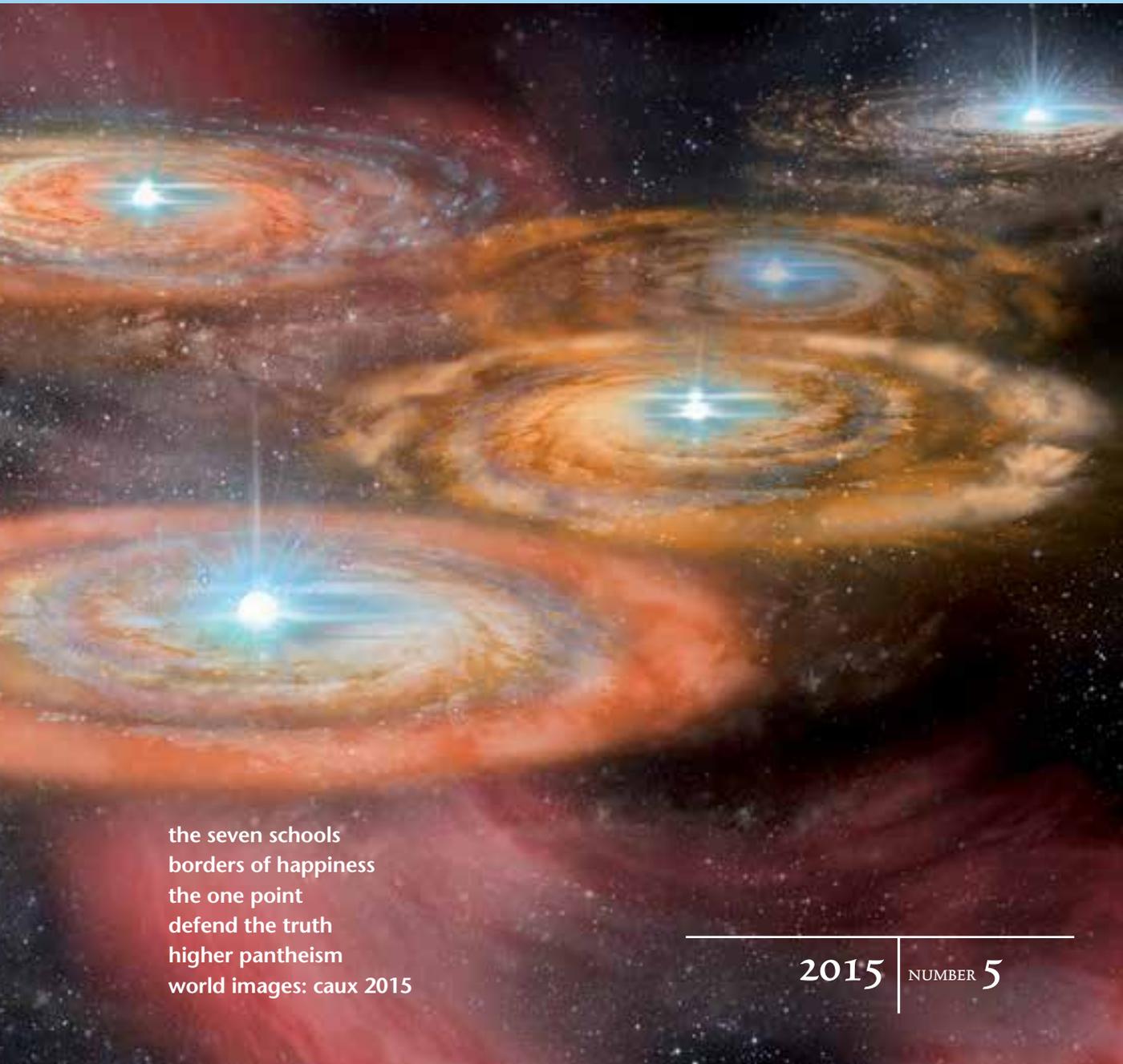


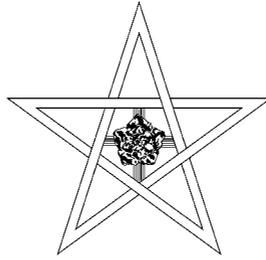
pentagram

Lectorium Rosicrucianum



the seven schools
borders of happiness
the one point
defend the truth
higher pantheism
world images: caux 2015

2015 | NUMBER 5



Journal of the International School of the Golden Rosycross Lectorium Rosicrucianum

The periodical **pentagram** intends to draw the readers' attention to a new era in the development of humanity.

In all times, the pentagram symbolises the reborn human being, the new man. The pentagram also symbolises the universe and its eternal genesis, through which the divine plan is manifested.

A symbol receives its current value when it drives to realisation. The human being who realises the pentagram in his microcosm, his small world, has entered the path of transfiguration. The periodical **pentagram** invites the reader to enter this new era by accomplishing an inner, spiritual revolution.

The periodical Pentagram is published on a bimonthly basis in Dutch, German, French, English, Hungarian, Spanish and Portuguese. On a quarterly basis Pentagram is published in Bulgarian, Czech, Finnish, Greek, Italian, Polish, Russian, Slovak and Swedish.

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pentagram

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It has always been stated that the true esoteric tradition, in the sense of the liberation of the soul figure in the human being, or in other words becoming an inhabitant again of the kingdom of Heaven, can only be effectively realised via the true schools of the Gnosis. For any amount of reading and studying shall not avail us if we do not realise enough of an inner ability to cross the threshold that separates us from the perception of the truth, and if we not practise *living* the Way, the Way that is eternally protected by the 'bearers of the Path'. The Way is extraordinary. It is a way that both begins and ends with 'not-knowing'. Which begins with humility and ends with even greater humility. Going the way we learn that we, as human beings are at the same time unique and similar. That we are just as exceptional as all the billions of stars in God's glorious firmament and at the same time are we unique in the experience of the One in our innermost centre and in each of the billions of cells surrounding that surround It. Without the bearers of the Path: - the aware ones, the guardians, the helpers, the universal brotherhood - not one step is possible. With them the Path is a broad highway toward the true reality that surrounds our planet!



Cover: Extreme bright proto-stars, 100 million times stronger than the sun, in the form of spirals of our yet young universe. Artist's impression © Shantanu Basu, University of Western Ontario, Canada

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the seven schools

J. van Rijckenborgh

In holy tradition there is a beautiful legend concerning the doctrine of twin souls. At the beginning of the development of the human life wave, its new life opened up sevenfold. Down seven rays the virginal spirits then descended into the school of experience. The seven spirits before the throne, the planetary spirits who in their turn were inspired by the twelve creative hierarchies that represent the signs of the zodiac, each prepared a certain group of human souls for the enormous evolution which we all have to undergo.

Thus it is that every human child has a father star, without knowing which star it is. Therefore, it is possible that in our surroundings or perhaps further afield we meet certain people or groups of people to whom we feel attracted. We feel intuitively that there are ties between us that kindle a light and engender joyful feelings. Something that lay dormant at the bottom of our deepest inner being and that has weathered the ages - an inner sense of recognition. We have then met a spiritual twin brother or sister - a twin soul. We have met a soul who belongs to the same star angel as we do. Alongside him or her we came forth from the same ray and in company with them we shall proceed, ever journeying onward and ever ascending until the end when we reach the Fatherland. There, at the zenith of our evolution, we will sing the seven-versed hymn of love and friendship, of self surrender and action.

The human life wave develops in seven different ways and this is why there are seven schools of initiation and why it is only possible for us to develop in the specific school that belongs to our ray.

