the, for the human mind so important, insights about the gnosis were not to be found in them.

Initially, the later founders of the Lectorium Rosicrucianum joined Max Heindel's work, the Rosicrucian Fellowship. Since 1924, they investigated and explained the ideas and insights of the 'ancient wisdom' again for a period of sixteen years, until the beginning of World War II. They drew attention to the works of the classical Rosicrucians. Their point of departure was 'goodness, truth and justice', and the formation of an active group, focused on inner Christianity, has been the aim right from the start.

During the difficult war years between 1940 and 1945, the founders of the Lectorium Rosicrucianum reached the conclusion that they would never succeed in this way. There was one important problem: as long as the universal insights, which they propagated, were linked with the old, egoistic consciousness, focused on the self, the result would never be any different from what characterised the nineteenth-century esoteric movements.



They, too, would be characterised by discord, overestimation of oneself, exaggerated behaviour and criticism. The purity of the ideas would immediately be defiled, so that their effect would be neutralised. After the war, the new activities should be standing under a new sign. This 'new sign' is the new soul centre that develops on the basis of the pure, spiritual nucleus in the human heart.

One of the main pillars of the work of the Spiritual School of the Golden Rosycross is the total neutralisation of the activity of the 'I'. He who boasts about his 'I' or his fantastic personality does not (yet) have anything to do in a spiritual school. The endura, the decrease of this great impediment in the human system, requires modesty and self-knowledge, linked with sincere longing for liberation, for the development of the soul.

In the mid-1950's, J van Rijckenborgh and Catharose de Petri opened 'the treasury of hermetic wisdom' for their pupils. Their aim was to make the assembled group, through self-activation, share in the liberating mode of life and to put the profound insight of the ancient Egyptian wisdom about the coherence of God – world – human being into the light, but now without the deformed in-

sights of the worldly human being.

This is also a pillar of the work of the Lectorium Rosicrucianum. It is a great joy when a human being experiences the first radiation of the soul in his inner being. 'God is Light' – a pupil of Hermes is the first one to endorse this statement as truth.

When this work is conscientiously carried out by every participant in the focal points of the School of the Rosycross, a new human type will gradually become visible and we can speak of a 'great, new world activity of the brotherhood'.

The members of this community possess the dedication and the skills to propagate the never-changing truth of the universal teachings in a new and modern way, and not only by using the many liberating texts available in world literature. When things are all right, the fellowship, the soul unity, will resound in everything they undertake. Then Hermes' teachings, the power of liberation, will be manifested in peace and certainty. Then the results will not fail to appear.

The year 2006 has shown remarkable examples of this. A new temple complex in Cameroon (Africa) was established, new regional and national centres were consecrated, symposia and conference

Top left:  
Symposium in  
Birnbach.  
Top right: Singen  
Centre



days were held and books were published. In September, 2500 friends from more than twenty countries assembled in the valley of the Ariège in the south of France to experience an unforgettable conference, which was wholly devoted to the union of the three great impulses of the West: the impulse of the Grail, the activity of the church of Love (Catharism) and the fire church of the Rosicrucians. In this article, we would like to show you a brief cross-section of these activities.

**BELGRADE, SERBIA**

On 14 January, a new and larger centre was consecrated on the Ulica Ruza (Rose Street) in a quiet suburb of Belgrade, so that it becomes possible to have conferences in Serbia, too. On the first floor of a detached house, a centre room of approximately 180 m<sup>2</sup> was realised, and on the next floor the temple is located, in which 45 pupils can attend the services.

**SINGEN, SOUTHERN GERMANY**

In the past year, a working place was consecrated in Singen in the South-German working field. For three years, work has been carried out in this town to realise

it. The domain of this centre, with approximately forty pupils, stretches from Lake Constance to the Black Forest.

**SYMPOSIUM IN BIRNBACH, WEST GERMANY, 18 JUNE**

On 18 June, a symposium was held in conference centre Christianopolis about the theme: 'The source of the gnosis. About the awakening of the soul.'

Approximately 360 interested people and pupils experienced a very successful symposium, during which the myth of the birth of 'the divine child' was the central topic. What was experienced in the ancient mysteries, what has been passed on in images through the oldest manuscripts of many peoples, can in our time offer many people a liberating path that leads out of the great crisis of humanity.

**KOTLAS, RUSSIA**

Ever since the Lectorium Rosicrucianum began its activities in Moscow and St. Petersburg in 1993, also smaller groups of pupils have developed in a few other towns. To the extent that possibilities presented themselves, these groups spontaneously grew and disappeared again.

Top left: Koralenko Museum, Ukraine  
Top right: travelling in Russia



Since the end of the 1990's, a group was gradually formed in Kotlas, which was very enthusiastically started by a married couple and which by now has grown to approximately 40 active participants.

The distance (Kotlas lies 1500 km northeast of Moscow, in the Archangelsk district) was sufficient reason to start with the conference work there (in addition to Moscow and St. Petersburg). Supported by 40 pupils from all other Russian centres, it became in this way one great, spiritual celebration in the very warm month of July 2006.

Kotlas lies quite outside the vibrating, supporting spiritual heart of the European work, but it is now linked more strongly than ever before with the Living Body, which does not know boundaries and distances. This is an additional reason to express this solidarity with our brothers and sisters also in the conference work of 2007.

#### POLTAVA, UKRAINE

Periodically, pupils from different parts of the Ukraine come to Moscow to attend conferences. This can be explained by the former political and cultural relationships.

A few years ago, an opportunity pre-

sented itself for the development of activities in the Ukraine on a modest scale. This occurred in the town of Poltava (300 km east of the capital Kiev). In October 2006, under the auspices of the Russian National Directorate, various activities, among which a public lecture, took place for the small group of pupils living there. The Koralenko Museum, named after the Russian author of that name, which possesses suitable accommodation, extended its special and very much appreciated hospitality to the Lectorium Rosicrucianum.

The continuation of these activities has given the pupils, living in the largest country of Europe, which clearly still finds itself in the political and cultural spheres of influence of both east and west, a new impulse for further development on the path to true human genesis.

#### INVERARY / KINGSTON, CANADA

On 12 August 2006, the consecration of a temple in the first conference centre of English-speaking Canada took place in Inverary/Kingston – Ontario. The forty-two people present filled the new temple to the last place and together they experienced the joyful moment of the consecration and the subsequent weekend

Left: Kingston,

Canada

Centre: inside the

Temple tent in

Ussat-les-Bains,

France



conference.

During the weekend, the weather was beautiful, the meals were in the dining hall or outside in a tent, and everyone enjoyed the space and quiet of the large grounds. The consecration is an important step for the work on the American continent. Annually, four renewal conferences will be held in Kingston. The Canadian pupils, including those from French-speaking Quebec, and from the eastern part of the USA within driving distance from Inverary, are cordially welcomed here.

#### USSAT CONFERENCE 2006

Between 9 and 13 September 2006, the sixth international conference in the valley of the Ariège in the south of France took place, on the grounds where, almost a half century ago, the Galaad monument was erected as a testimony and confirmation of the increasingly powerful activity of the three lofty Brotherhoods of the Light: Grail, Cathar and Cross with Roses. At this special place from the days of lore, approximately 2500 pupils of the Lectorium Rosicrucianum from about 40 countries assembled during the second weekend of September to affirm 'the tri-

umph of the universal gnosis' in time.

The gathering in the valley of the Ariège took place under the motto, expressed in the Sermon on the Mount: 'Put your Light on a stand and let it shine for all in the House', with the addition 'and for all who are still to come to the House'. Each participant took the Light home with him in his heart, and in this way, many light-giving threads were stretched over the whole earth.

#### MALTA

Each year, a renewal conference is held on the isle of Malta, in which a small number of pupils enthusiastically participate. Also in 2006, on 3 and 4 November, Wardija Hill, Top Village in Malta, was the venue of a great conference again, an impression of which we do not want to keep from you.

#### STARA ZAGORA, BULGARIA

November 4<sup>th</sup> was also the day that the second centre in Bulgaria was consecrated. It lies in the middle of the country (see map) and can easily be reached from all directions. Pupils living on the Black Sea now have to travel less than 200 km

Right: impression of the conference in Malta

FROM THE WORKING FIELD...



instead of the 450 km to the other centre in the Bulgarian capital of Sofia. Stara Zagora is a rapidly growing centre with currently approximately 40 pupils. In a large office building in the town centre, a combined temple/centre room has been equipped. During the consecration, there was ample room for the 122 attending pupils. During the brotherhood meal in the neighbouring hotel, the link with the international work was strongly experienced, when all congratulations were read. A day later, a public service took place, at which seven new pupils were welcomed.

#### SYMPOSIUM RENOVA, 7 MAY 2006

During the symposium, held at conference centre Renova in May 2006, the attention was focused on 'the hidden word' in or behind the three main western religions. The first lecture, about the invisible word of Islam, showed how the influence of hermetic knowledge penetrated to the West through and via the Arab world, and was received and passed on in its purest form by the symbolic figure of Christian Rosycross, the prototype of all brothers and sisters who, throughout the ages, have tried to make the teach-

ings of the development of the spirit-soul find their way to the West.

The inner basis of all religions does not distinguish between race, religion or social structure. Mohammed received the word from Gabriel, and he who is able to interpret this word for his fellows is a prophet. Within Islam, many brotherhoods originated, which – inspired by this word – found their way to the true, inner human being. Their word, their form and their rites are closely related to those of the classical Rosicrucians. The group of the preceding brothers and sisters (under the name of Christian Rosencreutz) developed the model of their 'fraternitas' after Arab examples. According to tradition, Christian Rosencreutz became intensely acquainted with it during his travels to Damcar and to Fez.