It is only at the end of the journey, in the last

initiation, that the pupil on the Path will hear the name of his father star and will thus learn his lineage.

This will clarify how the seven schools are the direct manifestations of the seven rays, the seven planetary spirits, and the whole of humanity is guided towards initiation by means of these seven rays.

Thus it also becomes clear that everyone who yearns for salvation and pursues it with all he has, will be directed towards the school of the ray with which he has been connected from the very beginning.

Thus we see before us the life wave of humanity in seven groups spread out over the earth and bound harmoniously with inner ties. Before our inner eye we see the purpose of evolution, as it is for example, elucidated in the gospel of Matthew. But the way is difficult and lonely, and beset with opposition. And it is a path full of

Minai bowl depicting the seven planets (the sun in the centre was then defined as a planet). The image also symbolizes the sheikh as the worldly and spiritual centre with his loyal ministers around him. Persia, first half of the 13th century.

© Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, VS



Jan van Rijckenborgh and Catharose de Petri were the founders of the Spiritual School of the Golden Rosycross. They taught the methods of liberating the soul via the elucidation of original texts on the universal teaching and were a living example, following and practising these teachings in daily life.



difficulties and sorrow that leads through darkest night. And on this way humanity stumbles forward to reach the end.

Where

Ask a thousand times and you will receive a thousand different stories about a golden magic country on the other side, or a probable hereafter, dualistic in nature. It is either all glory or a burning hell fire. And in this one life it is a make-or-break situation for each individual et cetera. You are probably acquainted with these vague doctrines. And maybe, with us, you hear around you in the world the derisive laughter of the millions who know no way out, like lunatics in the straightjacket of our so called civilization, with its war budgets and the slaughterhouses for both the animal and the human life waves.

Above and within this writhing shines the Light

And man does not see it anymore or at most just some glimmering of it. The Light seems so far, so unreal. O yes, at the end of the way are the seven abodes. that we all, no one excepted, knew from the very beginning. But during the journey we forgot about them and we generally only see the realm of matter and our senses as our goal.

But look, there are seven lights that shine forth from the earth. They represent the seven ways to initiation and all are one, within and guided by the One Light.

And what about those who are concerned for the destiny of our brothers and sisters both in or outside the material world?

Those who really want to offer themselves on the altar of service; those who truly desire to help their fellow creatures to go the Path? They are permitted to ascend these seven rays to gather the knowledge and the power and





the wisdom to best fulfil their arduous task as co-workers in the vineyard.

And so we immediately understand the key to these seven schools: *a deep-seated tremendous desire to serve humanity, which is also the essence of the Universal Brotherhood.*

So we now know our task, our assignment. It does not entail a mystic's ecstasy, but an ordinary life of spiritual activity and self-sacrifice, down here in the realm of matter. Let the divine flames of enthusiasm and activity spring up within you. The vibration thus generated will spread outward for miles and cleanse the atmosphere of dark influences. But the picture that we are trying to draw is not yet complete. You might now think that the seven schools are separated from each other and that therefore the sense of separation might spring up in us that we so expressly pray to God to have it eradicated from us?

No, the seven schools are one

It must be acknowledged that many people at times slow down their progress on the Path by choosing a wrong direction. Above the seven schools is the abode of the All-Fulfiller, the White Light encompassing all the schools. It is the Christ, the Sun Spirit, who came down to us to make his dwelling among us, and who leavens the earth and us with his radiations. And so the apparent division shows itself to be a unity, and our own true nature shows itself to be in harmony with the inner image of the Bible – as the only school for the West and as a direct Path to Him, to the Light.

And thus it must be so that those who know of the Light know it not because of an outwardly learned lesson but because of the vista and the wide possibilities, which is the potentiality of their own being. These workers shall set out to bear witness to the Light and shall carry it to the places where it is most needed. ☸

borders of happiness

Thinkers, wise men, and many holy languages often say that we as people possess everything within us to be radiantly happy – or at the very least to become happy. What is failing us then that we apparently are not able to succeed in this respect, while all our striving is aimed towards the prospect of happiness?

Society has called a complete welfare state into existence in order to facilitate this striving. Jointly we submit ourselves to a sharp, but at the same time most efficient, marketing of happiness. We convince ourselves how much better we shall feel when we are buying. Not that we have become happier, it's more the other way around. Precisely the aspect that could make us happy is failing us. The key to happiness, the happiness factor, we have lost on the way. And now we are rather hopelessly looking for it again.

In earlier days blessedness, or beatitude, was something of a promise for the future. This happiness factor is rather recent though. In older days other interests played their part, in which happiness was not so much the focus, but what mattered was for instance obedience and virtue. And the reward for all that came much later, after death. You obtained eternal beatitude that made up for the things that you missed in your life. Life before death was an earthly vale of tears and you took up the labour of living in order to compensate or be punished for an original sin that someone else had once committed. But the times have changed and it is fortunate that they have. Now we have to be happy in the here-and-now without postponement. As a consequence, we experience a feeling of guilt because no matter how hard we try we seem unable to obtain true happiness for ourselves in this life.

Nowadays it is not so much labouring for our daily bread but rather working for the realisa-





The philosopher Wilhelm Schmid

has written several books on suffering and happiness e.g. *Happiness, why it is not the most important thing in life* (2011) and *Being unhappy. An encouragement* (2013). 'People often think that life should be entirely positive, in every detail. That is also the message of our mentality. But life also has its abysses. And once you dare to face those, only then you can really love everything in life and you are truly living.' With this statement he stands closely to the ideas of Arthur Schopenhauer, who states: 'If the most ob-

vious and direct goal of our life is not the suffering, then our existence is the most inappropriate thing in the world. For it is absurd to suppose that the endless suffering, coming forth from the so characteristic need of life, that fills the world, would be totally without purpose and purely accidental. Our sensitivity for pain is almost infinite, the one for delight utterly limited. Each separate unhappiness apparently seems to be an exception, but unhappiness in general is the rule.'



Michael Foley,

the Northern-Irish teacher of information technology, does not plead in his book *Absurd abundance. Why it is so difficult to become happy* (2012) that we should turn away from this absurd abundance, but to take a really good look at it and think about it. According to him the best remedy against all this abundance is the spiritual striving to lose oneself in God: the most intense experience of the self lies in the loss of one's self.

tion of our personal happiness. Happiness that you hope to bring closer by buying things but which you are pushing away all the time just by doing that. Is it not true that the only time we experience a transient moment of enjoyment is during the acquisition and unpacking of our purchases? At the same time this causes a feeling of guilt later on, because of our wardrobes full of unworn clothes, shelves full of unread books, and our stack of CD's that we hardly ever listen to.

Buying addiction No need to go out the door anymore. One mouse click suffices, while – by the way – your consumptive behaviour is monitored in detail. And with the help of neuroscience, flashing marketing messages artfully undermine our fictitious immunity against the danger of contamination. How many wrists will be proudly wearing the Apple Watch later on? In this way our buying addiction keeps us trapped in a treadmill of 'enjoyment-by-purchasing.' Possibly we live a more pleasant and easier life, but we may question whether it is also a happier life?

Laws of happiness? You have a right to happiness, they say, and all kinds of services provide us with what we allegedly have a right to possess. And if this is not successful, there are helpdesks to file your complaints though they almost collapse under the tyranny of their customers. For the 'constructible' society guides our birth, our life and our death until our very last breath and leaves nothing to coincidence. But... even though we start a lawsuit every other minute because we feel we are being treated discourteously, it appears to become more difficult all the time to point out the guilty party. In the end we are forced to accept a fundamental shortage of welfare and happiness, because eventually it appears to be impossible to fulfil each human desire for all individuals in an organised sense or to protect them from all possible mischief.