The second lecture was given by rabbi Michael Portnaar and dealt with the cabbala and the role of love. In a brilliant way, the speaker placed the most essential, vital questions in the light of the book Zohar and the cabbala according to Luria. This concerned questions like 'is there love on earth? And if so, what is love according to *the teachings* given to humanity at its creation? Can we do without love? How can the individual and humanity achieve the

Conference and opening in Stara Zagora, Bulgaria



true form of love and perfection? What is the formula of love and of the path to ultimate fulfilment?' The cabbala offers a link with the healing and creative powers and connects them with all seekers. The idea of unity, which is contained in the unshakeable plan of creation, resounds in the cabbala.

The third lecture dealt with the gnostic gospel of Philip. It was an ode to 'Christ who has everything in himself, whether man, or angel, or mystery, and the Father.' The gospel stems from the school of Valentinus, who lived during the first half of the second century. This wise author not only understood and taught the new Christian teachings, but was also initiated in the ancient Egyptian, hermetic and Greek mysteries. In all these mysteries, the human being is linked with one goal only: the liberation of the soul – the true man.

Gnosis is the inner knowledge of the primordial source, the depth of all being. He who knows the source, acquires self-knowledge and in this way discovers his spiritual origin. On the basis of this insight, he is ready to receive the sacrament of salvation, the *redemptio*. Christ came, according to Valentinus, to restore the separation, which is visible in the whole of

creation, and to make the two one.

*Light and darkness,  
life and death,  
right and left,  
are brothers of one another.*

*They are inseparable.  
Because of this neither are the good good,  
nor evil evil.  
Nor is life life, nor death death.  
For this reason each one will dissolve into  
its earliest origin.  
But those who are exalted above the world  
are indissoluble, eternal.  
(Logion 10, Gospel of Philip)*

FALL SYMPOSIUM AT RENOVA, 22  
OCTOBER

Comenius, the central figure during the fall symposium, strove in everything for 'the improvement of human conditions'. In his eyes, the purpose of the human being was to bring order in the (small) world in the perspective of the return of the Christ. According to him, the main source for this reformation was *pan-sophia*, which means the all-encompassing, universal wisdom, in which the lost balance between theology and the new

Young pupils' week in Marília, Brazil

natural philosophy has been restored. This pansophia aims at ‘thoroughly teaching everything to all people’ and in this way to give humanity wisdom, virtue *and* faith.

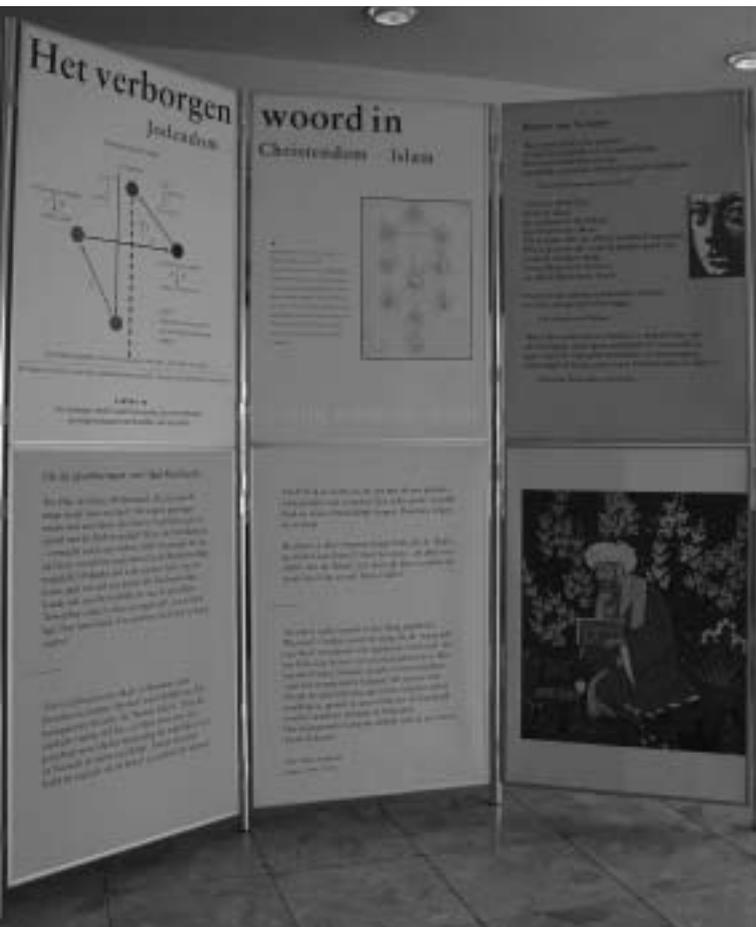
Comenius pleaded for one universal religion, one universal vision of man and the world, one universal science and one conceptual system for establishing a strong brotherhood of men.

He has, however, also wise advice for the individual human being. He states: ‘Three ways lead to a virtuous life. The first way is that the human being does not do anything dishonest against himself or against others or against any affair. The second way is that he not only tries to appear good, but actually is good. Walking

the third way, he does not focus his view on people, but rather on God, the protector of the truth, and on his conscience that testifies in his inner being.’

This makes it clear how short, in Comenius’ philosophy, the path to true happiness is: being one with ourselves, with God and in God, and no longer allowing ourselves to be distracted by external matters; and not indulging more than necessary in anything, when this appears to be necessary. By nature, the human being is striving to become equal to God. Every human being is striving to elevate himself and to become perfect. Comenius says: ‘What Satan falsely offered him, Christ gives in truth; he gives the human being the power to become a son of God.’

Panels during the symposium ‘The hidden word’ at Renova, Bilthoven



#### CONFERENCE WORKWEEKS OF THE GROUP OF YOUNG PUPILS

In July and August, both Marília (Brazil) and Caux (Switzerland) were the scenes of a dynamic workweek of the group of young pupils. One may have been somewhat sunnier than the other, but this did not seriously detract from the efforts and joy in the work of the young pupils, as the photo on page 17 demonstrates.

#### CONFERENCE DAY IN THE J. VAN RIJCKENBORGH CENTRE

The conference days in the J. van Rijckenborgh Centre in Haarlem concentrate on current themes, which are elaborated on the basis of texts by the founders of the Lectorium Rosicrucianum, Catharose de Petri and J van Rijckenborgh. The title of the conference day of 18 November was: *The development of the young person and the inner light*.

A human being is not born into the world as a tabula rasa. He is a complex sys-

tem of forces and possibilities, of present, past and future; of nature-bound life and divine life, of possibilities and limitations. Behind plant, animal, mineral, the world, the cosmos, the macrocosm, a plan is hidden, an opportunity for development radiates. This is also true for the human being. During seven stages of life, this plan is activated and vivified and acquires outlines and structure. During each stage of life, the human being is linked more firmly with one aspect. Particularly during the third period, in which the important desire body develops, it is essential that young people receive, and also use, the opportunity to assimilate the proper, constructive powers. It is equally important that they grow up, protected, in a po-

sitive environment.

The second lecture dealt with the meaning of a proverb from the Song of Solomon: 'Let us go early to the vineyards, and see whether the vines have budded.' Going early... in other words, start when you are still young. In this respect, parents and guardians can play an important role: while still young, at the beginning of their life, they should link the attention and the consciousness of their children with what is most important, namely with the budding vines.

When the new power of the soul begins to circulate in the consciousness system, which the universal teachings call 'the serpent fire', the young person himself develops the strength to confront the onrushing life in a positive way.

The day was, as usual, concluded with a gathering in the Haarlem Main Temple, during which the attention was focused on the small but very important, regulatory organ in the head, which we know as the pineal gland. Because of its sensitivity, this organ is utterly suitable to receive the divine blueprint of the cosmos, the world and humanity, which pervades the whole cosmos as an extremely sublime vibration. The human being can perceive this vibration, when he learns to prepare heart and head in the right way. This is why a good environment and a strong stimulus are very important for the development of the young person.

Then he will be able to adopt a totally different mode of life and accomplish a revolution in his state of being.

SYMPOSIUM ON MOZART'S MAGIC FLUTE  
IN GRONINGEN, 2 DECEMBER

Groningen also witnessed a symposium, organised by the Lectorium Rosicrucianum in the Prince Claus Music





Conservatory. On Saturday 2 December, the backgrounds of the opera *The Magic Flute* (1791), an ‘alchemical process in the temple of initiation’, were highlighted for a large audience, while the beautiful sounds of Mozart’s masterpiece graced the day. According to one of the speakers, the content of *The Magic Flute* is ‘wholly based on Rosicrucian ideas and Paracelsus’ teachings of the three principles’. It beautifully and as ‘lightly’ as possible expresses in music and words the spiritual transformation of the human being.

During the symposium, speakers from the freemasons, anthroposophy and the Lectorium Rosicrucianum elaborated the hermetic aspects of this opera on the basis of alchemy, which seekers in the 17<sup>th</sup> and 18<sup>th</sup> centuries considered to be a dynamic, inner process of transformation. Both the libretto and the score contain a wealth of elements, which originate in the Egyptian initiation mysteries. The key to them was already described in the alchemical wedding of Christian Rosycross, with a reference to Hermes Trismegistus.