The art of being unhappy Spontaneously happy? Okay, but at the same time accept that this life also includes setbacks. And also realise that a person with an active mind never escapes from a certain feeling of anxiety. As well accept that according to our nature we are also often spontaneously unhappy and have forgotten the capability of dealing with it wisely! In the meantime studies of the brain have shown that positive experiences have a shorter impact on our mind than negative ones. And the ability to feel good deteriorates as we allow our attention to be continuously divided and let it pursue new stimuli all the time.

What is the effect of this on our brain then, when we are occupied with so many things at the same time? We are permanently reachable, always on-line, always in the virtual company of others. You get to view more and more all the time, you have to deal with more and more new impressions, you might well become addicted to the continuous excerpts of the daily news.

Can you still cope with all of this? Are you able to reflect upon everything that is occurring with an inner quiet and peace in the midst of all these continuous incentives?

Eventually the artificial ecstasy of blinding illusions only temporarily eases our pain of existence. There is always an end to our attempts to try to make more of our life than it simply is. Is it not time to claim our life for ourselves again, contrary to the present current? For in life, within that one life of ours, the one essential thing is being realised.

Maybe less fascinating and not as rich as it was in our dreams, but still all around us as both participants as well as observers of that which really matters. Not as shallow spectators of all kinds of fleeting projections, but as an inwardly concerned spectator of what is going on within our self!

Only in our own direct environment of life can we be truly present to truly live a life that is alternately joyous and hurting. A life therefore in which we allow room for temporary unhappiness or some failures. That life may be simple, or perhaps complicated and difficult, but it is always a real life, reality. It would already

be worth a great deal if we could accept this and not resist the reality that is. Then we shall suddenly change from seekers of happiness to seekers of sense, for whom life itself is the best school to learn about life.

How does the world function Thus we also discover that there is nothing wrong about life as it is – in fact it is the best, most instructive life that we could wish for. The acceleration of our life rhythm increases life's pressure and the stress that we experience. But the greater the psychological pressure is, the deeper the longing to become free of it. Of all things it is just our feverish desire for personal happiness that in this hectic life almost inevitably becomes the stepping stone towards the discovery of true happiness.

We see through the many foolish and false attachments and the effect of all this on our minds, and how our freethinking and acting have been paralysed for the benefit of others. It is true that our brain forms the correct *hardware* for happiness, but the *software* of short-sighted ego-programming does certainly play its tricks upon us. And no thinking exercises whatsoever will help you to get rid of those old patterns; you would only just etch in new habits. First let the current of life stream through your heart from that other source, the only-good, which cleanses you from all those foolish I-desires, all that bent and curved thinking. The peace and quiet, the depth and silence you then will experience, that alone already.... is so much.

The author Dirk De Wachter

states in his book *Borderline Times. The End of normality* (2012), that increasing numbers of people answer to the diagnosis of borderline these days, which is a direct result of our 'happiness society': "It is very difficult to feel even slightly bad in our happiness society. There is an exaggerated, a tall myth of happiness. Everything must be fantastic. Each day everything must be great. And this simply is not possible. Every now and then things are less fantastic. Every now and then you feel very disappointed. And it seems that we cannot cope very well with this."

HEART AND HEAD AS A UNITY Such an open heart, through which the source of *spiritual* happiness can fully flow, cannot but bring forth a new, creative thinking. It attunes you to the correct heart-brain coherence and freely and without forcing, a miracle will then take place within the inner sphere of our life. At last we can finally say 'yes' to our limited and finite existence without reservation; with both the heart and the head we will say 'yes' to everything we live through and have to learn, and our expectations become confluent with the life-stream in which we are standing. Then it appears that we have an abundance of moments of full consciousness, of worthwhile things to reflect upon, to contemplate the many things that are unveiled within the Light of an active heart and a newly polarised soul! At last the unlimited, perfect power of true happiness – as big as life itself – can touch us in the centre of our limited life. And you simply don't have time anymore for this limited old way of living: away with the changing moods, no more 'touches of emotions'

as Spinoza called them, but an uninterrupted, continuous consciousness of absolute being, and an absolute attention for the all-encompassing happiness of everyone, a universal consciousness.

HAPPINESS DISCOVERED Not on the outside, where *fata morgana's* and far-away castles in the air suggest a illusionary happiness, no, the true and absolute happiness lies within us. It lies in the hidden depths of the human soul. It never stops flowing towards your consciousness. Once you step aside, get out of the way only then can you become aware of it. For true inner happiness needs something completely different: not being present, no grabbing, no limitations and hemming in, but to allow full access to the transforming stream of life, filling even the tiniest particles with life, with prana. As soon as we do not want to own it, it will freely develop us into a new being, an eternally blessed, divine being. Within the paradise of our heart we discover the inner kingdom that we were looking for in vain in the labyrinth of the world. There we find the costly pearl for which the man in the well-known parable sold all his possessions. It is the long searched for transparent crystal of wisdom; it is the 'well-shaken, overflowing, abundant measure' that is then given into our lap: the happiness that we lost in ancient times but have found again. ☺



The Young Pupil's conference, held at Easter in Caux, Switzerland, had as its theme: "**From reincarnation to transfiguration.**" An appealing subject. In the table-openings the Young Pupils themselves gave their own perspectives on this theme. They were very much to the point, encouraging and transmitted their message clearly:



“To escape darkness it is necessary to direct one’s attention away from everything bad and negative and to focus on the Light. Only then it is possible to see that the Path can be full of light, joy and that there may be a deep spiritual connection with others. It fully depends on one’s focus. If you focus on the Light, your life will become lighter and easier. This is not a hope but a certainty, which can grow in each of us. In our daily life it is easy to forget this. [...] Focus on the Light and you will receive Light. Know that everything is exactly as it should be, and never forget that you are not alone in the struggle of this life. Just look around you. You are not alone.”

exploring boundaries to know freedom

Being wrapped up in loving arms feels safest for a child. Yet there are moments when the mother must 'put the child down'. It is the beginning of letting go and giving space. Almost as if lost the child then lies in what is to him an endlessly large cradle. Later on, when it gets stronger, the baby discovers how to wriggle itself upwards until its head touches the side of the cradle. Could this be a surrogate for the wall of the uterus? It seems once more to be searching for what it knows, the safe feeling of being surrounded as in: 'I feel boundaries, thus I am'.

AT HOME The Later the horizontal period of lying on the stomach or on the back is forever finished. The world of cradle and playpen enlarges itself to the living room and later the hallway, the stairs... It is intriguing how the child with full confidence, cheerfully goes on his exploratory expedition: first on hands and knees and later on both feet - exploring boundaries and moving them. Both the child and the parents are shifting boundaries, though. It seems as if the child is driven by a natural desire to explore and through that to learn and to grow. The parents also make discoveries but they want to guard and protect: 'Careful! Watch out...!' Where then is the trust? Why are they afraid that their child might fall, burn itself, or that it may become ill? The pediatrician says: 'Allow your child the experience, even if it is painful!'