#### BERGEN OP ZOOM

On the morning of 19 November, a large, new temple working place for the south-western part of the Netherlands was consecrated on Blauwehandstraat in Bergen op Zoom. In the evening, the first regional service was held there. In his opening words, the chairman explicitly thanked the members of the C- and D-group, because they were the first ones that had vivified the building, even before the interior was pulled down. He said: ‘You did perhaps not handle hammer and paintbrush, but long ago you painted the firebird. This firebird is now displayed in the youth room. This firebird is an impressive symbol for our centre. It symbolises that continuous renewal is taking place; it symbolises the indestructibility of life. During your youth meetings, you have brought this new life into your youth rooms and what now matters is that you continue to do so.’ At the end of his introduction, he reminded people of the words on the invitation:

*‘Do not look around you, but look inwardly!  
You yourself must gain that which,*



*by submerging in the wellsprings of life,  
turns you into a Human Being,  
whom God, the Gnosis, can use.'*

And he concluded: 'In Bergen op Zoom we have experienced that this is the basis of the construction of both our own, inner temple and our outer temple working place.'

OPENING CONFERENCE CENTRE LA  
NOUVELLE AUBE IN CAMEROON, AFRICA

During Pentecost 2006, during the weekend of 2, 3 and 4 June, a new conference centre in Yaoundé, the capital of Cameroon, wholly built by pupils from the Cameroon working field, was put into use in a festive way and the temples were consecrated. The conference centre has kept its name 'La Nouvelle Aube'. The old premises with the same name in downtown Yaoundé, where for many years the conferences were held, were closed for the conference work, with words of gratitude to the Mamba family. The official opening was done by a government representative, who expressed his great appreciation for the beautiful result. Many guests from other African

countries, where the Lectorium Rosicrucianum is established, were present: Benin, Congo, Congo Democratic Republic, Ivory Coast and Gabon. There was also a large group from Europe, namely from Belgium, France, Germany and the Netherlands, and there were representatives from the USA and Canada.

The new conference centre consists of a temple complex with a large temple for more than 400 people. This building also houses two smaller, special temples and, among other things, a reading and silence room. The separate lodgings contain a large dining hall with all necessary facilities and sleeping accommodation for conference guests.

The new conference centre on the slopes of Mont Fébé, on the outskirts of Yaoundé, signifies a new stage for Cameroon, or rather for the whole African work of the Lectorium Rosicrucianum.

FROM THE WORKING FIELD . . .

Conference  
centre La  
Nouvelle Aube,  
Yaoundé,  
Cameroon



## FROM THE SCHOOL OF HERMES II

The apple of the eye of the world

*I must tell you all that Hermes said  
when he was depositing his books.*

*Thus did he speak:*

*'Ye holy books,  
which have been written  
by my perishable hands,  
but have been anointed  
with the drug  
of imperishability.*

*Remain ye undecaying  
through all ages,*

*and be ye unseen and undiscovered  
by all men who shall go to and fro  
on the plains of this land*

*when Heaven, grown old, shall beget organisms  
worthy of you  
whom the Maker will name 'souls'!*

*Having spoken this prayer  
over the works of his hands,*

*Hermes was received*

*into the sanctuary of the everlasting zones.*

'Of Hermes Trismegistus: From the holy book that is called *The apple of the eye of the world*' (Stobaeus xxii, 8). In: Hermes Trismegistus, p. xix.

# THE POWER OF THE GNOSIS IN THE PRESENT

*A few fragments from an address given during a symposium held in 2006 at Conference Centre Christianopolis in Birnbach*

Quantum physics has established that the intercosmic space is filled with imaginable *and* unimaginable possibilities. This implies that inexhaustible energies are available in it at every level. When our consciousness focuses on these possibilities, they turn into power concentrations, and therefore into manifestations. The type of manifestation corresponds to our state of consciousness. In this way, our perception, our reality and our life are determined by our consciousness.

How would a new mode of life look like? When we try to fathom our inner drives, the familiar concepts of structures and limitations of the well-known material, transient world form impediments. Even concepts like 'God', 'Messiah' and 'paradise' turn into 'football gods', 'fake messiahs' and 'holiday or shopping paradises'.

A totally different point of view for the solution of the problems of humanity can be found in the 'new-age' movement. Here, one's hope is put on entering a new dimension, not on scientific research, but on an expanded, individual consciousness, on a totality of life and perception. This should be activated by the forces of the beginning new period, the Age of Aquarius. In the musical *Hair* from 1968, so characteristic of that time, it was sung:

*'Mystic crystal revelation  
and the mind's true liberation,  
Aquarius, Aquarius.'*

The beginning Age of Aquarius is a time of great activity and creativity, determined by ideals. Everything seems possible. The diversity of ideas wants to strongly unfold and thus dissolves all previous standards and values. In this way, however, it becomes increasingly difficult to find information about it.

Yet, it is also a time in which many veils before our consciousness are gradually removed. Everything that was hidden until now becomes visible, *either* through unmasking reports in the media *or* through the breaking up of crystallised values and standards. People no longer trust the traditional authorities in politics, the economy, the arts, science and the churches, which tirelessly try to give us information and show us a way, their way, to a solution. Everyone must manifest himself and is evaluated as to who he is, both privately and in society. The current human being wants to know! He no longer wants to be sent off none the wiser, but demands explanations and proof. He wants to understand before he proceeds to action.

The astrologists assure us that during the coming centuries the subtlety of thinking, feeling and acting will strongly increase. Also people's faculty to perceive the supersensory world will continuously increase, because our field of life becomes ever more subtle.

We experience an apparent dissolution

of space and time in the virtual worlds, unlocked by the Internet. Mobile telephones that can receive pictures suggest a feeling of omnipresence, because we can be permanently contacted with direct communication at any place and at any time. When the attraction of these new gadgets fades, people feel soon overwhelmed by the immense stream of information, the flood of our time, as well as by the varied entertainment and culture that we are offered hour by hour, day by day, 24 hours per day.

The new atmosphere that we experience as subtlety or transparency, is reflected in the glass constructions of the architects. Today one wants to see the technology, and also the mechanisms behind it! The advanced linking of computer files will ultimately lead to our speaking of 'glass people'.

In the turmoil of the Age of Aquarius, human beings do not find peace and satisfaction. They discover that they have to re-orientate themselves completely. But because the circumstances are subject to permanent change and decay, this may prove to be quite difficult. In his book *The material reality*, Andreas Kössner writes: 'One of the greatest illusions of the current social self-consciousness is the wish to achieve a humane society through increasing regulation. This is absolutely a blind alley! The current problem is that the human consciousness finds itself in an extreme situation and (the human being) has banned inner orientation from his life. Ever more restrictive measures crop up under social coercion, which is imposed by rules and regulations. The growing forgetfulness of the divine origin and the denial of the inner world accelerate the process of external regulation.'<sup>1</sup>

There are an increasing number of people who are troubled by the super-fast changes. They experience their reality as sham and arrive at an identity crisis.

They begin to seek their true identity. Self-realisation and self-authority are characteristic concepts in this time. The varied human quest is expressed in countless new groups. Already at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the physician and author Johann Carl Passavant (1790-1857) formulated his path of salvation with the words:

'But the divine order is more powerful than the human misconceptions. What has originated from unity must, after having experienced all stages of development and having overcome all errors, return to unity. However, to a higher unity that implies all results of the development and the regeneration processes of humanity.'<sup>2</sup>

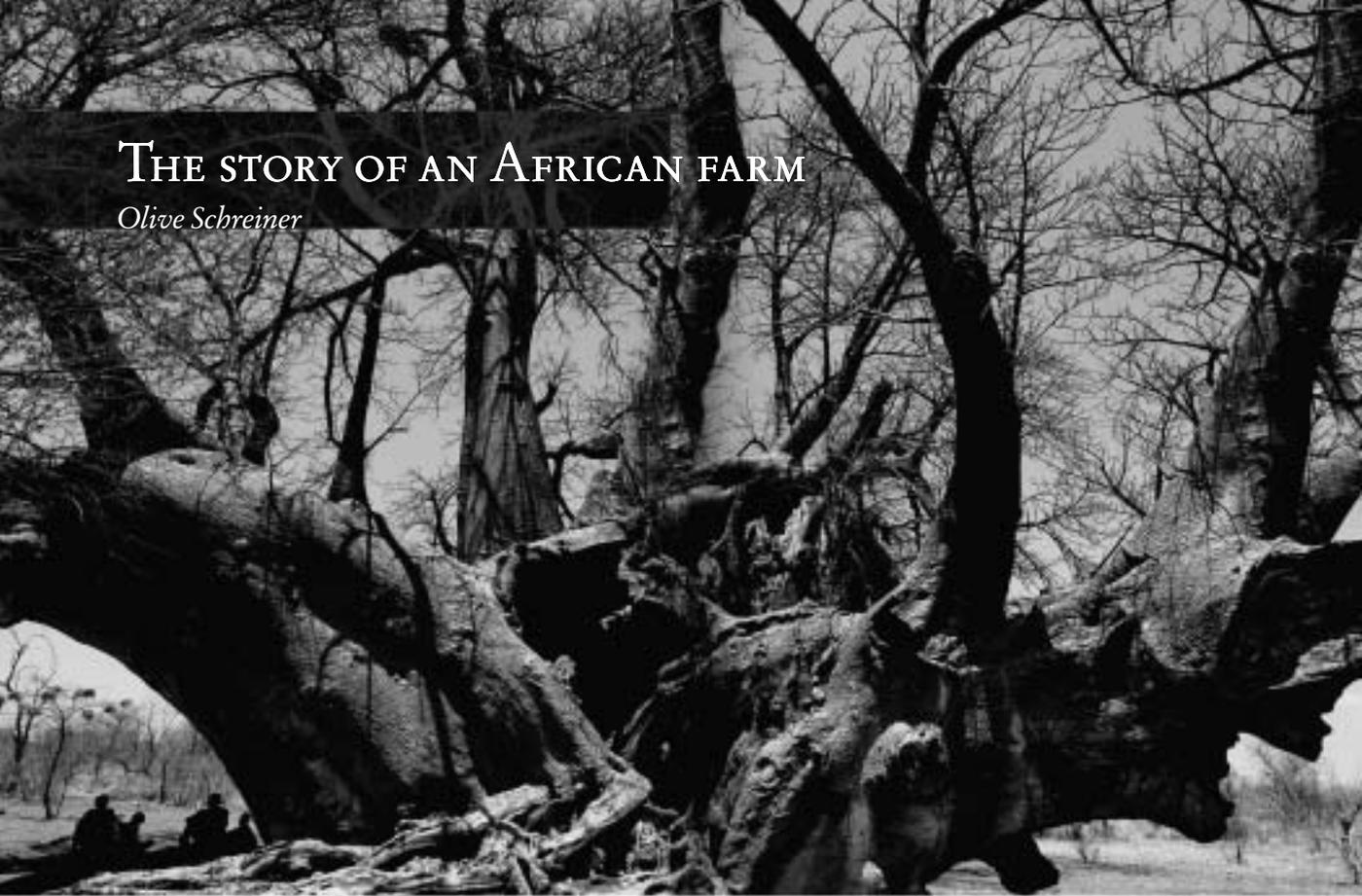
#### NOTES:

<sup>1</sup> A. Kössner, *Die materielle Realität – des Menschen Fall und seine Heilwerdung* (The material reality – The human fall and healing), p. 44. Private edition.