IN THE FRESH AIR The little family is on the beach. It is a lovely day with lots of sunshine, sandcastles, and endless searching for seashells... But suddenly a shock: the child is gone. The parents look everywhere, calling out for the child, and then for the lifeguard. A calm voice says: 'Come, let's look in the direction from which the wind blows'
'Why?'
'Because the resistance of the headwind gives a child the feeling of 'a boundary'. This way it senses itself. Going with the wind's direction the child feels as if it is disappearing.'
And indeed, not long after, a little further on the

beach the little one walks bare-footed, perfectly calm with its cheeky little head in the wind.

AT SCHOOL The plump arms of the toddler and the dimples in its hands have turned into the boney arms and hands of a boy with fine mo-



EDUCATING... GIVING SPACE WHERE POSSIBLE,
SETTING BOUNDARIES WHERE NECESSARY



Children of the sea, by Josef Israëls., 1872 © Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam

Exhaling – giving space for discovery; allowing to fall and to get up. And inhaling – by setting boundaries and confrontation

toric skills. What a change from digging with bare hands in the wet sand of the beach or stirring a puddle of mud with a stick. Suddenly he must color and write neatly between the lines! And what does the adult do? He praises the child when he stays properly between the lines! What a limitation! Will he later on in his adult life ever have the courage to think ‘outside the box’?

IN THE CIRCLE OF FRIENDS When you encounter them, they all look alike. They don’t walk, they trudge. They do not sit, they slouch. As if they do not know what to do with their long arms and legs. And even if they would actually like to build a hut or climb a tree, they really won’t do it anymore. No way. They chill. With their mobile phones they are always within the reach of everybody– except for their parents for friends are more important. So on the one side they get caught in a the web of unspoken but often forced codes of their circle of friends. On the other hand one sees the youth longing so intensely for his own freedom, that he pushes strongly against all the boundaries set by the outside world. And the ‘chilling’ seems to be none other than a distraction for the ‘chaotic traffic’ in the head.

In the euphoria of his arrival the parents decide to educate him according to the principal of the breath: exhaling – where possible giving space for discovery: To excel, to be allowed to shine; to be allowed to dream; to be allowed to wish; to be allowed to fall and to get up. And inhaling – by setting boundaries; by offering safety; by posing demands; by confronting; by asking critical questions; and by letting him think about himself.

In practice the parent notices how difficult this is. He wants to guard his child... Against what? Against that which he himself is afraid of? The adolescent does not know that same fear. He is (for the time being) free of it. He or she is open to face life. For him or her it is one great adventure. It is a voyage of discovery whereby mostly feelings and intuition serve as the compass to decide on the course and by no means caution and the avoidance of risks. Are there high waves on the sea of life? Cool. Mom, don’t worry. Dad, this is my life.

And then there are the parents. It seems that the roles have been reversed. While he was once a child full of questions he now provokes reflection on their part:

‘Where is the nerve to live our life? Did we

delve into our hearts and have we found our deepest longing there, and do we dare following it? Or have we been caught in the sticky web social obligations and expectations? Have we been driven by fear, and in that way did we stay crawling around on the ground? Or dare we stand at the verge of our abilities and let go of the control and the (illusionary) safety? Do we have the gumption to spread our wings, forgetting our small selves for a minute and to give ourselves over to the infinite?’

And then they see it: They were breathing for their child. They inhaled and exhaled their own personal boundaries over their child. Of course, they also exhaled their own drive toward freedom. There existed within that respiration field a certain synchronicity in the safe family unit. But is that, although necessary, actually not something different from truly breathing freely? We only truly breathe in freedom when we are connected with the infinite. Generally, our breathing corresponds with our state of life. And subsequently we also exhale that state of life, limited and affirmed once more. The breath is certainly loaded with our good intentions, but also with our worries and fears. But how can you breathe unconditionally? How can you breathe the unlimited, the breath wherein everything is possible?

WITHIN ONESELF There comes a moment when the young person has gathered enough courage to break out of the restriction of the set bound-

aries even if only for a moment. Although still connected with the circle of friends around him, he now more and more chooses his own way – the way from the outer to the inner. Waterfalls of words make place for lakes of silence. In one way or another he seems to become more visible: The person who he had more or less hidden within himself, becomes more and more visible.

IN EVERYTHING More than ever the parent feels connected with this young man or woman. Not only as the father or mother, bound by the blood ties, but rather bound by a soul connection. The child’s exploration for freedom also exposes the limits and restrictions of the parents. The soul in search of a body did not come in vain into this world via these parents, just to join the same family for a time. The parents and the child are all on a voyage of discovery for something else which starts to breathe within them, the true self. When that true self takes its first breath and gives its cry of rebirth, a very peculiar breathing begins. A breathing wherein the unlimited continually seeks out the seemingly limited and then merges once more into itself, making everything possible. Creating, carrying and merging everything into one. ☸

the one point

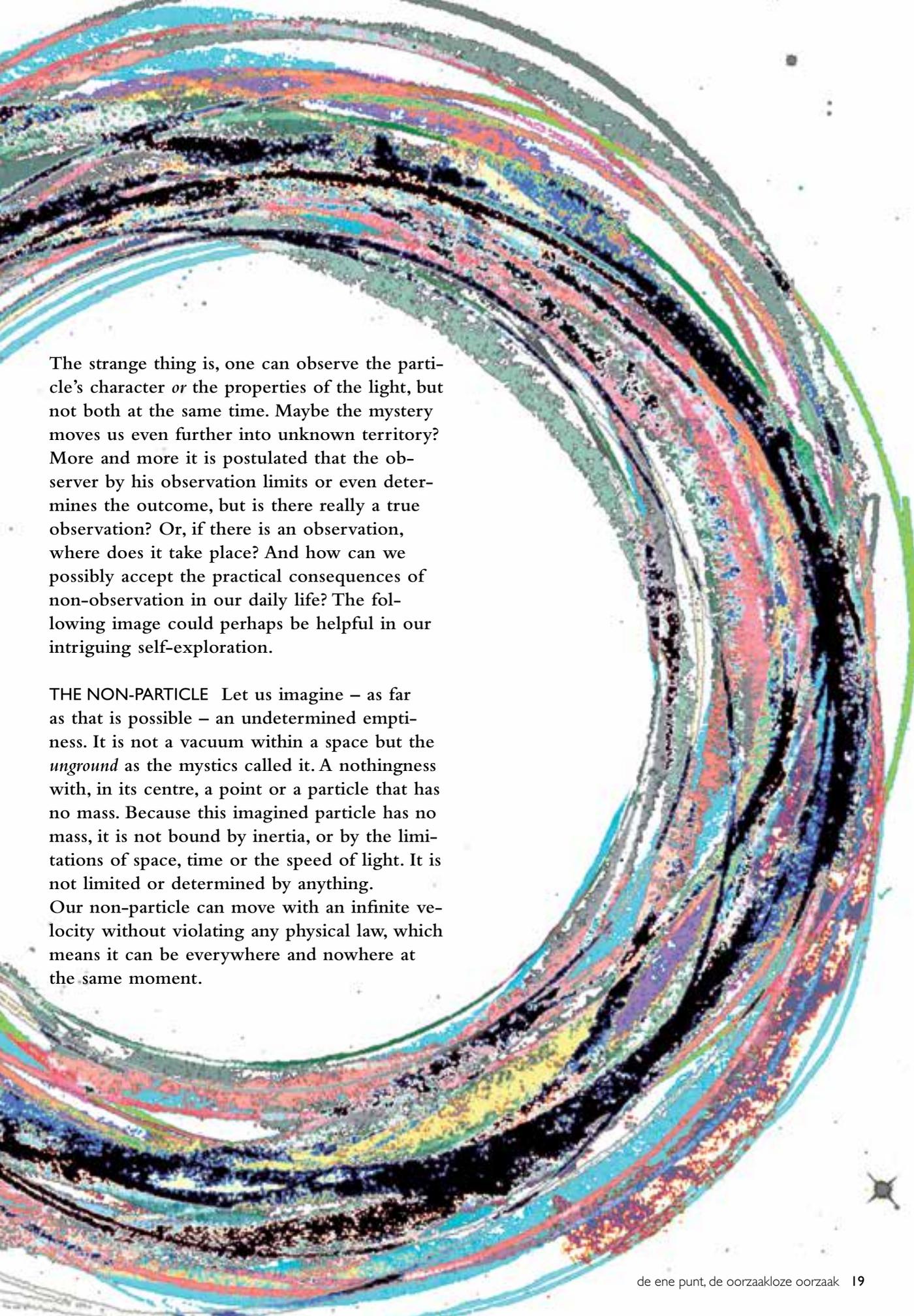
Nowadays we are more or less used to the idea that solid matter is not really solid – but energy. For most people this idea is a mental construction. In the same way we are used to the theory that the earth revolves around the sun but in practise the sun still rises in the east and sets in the west.