<sup>2</sup> Johann Carl Passavant. *Von der Freiheit des Willens und dem Entwicklungsgesetze des Menschen* (Of the freedom of the will and the laws of human development), part 3. Frankfurt, 1835. Republished by Renate Riemeck under the title *Von der Freiheit des Willens und Andere Schriften* (Of the freedom of the will and other writings). Urachhaus, Stuttgart, 1981.

# THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM

Olive Schreiner



*The next moment the stranger was surprised by a sudden movement on the part of the fellow, which brought him close to the stranger's feet. Soon after, he raised his carving and laid it across the man's knee.*

*'Yes, I will tell you,' he muttered; 'I will tell you all about it.'*

*He put his finger on the grotesque little mannikin at the bottom and with eager finger the fellow moved upward, explaining over fantastic figures and mountains, to the crowning bird from whose wing dropped a feather. At the end, he spoke with broken breath – short words, like one who utters things of mighty import.*

*The stranger watched more the face than the carving. 'I think,' he said blandly, when the boy had done, 'that I partly understand you. It is something after this fashion, is it not?' He smiled.*

## THE STORY

In certain valleys there was a hunter (*he touched the grotesque little figure at the bottom*).

Day by day, he went to hunt for wild-fowl in the woods; and it chanced that once he stood on the shores of a large lake. While he stood waiting in the rushes for the coming of the birds, a great shadow fell on him, and in the water he saw a reflection. He looked up to the sky; but the thing was gone. Then a burning desire came over him to see once again that reflection in the water, and all day he watched and waited; but night came and it had not returned. Then he went home with his empty bag, moody and silent. His comrades came questioning about him to know the reason, but he answered them nothing; he sat alone and brooded. Then his friend

came to him, and to him he spoke.

'I have seen today,' he said, 'that which I never saw before – a vast white bird, with silver wings outstretched, sailing in the everlasting blue. And now it is as though a great fire burnt within my breast. It was but a sheen, a shimmer, a reflection in the water; but now I desire nothing more on earth than to hold her.'

His friend laughed.

'It was but a beam playing on the water, or the shadow of your own head. Tomorrow you will forget her,' he said.

But tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow the hunter walked alone. He sought in the forest and in the woods, by the lakes and among the rushes, but he could not find her. He shot no more wild fowl; what were they to him?

'What ails him?' said his comrades.

'He is mad,' said one.

'No; but he is worse,' said another; he would see that which none of us have seen, and make himself a wonder.'

'Come, let us forswear his company,' said all.

So the hunter walked alone.

One night, as he wandered in the shade, very heartsore and weeping, an old man stood before him, grander and taller than the sons of men.

'Who are you?' asked the hunter.

'I am Wisdom,' answered the old man; 'but some men call me Knowledge. All my life I have grown in these valleys; but no man sees me till he has sorrowed much. The eyes must be washed with tears that are to behold me; and, according as a man has suffered, I speak.'

And the hunter cried: 'Oh, you who have lived here so long, tell me, what is that great wild bird I have seen sailing in the blue? They would have me believe she is a dream; the shadow of my own head.'

The old man smiled.

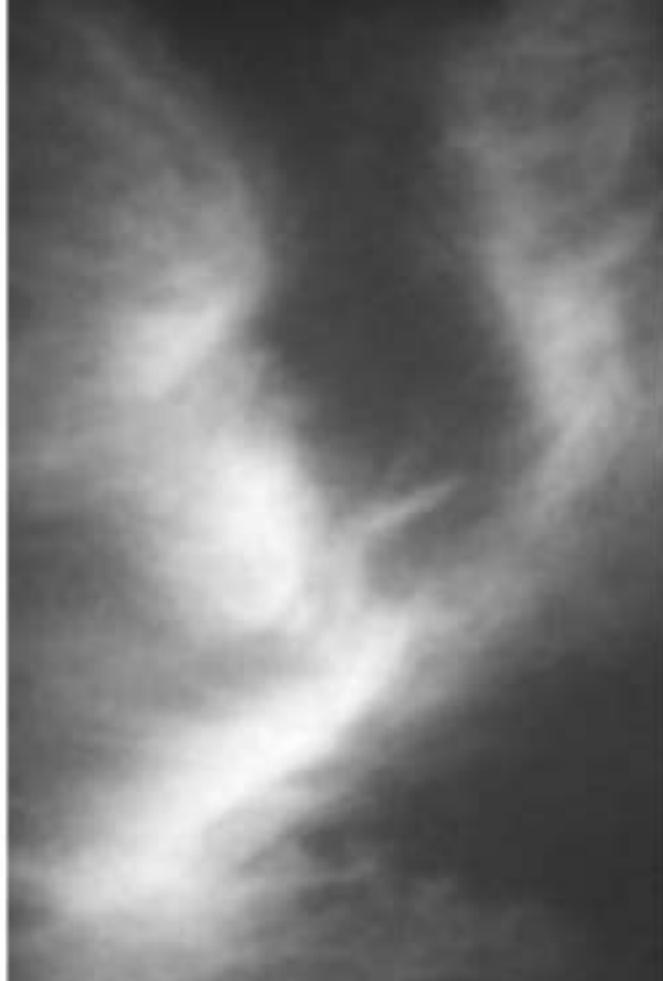
'Her name is Truth. He who has once seen her never rests again. Till death he desires her.'

And the hunter cried: 'Oh, tell me where I may find her.'

But the old man said: 'You have not suffered enough,' and went.

Then the hunter took from his breast the shuttle of Imagination, and wound on it the thread of his Wishes; and all night he sat and wove a net.

In the morning, he spread the golden net upon the ground, and into it he threw a few grains of credulity, which his father had left him, and which he kept in his breast-pocket. They were like white puff-balls, and when you trod on them a brown dust flew out. Then he sat by to see what would happen. The first that came into the net was a snow-white bird, with dove's eyes, and he sang a beautiful song – 'A human-God! a human-God! A human-God!' it sang. The



second that came was black and mystical, with dark, lovely eyes that looked into the depths of your soul, and he sang only this – ‘Immortality!’

And the hunter took them both in his arms for he said: ‘They are surely of the beautiful family of Truth.’ Then came another, green and gold, who sang in a shrill voice, like one crying in the marketplace: ‘Reward after Death! Reward after Death!’

And he said: ‘You are not so fair; but you are fair too,’ and he took it.

And others came, brightly coloured, singing pleasant songs, till all the grains were finished. And the hunter gathered all his birds together, and built a strong iron cage called a new creed, and put all his birds in it.

Then the people came about dancing and singing. ‘Oh, happy hunter!’ they cried. ‘Oh, wonderful man! Oh, delightful birds! Oh, lovely songs!’

No one asked where the birds had come from, nor how they had been caught; but they danced and sang before them. And the hunter too was glad, for he said: ‘Surely Truth is among them. In time she will moult her feathers, and I shall see her snow-white form.’

But the time passed, and the people sang and danced; but the hunter’s heart grew heavy. He crept alone, as of old, to weep; the terrible desire had awakened again in his breast. One day, as he sat alone weeping, it chanced that Wisdom met him.

He told the old man what he had done.

And Wisdom smiled sadly.

‘Many men,’ he said, ‘have spread that net for Truth; but they have never found her. On the grains of credulity she will not feed; in the net of wishes her feet cannot be held; in the air of these valleys she will not breathe. The birds you have caught are of the brood of Lies. Lovely and beautiful, but still lies; Truth knows them not.’

And the hunter cried out in bitterness: ‘And must I then sit still, to be devoured of this great burning?’

And the old man said: ‘Listen, and in that you have suffered much and wept much, I will tell you what I know. He who sets out to search for Truth must leave these valleys of superstition forever, taking with him not one shred that has belonged to them. Alone he must wander down into the Land of Absolute Negation and Denial; he must abide there; he must resist temptation; when the light breaks he must arise and follow it into the country of dry sunshine. The mountains of stern reality will rise before him; he must climb them; *beyond them* lies Truth.’

‘And he will hold her fast! he will hold her in his hands!’ the hunter cried.

Wisdom shook his head.

‘He will never see her, never hold her. The time is not yet.’

‘Then there is no hope?’ cried the hunter.

‘There is this,’ said Wisdom: ‘Some men have climbed on those mountains; circle above circle of bare rock they have scaled; and, wandering there, in those high regions, some have chanced to pick up on the ground one white silver feather, dropped from the wing of Truth. And it shall come to pass,’ said the old man, raising himself prophetically and pointing with his finger to the sky, ‘it shall come to pass, that when enough of those silver feathers shall have been gathered by the hands of men, and shall have been woven into a cord, and the cord into a net, that in *that* net Truth may be captured. *Nothing but Truth can hold Truth.*’

The hunter arose. ‘I will go,’ he said.

But wisdom detained him.

‘Mark you well – who leaves these valleys never returns to them. Though he should weep tears of blood seven days and nights upon the confines, he can never put his foot across them. Left – they are left *forever*. Upon the road which you would travel there is no reward offered. Who goes, goes freely – for the great love that is in him. The work is his reward.’

‘I go’ said the hunter; ‘but upon the mountains, tell me, which path shall I take?’

‘I am the child of The-Accumulated-Knowledge-of-Ages,’ said the man; ‘I can walk only where many men have trodden. On these mountains few feet have passed; each man strikes out a path for himself. He goes at his own peril: my voice he hears no more. I may follow after him, but cannot go before him.’

Then Knowledge vanished.

And the hunter turned. He went to his cage, and with his hands broke down the bars, and the jagged iron tore his flesh. It is sometimes easier to build than to break.

One by one, he took his plumed birds and let them fly. But when he came to his dark-plumed bird he held it, and looked into its beautiful eyes, and the bird uttered its low, deep cry: ‘Immortality!’

And he said quickly: ‘I cannot part with it. It is not heavy; it eats no food. I will hide it in my breast; I will take it with me.’ And he buried it there and covered it over with his cloak. But the thing he had hidden grew heavier, heavier, heavier, till it lay on his breast like lead. He could not move with it. He could not leave those valleys with it. Then again he took it out and looked at it: ‘Oh, my beautiful! my heart’s own!’ he cried, ‘may I not keep you?’

He opened his hands sadly.

‘Go!’ he said. ‘It may happen that in Truth’s song one note is like yours; but I shall never hear it.’

The bird flew from him forever.

Then from the shuttle of imagination he took the thread of his wishes, and threw it on the ground; and the empty shuttle he put into his breast, for the thread was made in those valleys, but the shuttle came from an unknown country. He turned to go, but now the people came about him, howling. ‘Fool, hound, demented lunatic!’ they cried. ‘How dared you break your cage and let the birds fly?’

The hunter spoke; but they would not hear him.

‘Truth! Who is she? Can you eat her? Can you drink her? Who has ever seen her? Your birds were real: all could hear them sing! Oh, fool! Vile reptile! Atheist!’ they cried. ‘You pollute the air.’

‘Come, let us take up stones and stone him,’ cried some.

‘What affair is it of ours?’ said others. ‘Let the idiot go,’ and went away. But the rest gathered up stones and mud and threw at him. At last, when he was bruised and cut, the hunter crept away into the woods. And it was evening about him.’ [...]

He wandered on and on, and the shade grew deeper. He was on the borders now of the land where it is always night. Then he stepped into it, and there was no light there. With his hands he groped; but each branch as he touched it broke off, and the earth was covered with cinders. At every step his foot sank in, and a fine cloud of impalpable ashes flew up into his face. So he sat down upon a stone and buried his face in his hands, to wait in the Land of Negation and Denial till the light came.

And it was night in his heart also.



Then from the marshes to his right and left cold mists arose and closed about him. A fine, imperceptible rain fell in the dark, and great drops gathered on his hair and clothes. His heart beat slowly, and a numbness crept through all his limbs. Then, looking up, two merry wisp lights came dancing. He lifted his head to look at them. So warm, so bright, they danced like stars of fire. They stood before him at last. From the centre of the radiating flame in one looked out a woman's face, laughing, dimpled, with streaming yellow hair. In the centre of the other were merry laughing ripples, like the bubbles on a glass of wine. They danced before him.

'Who are you,' asked the hunter, 'who alone come to me in my solitude and darkness?'

'We are the twins Sensuality,' they cried. 'Our father's name is Human-Nature, and our mother's name is Excess. We are as old as the

hills and rivers, as old as the first man; but we never die,' they laughed. 'Oh, let me wrap my arms about you!; cried the first; 'they are soft and warm. Your heart is frozen now, but I will make it beat. Oh, come to me!'

'I will pour my hot life into you,' said the second; 'your brain is numb, and your limbs are dead now; but they shall live with a fierce free life. Oh, let me pour it in!'

'Oh, follow us,' they cried, 'and live with us. Nobler hearts than yours have sat here in this darkness to wait, and they have come to us and we to them; and they have never left us, never. All else is a delusion, but *we* are real, we are real, we are real. Truth is a shadow; the valleys of superstition are a farce: the earth is of ashes, the trees all rotten; but we – feel us – we live! You cannot doubt us. Feel us how warm we are! Oh, come to us! Come with us!'

Nearer and nearer round his head they hovered, and the cold drops melted on his forehead. The bright light shot into his eyes, dazzling him, and the frozen blood began to run. And he said: 'Yes, why should I die here in this awful darkness? They are warm, they melt my frozen blood!' and he stretched out his hands to take them.

Then in a moment there arose before him the image of the thing he had loved, and his hand dropped to his side.

'Oh, come to us!' they cried.

But he buried his face.

'You dazzle my eyes,' he cried, 'you make my heart warm; but you cannot give me what I desire. I will wait here – wait till I die. Go!'

He covered his face with his hands and would not listen; and when he looked up again they were two twinkling stars, that vanished in the distance.

And the long, long night rolled on.

All who leave the valley of superstition pass through that dark land; but some go through it in a few days, some linger there for months, some for years, and some die there.' [...]

At last for the hunter a faint light played along the horizon, and he rose to follow it; and he reached that light at last, and stepped into the broad sunshine. Then before him rose the almighty mountains of Dry-facts and Realities. The clear sunshine played on them, and the tops were lost in the clouds. At the foot many paths ran up. An exultant cry burst from the hunter. He chose the straightest and began to climb; and the rocks and ridges resounded with his song. They had exaggerated; after all, it was not so high, nor was the road so steep! A few days, a few weeks, a few months at most, and then the top! Not one feather only would he pick up; he would gather all that other men had found – weave the net – capture Truth – hold her fast – touch her with his hands – clasp her!

He laughed in the merry sunshine, and sang loud. Victory was very near. Nevertheless, after a while the path grew steeper. He needed all his breath for climbing, and the singing died away. On the right and left rose huge rocks, devoid of lichen or moss, and in the lava-like earth chasms yawned. Here and there he saw a sheen of white bones. Now too the path began to grow less and less marked; then it became a mere trace, with a footmark here and there; then it ceased altogether. He sang no more, but struck forth a path for himself, until it reached a mighty wall of rock, smooth and without break, stretching as far as the eye could see. 'I will rear a stair against it; and, once this wall climbed, I shall be almost there,' he said bravely; and worked. With his shuttle of imagination he dug out stones; but half of them would not fit, and half a month's work would roll down because those below were ill chosen. But the hunter worked on, saying always to himself, 'Once this wall climbed, I shall be almost there. This great work ended!'

At last he came out upon the top, and he looked about him. Far below rolled the white mist over the valleys of superstition, and above him towered the mountains. They had seemed low before; they were of an immeasurable height now, from crown to foundation surrounded by walls of rock, that rose tier above tier in mighty circles.

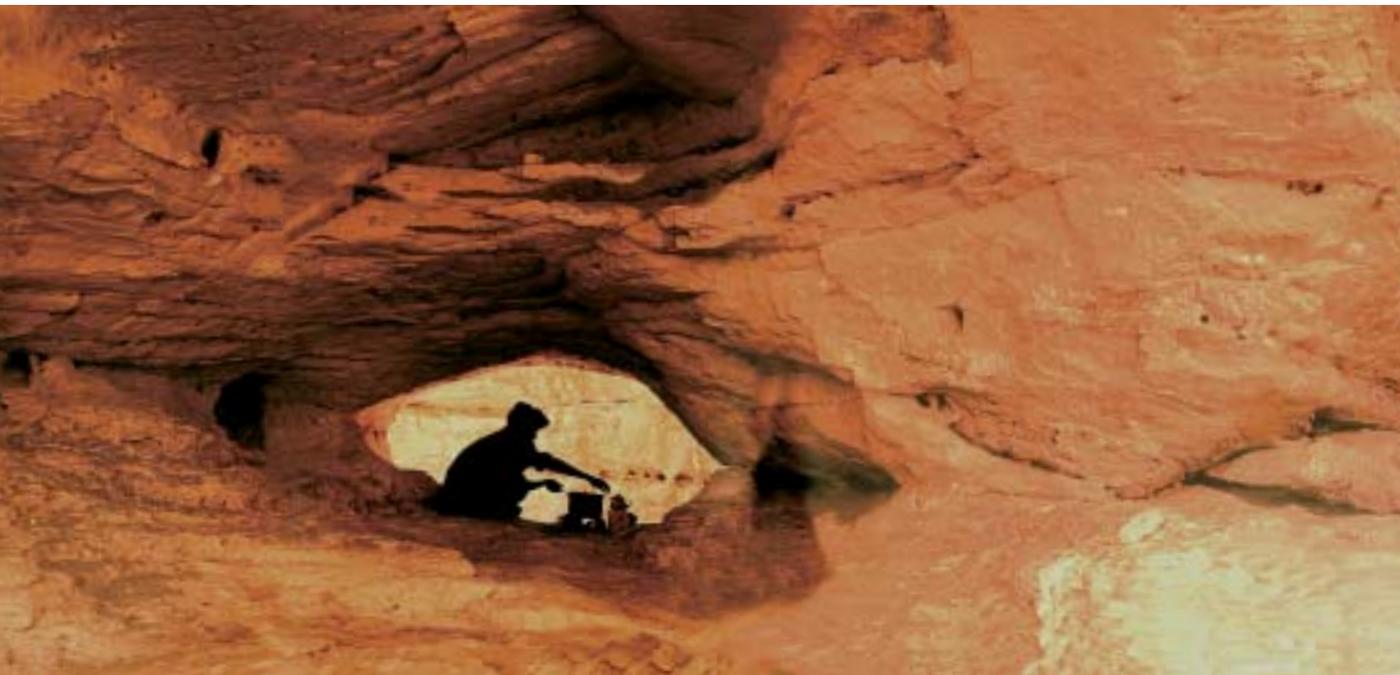
Upon them played the eternal sunshine. He uttered a wild cry. He bowed himself on to the earth, and when he rose his face was white. In absolute silence he walked on. He was very silent now. In those high regions the rarefied air is hard to breathe by those born in the valleys; every breath he drew hurt him, and the blood oozed out from the tips of his fingers. Before the next wall of rock he began to work. The height of this seemed infinite, and he said nothing. The sound of his tool rang night and day upon the iron rocks into which he cut steps. Years passed over him, yet he worked on; but the wall towered up always above him to heaven. Sometimes he prayed that a little moss or lichen might spring up on those bare walls to be a companion to him; but it never came.