In the same vein, from our experience a chair, and the body that sits in it, are solid. This gives us the certainty of being anchored to a form and a place. The idea of particles with exotic sounding names like quarks and neutrinos, and the little strings in the string theory are the scientific approximation of a deep mystery and the reason why they fall under the term 'fundamental research'. These conceptual particles clearly do not refer to solid particles. We may rather view them as light-energy, although there are still varied ideas about this. Then there is the quantum theory with its curious direct relation between subatomic particles. For those who find the idea of the solid matter of the body in a chair as too narrow, present fundamental science is certainly interesting.

Does quantum physics blur the fundament of traditional science, which adheres to the distinction and separation between subject and the object? May physics actually have a non-dual character because of this theory? One could say that in this theory the separation is maintained but that the outcome of the experiments depends on what the researcher is looking for.

the causeless cause





The strange thing is, one can observe the particle's character *or* the properties of the light, but not both at the same time. Maybe the mystery moves us even further into unknown territory? More and more it is postulated that the observer by his observation limits or even determines the outcome, but is there really a true observation? Or, if there is an observation, where does it take place? And how can we possibly accept the practical consequences of non-observation in our daily life? The following image could perhaps be helpful in our intriguing self-exploration.

THE NON-PARTICLE Let us imagine – as far as that is possible – an undetermined emptiness. It is not a vacuum within a space but the *unground* as the mystics called it. A nothingness with, in its centre, a point or a particle that has no mass. Because this imagined particle has no mass, it is not bound by inertia, or by the limitations of space, time or the speed of light. It is not limited or determined by anything. Our non-particle can move with an infinite velocity without violating any physical law, which means it can be everywhere and nowhere at the same moment.

Emptiness is form, form is emptiness

THE UNKNOWABLE SOURCE It is not impossible that you, while reading this, will be bewildered and with a disbelief – while between the lines there may still be something that appeals to you. Do we allow your fixed mentality to persuade us otherwise? Where do we recognize ourselves in this example?

If we let the example of this particle work within us and then let go of it again, we go beyond our life's companions called mind and emotion. Where our mental understanding does not help us any further, we discover between the lines that not the personality, but this postulated particle is our true self! We then, for a moment are at one with this 'other self' and we see that all that appears to us does not come from something, but really from the *nothingness*.

Because 'something' is always an object and has always a shape. But the particle that is not a particle creates as a source of potential creativity the all-in-everything in one single moment. If this source is everything that is appearing and developing it will therefore also create our personality in time-space. But the source as the causeless cause still remains external.

In the Absolute, time and space when they make their appearance are therefore illusionary and can only be connected with our I, our ego. It is a personality experience, not a 'true self' experience. That means that we experience the always-new as consecutive moments, one after each other, and therefore as time - because our ego-experience is not capable of permanent-

ly staying in the always-new of our real self. The logical mind can certainly remember and understand all this as yet another theory, but it cannot really grasp it.

This may all be logical but it is a fact that a theory is only a theory and not a true experience.

Our reasoning brain that dominates our thinking is limited in its capacity. It can only handle minimal changes and experiences this always-new effect as something that stays almost stationary.

Therefore we imagine ourselves to be living a linear experience in time, whereas in actuality we are immediate, all encompassing and omnipresent.

OSCILLATING UNIVERSE In our example we discover the ancient belief of the oscillating universe which postulates how the universe and everything that is in it, disappears and reappears at every moment.

'The Sufi philosopher Jami wrote about this aspect:'

"This universe is constantly renewed in every moment and in every breath we take. Every moment the universe is abolished and another one that resembles it takes its place – but most people do not accept this. As a result of this rapid succession the observer is misled to believe that the universe is in permanent existence."

And Shabifari writes:

“The eternal and the temporal are not separated elements. They are like the waves and the ocean. They are inseparably one. If a rock falls in the ocean waves appear. The relative rises out of the absolute and falls back into it again. In this way we can see the three letters A-U-M as creation and abolishment in the infinite ocean.”

Or as stated in the Christian tradition:
“From me – through me – to me.”

SIMPLICITY The Divine manifests itself in an immeasurable multitude. But It is not complicated - it is only a here and now. The One is everything that needs to be.

The One is what Hermes describes as:
“The circle without circumference with a centre that is everywhere.”

Whereas a centre in this time-space continuum is always related to a circumference. Hermes speaks here about omnipresence. The point is the centre, that which *is* in everything. This unknowable One is the source of all life. It is the Self of God.

Every human being is in essence part of It, be it is in our innermost being. But this Depth is experienced by our ordinary mind as emptiness, a fathomless abyss, from which it recoils.

SICKENING CRAMP The anguish that we may experience from the emptiness in the beginning will in reality manifest itself as joy, as love emanating from the sparkling life that incessantly wells up from the fathomless abyss. This fear may be a sickening cramp that makes

us want to keep this new life at a distance so that we may have a continuous control over it. We may even hate this Life sometimes. We then separate Me and my life