And the years rolled on; he counted them by the steps he had cut – a few for a year – only a few. He sang no more; he said no more: 'I will do this or that' – he only worked. And at night, when the twilight settled down, there looked out at him from the holes and crevices in the rocks strange wild faces.

'Stop your work, you lonely man, and speak to us,' they cried.

'My salvation is in work, if I should stop but for one moment you would creep down upon me,' he replied. And they put out their long necks further.

'Look down into the crevice at your feet,' they said. 'See what lie there – white bones! As



brave and strong a man as you climbed to these rocks.' And he looked up. He saw there was no use in striving; he would never hold Truth, never see her, never find her. So he lay down here, for he was very tired. He went to sleep forever. Sleep is very tranquil. You are not lonely when you are asleep, neither do your hands ache, nor your heart.

And the hunter laughed between his teeth.

'Have I torn from my heart all that was dearest; have I wandered alone in the land of night; have I resisted temptation; have I dwelt where the voice of my kind is never heard, and laboured alone, to lie down and be food for you, ye harpies?'

He laughed fiercely; and the Echoes of Despair slunk away, for the laugh of a brave, strong heart is as a death blow to them.

Nevertheless they crept out again and looked at him.

'Do you know that your hair is white?' they said, 'that your hands begin to tremble like a child's? Do you see that the point of your shuttle is gone? It is cracked already. If you should ever climb this stair,' they said, 'it will be your last. You will never climb another.'

And he answered: 'I know it!' and worked on.

The old, thin hands cut the stones ill and jaggedly, for the fingers were stiff and bent. The beauty and the strength of the man was gone.

At last, an old, wizened, shrunken face looked out above the rocks. It saw the eternal mountains rise with walls to the white clouds; but its work was done.

The old hunter folded his tired hands and lay down by the precipice where he had worked away his life. It was the sleeping time at last. Below him over the valleys rolled the thick white mist. Once it broke; and through the gap, the dying eyes looked down on the trees and fields of their childhood. From afar seemed borne to him the cry of his own wild birds, and he heard the noise of people singing as they danced. And he thought he heard among them the voices of his old comrades; and he saw far off the sunlight shine on his early home. And great tears gathered in the hunter's eyes.

'Ah! They who die there do not die alone,' he cried.

Then the mists rolled together again; and he turned his eyes away.

'I have sought,' he said, 'for long years I have laboured; but I have not found her. I have not rested, I have not repined, and I have not seen her; now my strength is gone. Where I lie down worn out other men will stand, young and fresh. By the steps that I have cut they will climb; by the stairs that I have built they will mount. They will never know the name of the man who made them. At the clumsy work they will laugh; when the stones roll they will curse me. But they will mount, and on my work; they will climb, and by *my* stair! They will find her, and through me! And no man lives to himself and no man dies to himself.'

The tears rolled from beneath the shrivelled eyelids. If Truth had appeared above him in the clouds now he could not have seen her, the mist of death was in his eyes.

'My soul hears their glad step coming,' he said, 'and they shall mount! they shall mount!' He raised his shrivelled hand to his eyes.

Then slowly from the white sky above, through the still air, came something falling, falling, falling. Softly it fluttered down, and dropped on to the breast of the dying man. He felt it with his hands. It was a feather. He died holding it.

'How did you know it?'

The boy had shaded his eyes with his hand. On the wood of the carving great drops fell. 'How did you know it?' the boy whispered at last. 'It is not written there – not on that wood. How did you know it?'

'Certainly,' said the stranger, 'the whole of the story is not written here, but it is suggested. And the attribute of all true art, the highest and the lowest, is this – that it rays more than it says, and takes you away from itself. [...] There is nothing so universally intelligible as truth. It has a thousand meanings, and suggests a thousand more.'

He turned over the wooden thing. [...] 'It is the soul that looks out with burning eyes through the most gross fleshly filament. [...] All true facts of nature or the mind are related. Your little carving represents some mental facts as they really are.'

'All my life I have longed to see you,' the boy said.

From: Olive Schreiner. *The Story of an African Farm*, Part 2, ch. 11, 1883. This fragment has been taken from: [http://www.gutenberg.org/catalog/world/readfile?fk\\_files=38001](http://www.gutenberg.org/catalog/world/readfile?fk_files=38001)

Olive Schreiner (1855-1920, author of *From Man to Man* and *Woman and Labour*) is considered one of the founders of South-African literature. As a governess on Afrikaner farms, she began writing *The Story of an African Farm*, a peak from South-African literature.

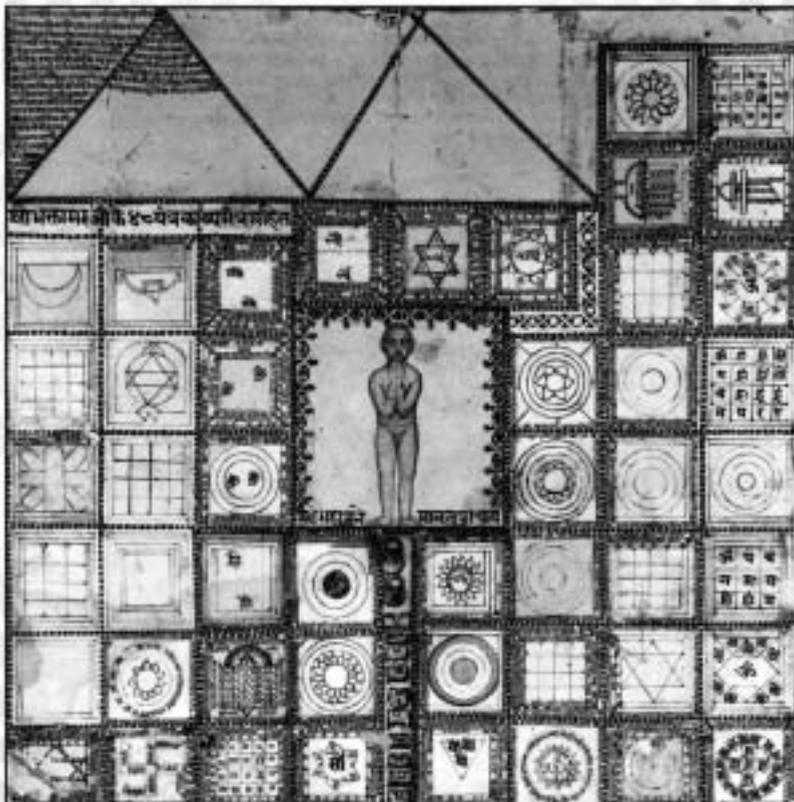
# THE UNVEILING OF HIDDEN WISDOM

Hardly anyone can ignore that the book market has been swamped with what we could call religious thrillers for some time now. People are fascinated by hidden wisdom, coded messages, secret societies and mysterious powers. Apart from the fact that in these books also gruesome murders have to be solved, secret codes and societies are invariably playing a role. Cryptic symbols from the past provide the right clues, and secret brotherhoods eventually reveal their last secrets. In addition, also forgotten manuscripts and vanished relics are traced, like the ark and the grail. The unveiling of hidden wisdom, the investigation of criminals and their motives, almost unnoticed turn into the report of a quest for a distant, historic past, while during

the progress of the investigation the reader has the impression of simultaneously being initiated into the spiritual backgrounds of life.

Thus we become acquainted with all kinds of matters concerning the origins of the established religions.

We discover how much of the original knowledge has been lost over time and how history has been deliberately distorted. Clerical and secular authorities consciously withheld important facts about life, since history is always written by the winners and not by the losers. Everyone agrees on this today. In Christianity, the losers were the so-called heretics, namely the Gnostics, Manichaeans, Bogomils, Cathars and many others. Through reading, our view of





history changes radically, and other aspects of the truth gradually come to light. During our literary adventure, it seems that the hidden truth is unveiled, and together with the plot of the thriller, also the goal of the personal quest of the members of those groups comes within reach.

If this expectation was raised in countless popular esoteric works for a long time, it is now aptly advanced by the thriller genre: it alludes to a deep longing for original wisdom, for the revelation of the last secrets. This nourishes the illusion that the truth can actually be found and revealed in the simple way described, that it may be attained through objective scientific research and the journalistic search for evidence. Yet, the true inner secret will always escape from any external quest. In this way, only the shells, the lifeless forms of what envelops the truth will be found, but never the living truth itself, because the truth comes *into* our world, but is not *of* this world, it cannot be found there.

In his book *The Chinese Gnosis*, Jan van Rijckenborgh asks with good reason, 'For surely, is it not delusion to content yourself with caricatural reflections of the Light? Surely, would it not be much better to seek the Light itself?'<sup>21</sup> Of course, it is bewildering that something of true wisdom, of the one Light, is reflected in all this uncovered and unveiled wisdom.

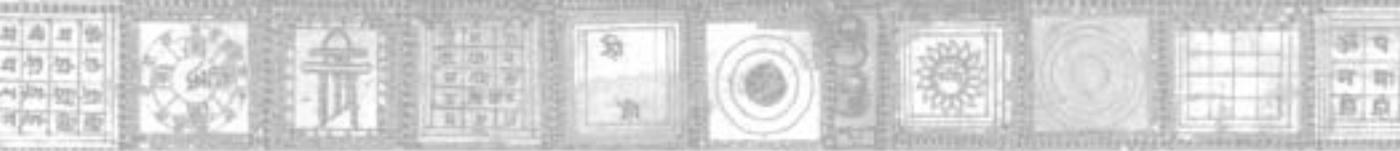
It is clear that these modern thrillers, like many of the old myths and fairytales, contain reflections of the spiritual quest, though unwittingly, allegorically, without the author being fully aware of it or experiencing it consciously. Is the historical thriller in itself not an allegory of the spiritual quest?

Although different from a thrilling book, which describes a fictitious crime and its solution, a real incident happened on a spiritual level at the beginning of time, which involved the whole of humanity, and which must be neutralised by the human being who, having become conscious, removes the cause of suffering and toiling 'in the sweat of his face'.

This 'incident', which words can hardly describe, is referred to as a fall. The primordial human being, generated from the original divine unity, arrogantly called up counterforces which drew him into a totally different development.

On the path to the restoration of the glory of the divine human being and the ultimate entrance into the divine mystery, countless obstacles appear which have to be removed courageously. On this path, expanding insight, intense longing for truth and personal commitment are required, by which our own life is being weighed. All of this occurs in the hard reality of life, in which external events symbolise what is happening on the inner plane, just as this is often the case in novels. As in a thriller, all pieces of the puzzle gradually begin to fit for a human being who follows this path, and all insights converge as concentric circles around the one truth. And also in this development, the inner quest has a 'happy end' or as the Cathars called it, a 'good end'. Sufficient similarities, therefore, to become confused.

In quite a few of these books, there are casual references to supposedly historical facts, and often more concretely to a hidden treasure, the treasure of the Knight-Templars, of Solomon, the Cathars etc. This treasure is then looked for in places which themselves have been the object of many legends for centuries, such as Glastonbury, Rosslyn, Rennes-le-Château and others. Sometimes, the treasure is seen as something very material and also Jesus' burial temple becomes part of the storyline and his remains are being sought. Currently, it is very popular to believe in the survival of Jesus' bloodline to our time. In a number of books, the storyline is built around this topic: Jesus as a historic figure and a dynasty of royal descendants which is often called the grail family. In this context, the appearance of the figure of Mary Magdalene is inevitable. She is referred to as Jesus' companion or wife. To substantiate this hypothesis, appropriate passages from the Bible or mediaeval legends are



quoted. Mary Magdalene serves as the figure-head of a feminist Bible interpretation that wishes to correct the outdated, one-sided patriarchal interpretation. She is often the central figure in the modern quest for the grail. In this context, the term 'grail' is not derived from 'san graal' but from 'sang real', which means royal blood. When unveiling this mystery, often references are made to the gnostic gospels like, for example, the *Pistis Sophia* and the *Gospel of Mary* with the aim of presenting Mary Magdalene as Jesus' beloved who 'was kissed by him on her mouth'.

And thus we reach, if we lack insight into the processes within and around us, delicate and dangerous territory. We are confronted with a sort of 'fertility wisdom' which regards the union of the male and female body not just as a symbol but actually as the key towards higher spiritual insight.

This refers to the notion that a marriage or the physical union of Jesus and Mary must necessarily be celebrated in order to take humanity along in the mystery of salvation, which is obviously in contradiction with the Roman Catholic teachings. And it refers to the idea that this secret knowledge is passed on by secret brotherhoods from one generation to the next. Compared with this, the mystery schools see marriage as a unique symbol for the alchemical union that can be realised in *every* human being, so that through the inner union of male and female the notion of separation is nullified. Nothing less than the divine spirit and the human soul are united, which is so profoundly described in Johann Valentin Andreae's masterpiece.

In the *Gospel of Mary*, Mary Magdalene is 'Jesus' companion, i. e., the newborn soul which, liberated from the influences of transience and focused on the powers of imperishability, lives in an intimate union with the bridegroom, the spirit, embodied by Jesus.<sup>22</sup>

The 'religious thrillers' hardly ever commu-

nicate that the secret of the grail, the secret of the holy matrimony of the new human being, cannot be realised by continuing the line of development of the old nature. A new, divine nature must definitely break through. And this becomes possible only when the drive of the old blood – self-maintenance driven to extremes – is and remains neutralised and no longer manifests itself. However, this 'crucial' break is missing if Jesus is linked to Mary in a natural union and they bless humanity with royal descendants, as it is sometimes expressed.

In the Christian mystery of salvation, the old human being – in everybody! – first dies on the cross of this world before the new man can arise from the dead. This central gnostic truth vaporises into a false historic truth, which only appeals to the modern human being when he does not hear or want to hear the imperative demand for self-reformation and his imagination runs wild. It must be plainly stated that we can only partake of this mystery, when we are prepared to give up any personal mystifications. For the inner kingdom, there is no royal bloodline on the basis of natural birth. The opposite is true: only rebirth brings this new kingdom of the spirit closer. But then man himself has become king-priest and heir of the grail. Only in this way, the secret wisdom is revealed to us. 'It is the Spirit himself bearing witness with our spirit that we are children of God, and if children, then heirs, heirs of God and fellow heirs with Christ, provided we suffer with him in order that we may also be glorified with him.' (Romans 8:16-17)

The secret of the grail slumbers unconsciously and deeply in our collective memory. It is the actual nucleus of wisdom, hidden behind romanticised grail legends that are projected in the past and behind religious thrillers as their modern successors. He who fathoms this nucleus and releases the inner, hidden wisdom will also understand why our time is yearning for spiritual renewal. He or she sees how people

express this in all kinds of artistic creations, in which this secret is present, so that the seeker is touched by it, regardless of how trivial, profane and deformed it may be.

While others still need codes or keys not directly referring to it, the true seeker of the grail no longer has the delusion that he would be able to experience reality through its external manifestation. This would rather distract him from his quest for inner knowledge. He experiences it as something that is placed outside the human being in a sensational way. He rather does not stop at seeking traces of a historic king-saviour and his possible heirs, who might liberate humanity through their natural blood heritage. On the basis of his newborn consciousness, he knows of the imminent birth of a royal child within his own human system.

Liberating light forces are released in the blood of everyone who opens himself to them. They are *the* 'passport' for every human being and not only for the chosen hereditary nobility of a large grail family. In this process, the murderous characters appearing in the thriller symbolise the counterforces in our own self. They are the counterforces that try to prevent any spiritual ascent, any higher union and thwart the new birth of the Light. A new directness of the soul, however, is the grail cup that will receive the pure, spiritual nourishment.

This is the true hidden wisdom. It can only be found on the bottom of our own heart. It is not found in a yellowed manuscript, which is dug up in an underground crypt or in a material treasure dug up from under the altar of an old church. Opening our heart to the wisdom lying not outside but within us means tearing the veils that cover the heart. To the curious seeker, this wisdom remains inaccessible and veiled, like to the Pharisees who possessed the key to the kingdom, but did not use it (as the Gospel of Thomas relates) and withheld it from others. He who becomes inwardly silent, will be found by the truth – and will find the truth. It is the truth,

the hidden wisdom, which liberates him of his veils, takes the covering from his eyes and shows itself to him directly and unveiled. 'At that time Jesus declared, 'I thank you, Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that you have hidden these things from the wise and understanding and revealed them to babes.' (Matthew 11:25)

As soon as the true seeker of the grail has understood this, he will sell his books to a second-hand bookshop. He no longer needs the tall stories of someone else's heroic deeds. He has understood the veiled message and is now writing the story of his own life, in which his inner being surrenders to the 'new man'. This is the prologue and the epilogue, the past and the future of the main figure in the thriller of his own life.