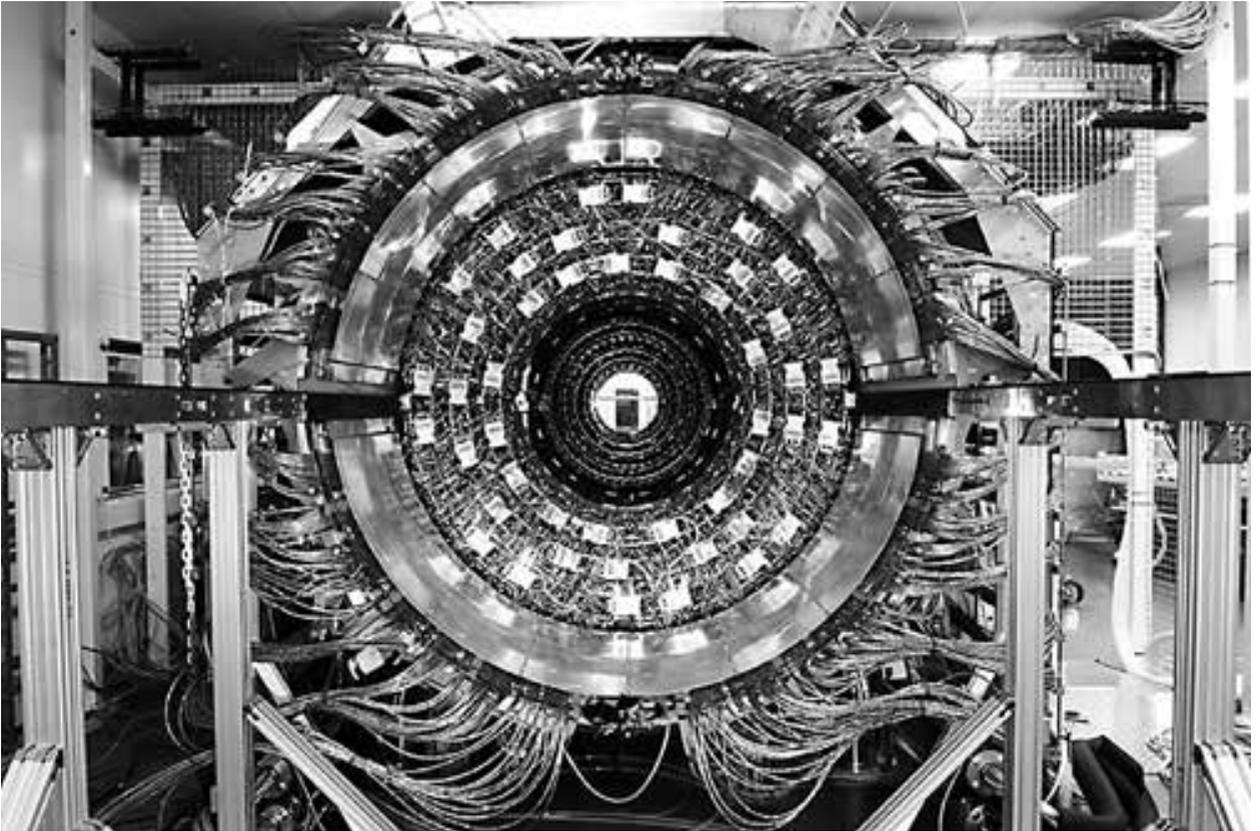
The new-life comes too close for comfort to see it for what it really is.

Still it is this Life that wells up from the depths, it is the Power by which every human being is supported – it is Love.

Out of the AUM emanates, as the initiation language has it, seven creative and primordial rays that descend into our existence in a golden ratio. Therefore we say that the no-particle follows a sacred geometric way. Something that we may visualise as a torus field, a field in the form of a ring, where from its kernel everything wells up whirling and then returns back again, like the beating of the heart of God.

“GOD DESIRES EXISTENCE
AND HE IS EXISTENCE”

In conjunction with this Hermes also says:
“It is more correct to say that God does not contain all creatures within Himself, but in truth that he Himself is all creation! He does not add something from outside to Himself, but emanates it out of his own Being and creates it all out of Himself. And this is the observation and thinking activity of God: the continuous movement of the All and there will never be a time when even some tiny thing that exists: that is, any part of God, will be lost because God keeps everything within Himself.



The inside of CERN's particle accelerator at Geneva, Switzerland

There is nothing outside of Him - He is in everything”.

Hermes states here that the source is not “something” from which something else comes into existence or wherein something appears. Because then existence would be exactly that dualism on which our mind likes to dwell so much.

I-PARTICLE In all this the personality behaves like a particle with a mind of his own but he is not. What we see is only the apparent unconscious play of a caricature I-particle. Of course every personality is unique and it appears as if the nothingness branches out in a multitude of personalities, all addicted to all kind of ‘some-

things’.

back in his heart the universe will disappear also.

This addiction to the ‘somethings’ is a very individual affair and every one of us is able to end this addiction. In this vein we cannot shift the responsibility for our addiction and the stopping of it to a postulated unity that would ultimately be responsible for the projection of that ‘something’.

But how do we now view the I, the ego, in a wider context? Hermes teaches us:

“The world is the first creation. Man is, after the world, the second living entity and the first

The universe appears as the dance emanating from the heart of Shiva. When he draws the dance back in his heart the universe will disappear also

among the mortals and with other living beings he has the soul element in common. There is a community of souls consisting of gods, of people and of life forms without reasoning.” Stated more simply: there are two appearances: nature and man – and both have a soul. Nature has for every group of her creatures a central soul. That is why one speaks of a group ensoulment. In contrast, every person has a soul of his own.

If we pick up our example of the particle again, it emits a spark, a splitting and a division in itself, while it still remains inseparably the original particle.

The particle seemingly divides into the multitude that we call humanity, where everyone possess his or her own spirit-spark. Every human is therefore in essence a potential god-like creature and immortal with regard to his innermost being.

This spark now engenders a consciousness fire. If we call the particle the absolute unknowable I, then this consciousness fire is the “I am”. In the inner tradition of Christianity we call this the spirit-soul spark or the son of the father. The unknowable father manifests Himself in the son.

ENERGY OF THE PARTICLES If the spark is kin-

dled into a consciousness fire, it will then in its turn enflame a soul fire in the personality.

Continuing with our example we could call this the particles-energy wherein the aforementioned golden ratio reveals all. This is the Spirit that makes everything anew, because It emerges from the Immediate. Traditionally this renewal is denoted by the holy, that is the whole-making, Spirit. That is why Christ says “Look, I make everything new” and invites us to allow this spirit entrance and to stand consciously in the immediate now. This spirit is then manifested in realized man; man in whom the unity of spirit, soul and body scintillates.

It is the self that walks the Path, a life that truly lives.

In a soul that has identified itself with a personality, the consciousness fire cannot directly enflame the soul.

Therefore a nature soul will take over this function. Within this nature soul a mental consciousness is developed so that we can observe but only in a limited scope. So a seemingly separate I-particle, an I-experience, appears in which an unconscious fear grows for the immediate life that is within us.

The experience of this world is not an individual or a private affair. It is a universal one.

In pure consciousness we may observe and experience objects undetermined and unconditioned by our natural consciousness. Observation and object become unattached and therefore not determined by the mind, but always as new and immediate! So it is no longer the personality, but pure consciousness that takes care of everything. There is only one consciousness and the observation of the world is encompassed within it.

Therefore it is perhaps understandable that there is no intelligence that steers everything from the outside. Intelligence is present in everything. Modern physics says:

“Energy is intelligence and intelligence is energy.”

This brings to our attention the fact that not only our body, but also our soul is self-regulating and self-healing and we can fully depend on this.

UNITY IS INESCAPABLE If all particles are contained within each other, then unity cannot be a collective. Similarly humanity seems only to be a cluster of God-particles. Even if the mental consciousness thinks that there are two worlds, his own and a divine world, or if he maybe projects many worlds, this happens only in this one appearance. Therefore the idea of parallel worlds - of matrices - is probably not adequate in the absolute sense.

However, seen from the personality the separation in time-space certainly *is* a reality - but this is certainly not the case in an absolute

sense. One could say that we cannot see all the heavenly bodies because we can only see one particular dimension. We are connected to everything of which we are consciousness. It is a kind of intimate family.

If for a moment we refuse to be taken hostage by the logic of the mind we can accept the following statement:

“If nothingness does not veil anything, then where is the paradox?”

Where then is the thought of being a separated I. Where then is the cramped energy?

The kernel brings forth life, without discrimination and life is love. It brings together what only *seems* to be divided. And since a bringing together within a Unity does not exist in the concept of reality, it is clear that the undetermined particle is the absolute I or Self in all-and-everything. Therefore the image mentioned before of ‘falling back on the self’ is just that, an image. Because wherein should one fall? - can your self fall into yourself?

The absolute and the corporeal dance an incomprehensible dance of love in which there are not two lovers, but only one love. ♀



The following is a quote from one of the services: *“The word “sin” comes from the medieval high German word “sunta” meaning “not true, negation.” There is really only one sin which is to separate yourself from the Light.”* The services were varied, in clear language, aimed specifically at the youth and fitted well together. All different kinds of relationships were discussed. For example: two people can be on the same wavelength and think about the same thing at the same time, and distance is no barrier when it comes to connection. Certainly, in your relationship with the Divine, distance plays no role because the Divine is within yourself. as the youths of the Rosycross have heard from an early age, *“The Kingdom of Divine Light is within yourself!”* (Youth Templesong 44).

the rediscovery of the gnosis V (end)

On November sixth, 2013, a lecture was held at Pentagonam Bookstore Haarlem, The Netherlands on the occasion of the appearance of *Echoes from the Gnosis*, with the title: *Why George R.S. Mead may be called the first modern gnostic*. This is the fifth and last episode of this brief history of the scientific, intellectual and esoteric reception of the gnosis in the West.

The key to Mead's understanding was his own clear vision that gave him an insight in the rich diversity of many of the mystery currents at the beginning of our era. That vision was (and stayed) impregnated by his theosophical pioneering work. Unlike in all the specialized work that was done before him, he retained a balanced overview and continued to see the big picture in the diversity. He was able to see the big connection for he saw everything linked to a grand plan of salvation for the lost man seeking the truth of his origin, his current existence and opportunities for development. He was able to understand everything from an inner viewpoint with regard to various aspects of an initiation path and not just a hodgepodge in which the original truth had become more and more obscured.

According to Mead there were no substantial differences between Hermetic and Neoplatonic texts, between Chaldean oracles and the mysteries of Orpheus and Mithras, between Ebonite gospel messages and Mandean texts, between the cosmologies of the Sethians and Ophites and the visions of Hermes. And where others became stranded in the complex history and sought in vain for the causal relationships of the mutual interactions, he saw one great Gnostic undercurrent. Uniformity was strange to that early Christianity that derived from a melting pot of complementary groups, both Christian and non-Christian, between which not much division existed. Only

later Rome and her church emerged as victorious over both pagan and Christian Gnosis. The destruction of the library of Alexandria and the ban on the distribution of heretical texts all fitted into the Roman and Church strategy to silence all dissenting views.

TRUE GNOSIS IS THEOSOPHY Mead, however, was one of the first to strip early Gnosticism of the stigma of heresy and saw its originality. He could do this because he had evaded the ecclesiastical hegemony to devote himself to true Christianity. He states in a kind of declaration of principles in *The Task of the Theosophy*: 'The early schools of initiates, the real Christians, (...) are understandable to the theosophist who will take the patience to master the terminology; for the true Gnosis is Theosophy.'¹

Mead did not lack the courage to go against the current of prevailing views. Whereas, after him, Walter Scott in his translation of the *Hermetica* in 1924 still shares the view that it should not be associated with Egyptian history, and then also wonders: '... whether there may be something in the *Hermetica* that is derived from the original Egyptian religion. Based on the clearly defined doctrines there is very little that remains and the Egyptian contribution to the Hermetic doctrine is relatively small, because the main contribution comes from Greek philosophy.'²

We know that this view goes back to the thesis of Isaac Casaubon, the scholar from



GEORGE STOWE MEAD,
THE FIRST MODERN GNOSTIC

London who swept the ancient Hermetic wisdom from the table by dismissing it as a later forgery, and thereby directly played into the hands of the English ecclesiastical hierarchs. For these schemed to erase from memory the glorious period of Elizabeth I, which was marked by a great flowering of Hermetic thought. No wonder that Scott did not even care to mention the splendid 1906 translation of Mead. He certainly did not believe that the Hermetica were only Neoplatonic but surmised that they were based on an ancient Egyptian tradition and that the arguments of Casaubon thus made no sense.

Mead: 'The more one studies the best of these mystical sermons, casting aside all prejudice, and trying to feel and think with the writers, the nearer one is conscious of approaching the threshold of what may well be believed to have been the true Adytum of the best in the mystery-traditions of antiquity. Innumerable are the hints of the greatness and immensities laying beyond that threshold – among other precious things the vision of the key to Egypt's wisdom. The interpretation of apocalypse is by the light of the sun-clear apoteia of the intelligible cosmos. (...) These mysteries are of such an inherent strength and beauty that this cannot entirely be obscured by the shameful treatment of these texts by the uninitiated. This beauty is still recognizable to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear though they walk around in rags of their once beautiful clothes.'³

THE FEEL OF GNOSIS Mead, however, was right and it is through his translation that we were able to establish how surprisingly contemporary these texts are, realistic and very appealing. And we should therefore not be surprised that J. van Rijkenborgh made abundant use of his translation, and in his footsteps also dared to speak of *The Egyptian Arch-Gnosis and Its Call in the Eternal Present*. If there is one researcher, translator, commentator who possessed 'the feel of Gnosis', as Professor Quispel describes this gift, then it is certainly George Mead. He has made available, to those who came after him, the legacy of the whole Gnostic and Hermetic thought. He explained this in a masterly way in his *Trice-Greatest Hermes*, as well as in his *Fragments of a Faith Forgotten...*, and in his beautiful translation of the *Pistis Sophia*, and not least in his *Echoes from the Gnosis*. Mead has truly managed to unlock for the insider the treasure of Light, where this ancient mystery wisdom lay waiting for so long. He could do this because he understood that the Gnostic and Hermetic writings spoke a language of initiation, a sacred language, which should not be revealed, 'except to those who were worthy'. Only because he could read that initiation language himself, could he understand and translate it across the boundaries of space and time.

At the same time he brought, in his translation, this language much closer to the contemporary form of consciousness. For him,

For Mead the Gnosis did not belong to a distant past but in the present and was meant for all those who are inwardly drawn to it.

the Gnosis did not belong to a distant past, sewn up in a dead language, like scholars and scientists before him regarded it, aloof and distant from the lay readers. That is why he modernized this mystery wisdom and made it readable, in the most positive sense, for all those who feel its attraction and know how to open their hearts to it. Not only could he elucidate the source texts and render them understandable, but he also put them in his own 'voice': sparkling and fluent, simple yet thoroughly Gnostic. Read the two parts of *Echoes from the Gnosis* again and see how fresh and new, how modern the language is. No one could maintain that his texts sound old-fashioned even though they are now more than one hundred years old!

FOR ORDINARY PEOPLE With Mead's rendering of the texts a transition takes place. If indeed it was first H.P. Blavatsky to bring the Gnostic tradition to the attention of a wide audience, it was Mead who presented a thoroughly Gnostic personal message. Not only did he recognize the true Gnosis as being Theosophical but the Theosophical wisdom is lifted by him to true Gnostic wisdom. And to reinforce our thesis we cite him again with a text in which he sets himself the high goal

on which his own spiritual life was focused: 'The end at which the genuine mystic aimed, (was) to bring to birth, his own true cosmic body, and thus to become a god. In other words, the re-generation of himself required that he should first experience all the stages of cosmogenesis in his own nature. Just like in mythological science there were successive stages of theogony, cosmogony and anthropogenesis, so in the ascending scale of the Return, there was a cosmogenesis and a theogony. Today we hear much of the birth of a cosmic consciousness. But it is nothing new, it is the old secret. For cosmic consciousness, for contact with the great Soul of things, man must first develop in himself a cosmic organism, and so gradually bring himself to birth as Man-God, being made kin with the Great Mind.' ⁴

THE FIRST MODERN GNOSTIC Mead thereby proves himself to be a modern Gnostic able to bridge the gap between old and new mystery wisdom thus making the ancient wisdom accessible to the modern Gnostic and he could only do so because he himself was an initiate, a sage, a gnostic who applied the ancient wisdom of the Gnosis to his personal development. He found therefore always the

right 'new' words, but the most important thing is that he went beyond the words and put theory into practice. Therefore it is only right and proper that G.R.S. Mead is called the first modern Gnostic. And how it would have uplifted the man to learn that, not much more than ten years after his death, the Egyptian sands would reveal still more secrets because of which the Gnosis could celebrate its ultimate triumph.