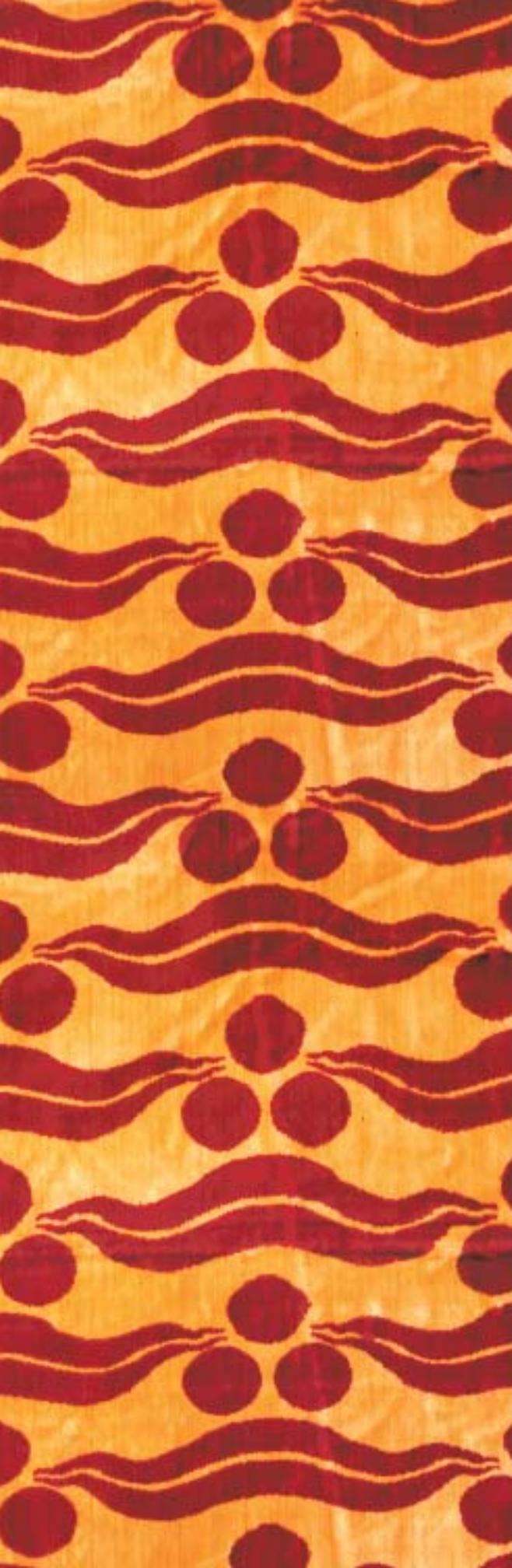
He is the new man, the victor in the personal struggle between good and evil, between light and darkness. He definitively turns over the page of the old life and opens the book of the new life.

#### NOTES:

<sup>1</sup> Jan van Rijckenborgh, Catharose de Petri, *The Chinese Gnosis*, Rozekruis Pers, Haarlem, 1996, p. 181.

<sup>2</sup> *Over de kennis die verlicht. Het Evangelie van de Waarheid en Het Evenagelie naar Maria* (On the knowledge that illuminates. The Gospel of Truth and The Gospel of Mary), with an introduction by K Dietzfelbinger. Rozekruis Pers, Haarlem, 1995, p. 42.

The patterns to 'From Hermes' School' (pages 4, 22 and 37) have been taken from 14<sup>th</sup>-17<sup>th</sup>-century textiles from the Ottoman Empire.



## FROM THE SCHOOL OF HERMES III

The love that creates life

*The love that creates life  
I will offer up the praise in my heart  
as I pray to the end  
of the Universe and the beginning of the  
beginning,  
to the object of man's quest,  
the immortal discovery,  
the begetter of light  
and truth,*

*the sower of reason,  
the love  
of immortal life.*

*No hidden word  
will be able to speak about you, Lord.*

*Therefore my mind wants  
to sing a hymn to You daily.*

*I am the instrument of Your Spirit,  
Mind is Your plectrum.*

*And Your Counsel plucks me.  
I see myself!*

*I have received power from You,  
for Your love  
has reached us.*

The treatise of  
the eighth and the ninth heavenly spheres, § 50.  
Quoted from:  
*Hermes Trismegistus*, p. 71.

# LIKE A CHILD TAKING ITS FIRST STEPS

*A few fragments from the addresses given during a symposium held in 2006 at Conference Centre Christianopolis in Birnbach.*

The historian Jacob Slavenburg distinguishes six stages of human consciousness. Initially, he focuses on the relationship of human beings with the divine. He describes the continuously increasing crystallisation and attachment to matter, as well as the related, simultaneous alienation of the human being from the divine. He describes this current stage as follows:

‘The human being has ensnared himself so deeply to the material aspect of his consciousness that he no longer knows anything of the Spirit, of the spiritual consciousness. He has literally become godless.’ And he continues:

‘A leap of consciousness is possible when a human being becomes conscious of his spiritual nucleus again.’<sup>21</sup>

It is remarkable that at the beginning of the so-called age of industrialisation, the eighteenth century, the German author and philosopher Herder propagated the following:

‘The human being alone is in conflict with himself and the earth, for the most developed creature of all organisms is at the same time the least developed one with regard to his own new faculties, even if he wanders about the world full of life. The reason is obviously that his state, the last one of this earth, is at the same time the first one of another existence, in which he manifests himself like a child taking his first steps. He must therefore represent two worlds at the

same time, and this accounts for the apparent twofoldness.’<sup>22</sup>

What matters in a gnostic sense is to recognise the human twofoldness.

The planetary radiation forces of the dawning Age of Aquarius have an ever more intense effect on current humanity. The active energies of the current period are certainly a driving factor, but in themselves, they are not yet liberating. This absolutely requires the reaction, the conscious cooperation of the human being, as a decision of the free will.

Time appears to pass quicker and the feeling of being driven on becomes ever stronger. People expect of life that their ideas are immediately realised, according to the slogan: I want everything, and I want it now! Usually, the results do not meet their expectations or fulfil their desires, at least not in the long run. Currently, there are great opportunities to gain insight into the true coherence of the divine plan, driving behind the world and humanity. This growing loss of orientation sharpens our view and everything is being questioned that gave us support until now.

- What is still enduring, what is still valuable, what do I really possess?
- What can I still acknowledge as right, and who will acknowledge me?
- Am I in control or am I influenced beyond my control?
- What is the meaning of my thinking and feeling?
- What should I want so that I can act in the right way?

By asking these questions, a process of self-knowledge can begin and deeper knowledge of the world can be gained.

Unveiling the mystery of life can then become the true purpose of life. Our time with its confusing diversity can then become the womb for the new experiencing of what is spiritual, divine.

J van Rijckenborgh, one of the founders of the Spiritual School of the Golden Rosycross, explained in 1965: 'From the struggle in pure yearning, the Light will be born, and *that* is self-realisation, the great work. It is the *Mysterium Magnum*.'<sup>3</sup>

Gnostics do not seek self-realisation in this world, because it is transient, bound to time and space. Even if the Age of Aquarius is considered a helping factor in the divine plan, it will not liberate the human being from his captivity in space and time. Only turning inwardly, raising ourselves above the laws of this world, taking the decision wholly to devote ourselves to returning to the origin, opens the possibility of taking the step to a higher dimension. It is the turning point that the French author Marcel Proust (1871-1922) expressed as follows: 'But precisely at the moment when all seems lost, a sign reaches us that can save us. One has repeatedly knocked on all the gates leading nowhere, yet on the one through which one can enter and which one has searched for a hundred years in vain, one pounds without knowing, and this is the one that opens.'<sup>4</sup>

This door opens for every human being, after he has gained sufficient experience and has developed insight. By walking through this gate, he is confronted with insight and a never-ending revelation: the fullness of the Gnosis.

Once again, we have arrived at a periodic change, this time the transition from the Age of Pisces to the Age of Aquarius. The Christ power, the divine energy, again radiates reinforced into this world in order to stimulate the process of human genesis. This is clearly depicted in

the image of the Waterbearer, holding a jug from which the living water, the divine spirit, is poured out over the world. This water of life penetrates the barrenness of our old consciousness and gives us insight into the course of the birth process of a totally other life principle within us.

Birth, a child, implies growth. However, merely biological adulthood does not imply deification. Something else has to grow, namely the living, spiritual nucleus in the centre of our microcosm. It can only develop in a spiritual process of the soul. In a work about the Cabala, the Jewish mysticism, Heinrich E. Benedikt writes:

'It is a symbol of the pure soul that, begotten through the grace of the Holy Spirit, the divine spark, gives birth to the divine child in one's own inner being.'<sup>5</sup>

Only a human being, who is prepared to liberate himself from the self-preservation of the transient world, can find the new soul. And in its turn, it gives the power to live life in a new way. J van Rijckenborgh writes about the structure of the new soul:

'Then an entirely different system of force lines will be formed, outwardly in the image of the ordinary personality, but infused and irradiated by completely different streams of life... A new temple arises, a threefold temple as to consciousness, soul and body, a physical body not in the gross shape of our nature, but in the refined shape of a new nature [...]'<sup>6</sup> In the new soul, a universal consciousness unfolds. Its lustre is reflected in the consciousness of the human being who follows this path. He is healed of his blindness, and then sees with new eyes, as it is so colourfully expressed in the New Testament. The awakening of the soul turns him into a New Man.

NOTES:

- <sup>1</sup> Jacob Slavenburg, *Een sleutel tot gnosis. Inzicht in de betekenis van de Nag Hamadi-vondst voor de mens van nu* (A key to gnosis. Insight into the significance of the Nag Hamadi finds for current humanity). Deventer, Ankh-Hermes, 3<sup>rd</sup> edition.
- <sup>2</sup> Johann Gottfried Herder, *Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit* (Ideas on the philosophy of human history), Book VII, Part I. Darmstadt, Melzer, 1966.
- <sup>3</sup> Catharose de Petri and J van Rijckenborgh, *The mighty signs of God's counsel*, Rozekruis Pers, Haarlem, 2000, p.42.
- <sup>4</sup> Marcel Proust, *Au recherche du temps perdu* (The quest for the lost time). Quoted in Pentagram 2005, no. 5, p.25.
- <sup>5</sup> Heinrich E. Benedikt: *Die Kabbala als jüdisch-christlicher Einweihungsweg* (The Cabala as Jewish-Christian path of initiation), 12<sup>th</sup> edition. Ansata, Munich, 2003.
- <sup>6</sup> Jan van Rijckenborgh: *The Coming New Man*. Rozekruis Pers, Haarlem, 1957, p. 269.

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