Meanwhile, not far away a new mystery school prepared to come forward, a school in which this body of thought was made to come alive and active in a group of people setting out on a Gnostic liberating path that can truly and actively be walked. Within this circle Mead's own work really began bearing fruit, especially in the comments of J. van Rijckenborgh on the Pistis Sofia and the Hermetica. Is it not fitting that in this circle his *Echoes from the Gnosis* again resound loudly? And that we received it again, ironically enough, out of the dusty Nag Hammadi caves where it lay so long forgotten? ✪

G.R.S. Mead, *Visions, mysteries and rituals.*

George Mead and his vision on the wonderful texts of Arideus, Mithras and the Chaldaic mysteries.

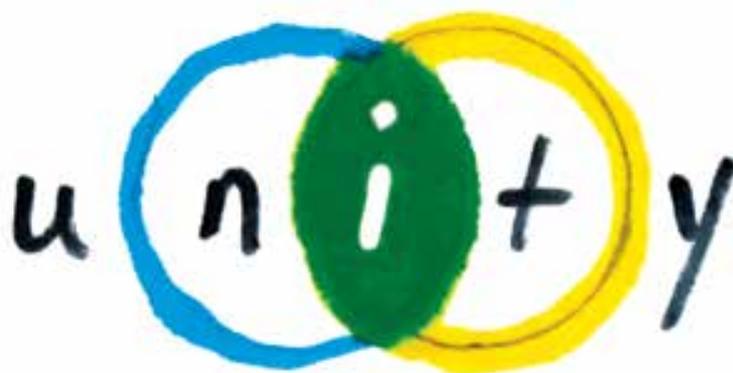
Haarlem, 2013

www.rozekruispers.com

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- (1) **Lucifer No. 8, p. 477-480**
- (2) **Hermetica, p. 34; 41**
- (3) **Trice-Greatest Hermes, I, p.30**
- (4) **Theosophical Review, p. 233-242**

boundaries



*our colors change when
we
unite!*

Exploring its boundaries remains a challenge for mankind. In sports as well as in space travel - in (medical) science as well as in technology. And yes, in the cloud of course. The boundary game is part of our lives. Our school of life consists of earthly existence under the law of contradictions but man is rather stubborn in learning his lessons.

Only recently did it filter through into our minds that the possibilities of earthly matter might be limited. Now that it is almost too late, people are changing over to a more sustainable use of natural resources, trying to contain their CO2 emissions and reduce global warming. It has finally sunk in that there is a limit to our growth. Chinese wisdom of more than three thousand years ago already stated: the greatest mistake is not to know when enough is enough.

Modern economists may propose an 'economy of enough' but the short-term profits may prove to be far more important. Can we ever put the genie back into its bottle?

We are talking about the impact of ecological world-wide boundaries. But could it be that

the boundary issue is much more basic, more fundamental?

COUNTRY BORDERS If we reflect on how the borders of countries came to be fixed in the course of history, we shall always find wars – as Karen Armstrong puts this succinctly in her book, 'In the name of God, Religion and Violence'. As long as there were only hunters-gatherers on Earth, borders were not that important. But around 9000 BC a momentous change took place in the life of man in that he developed agriculture. In the eastern part of the Mediterranean people learned how to cultivate, save and store wild cereals. This resulted in large food storage warehouses, for example as we find in the story of Jericho

in the Bible. And of course these warehouses were like a magnet to the hungry nomads from the arid surrounding areas. So wars became unavoidable in order to defend or recover the borders and later the food supplies. For this purpose the peoples in that area organized themselves into a class system with an elite group, which took possession of the economic surpluses.

Economy and religion were strongly tied in this pre-modern time. When a ruling elite changed its system of ethics, as was the case with Buddhism, Christianity and the Islam, the clergy simply changed their ideology so they could continue to support the structural violence of the state. This phenomenon is still in place in our times. War, conflicts, survival – they are the basic ingredients, and spice our earthly existence. That is our life: to eat or be eaten, a boundary game with the laws of matter.

SELF-PRESERVATION VERSUS EMPATHY Karin Armstrong explains that the oldest part of the human brain, the reptilian brain, is responsible for our self-preservation, and as a result every means to this end may be employed. The limbic system, our second brain system, was developed much later and enables humans to love and care for other creatures. This system allows us to have empathy. During the Paleolithic era, about 20,000 years ago, a third brain system, the neo-cortex came into existence. This endowed us with our thinking faculties, resulting in a consciousness by means of which we are able to distance ourselves from instinctive and primitive emotions. Karin Armstrong concludes: “In this way man as he is today is susceptible to contrary impulses of these three parts of the brain and our neo-cortex makes us intensely aware of the tragedy and the enigmas of our existence.”

TO BECOME A CONSCIOUS HUMAN During the evolution of the development of the neo-cortex, man has received wonderful opportunities to enhance his consciousness. And this is what our task amounts to at this moment: to become a conscious human being. There are philosophers who maintain that this is all part of a great plan. They suggest that the next step in our evolution is approaching, with the development of yet another organ, a new layer of consciousness with the soul as its most important attribute. Now that countless people have intensely experienced the limitations and the hopelessness of earthly life, there is a growing awareness that this new form of consciousness could expand into an all-consciousness. And embedded within it lies an absolute love for all and everyone without limitations. In this love man rises above the boundaries and limitations of matter and breaks through to freedom.

For this new layer of consciousness the laws of physical matter do not apply any more. New structures, clearly of a higher order, demand a boundless non-violent attitude that will hardly be practical in our world, tossed about in the sea of opposites. No, this is a way of life that belongs to another dimension, and it is fed by a spiritual energy that is often called the sphere of Christ. If we succeed in directing our consciousness firmly towards benevolence, supporting love and unity, then it is certain that we shall have to apply other laws. What kind of freedom might that be? Are there no boundaries there, then? Does this imply a limitless existence? Well, it may be understandable in this respect that true freedom can only exist in a total unity with all life, in a free-willed ‘yes’ to everything and everyone, which supports the harmonious development of the inner, higher Plan for mankind. ☸

higher pantheism

Alfred, lord Tennyson with his family, ca 1865





The Higher Pantheism.
Poem from
The Holy Grail and Other Poems.
Alfred, lord Tennyson.
London: Strahan, 1870.

*THE sun, the moons, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains--
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?*

*Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?*

*Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?*

*Dark is the world to thee: thyself art the reason why;
For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel 'I am I?'*

*Glory about thee, without thee; and thou fulfillest thy doom,
Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendour and gloom.*

*Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet--
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.*

*God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice.*

*Law is God, say some: no God at all, says the fool;
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool;*

*And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear, this Vision--were it not He?*

defend the truth to the death

The date which marked the start of the protestant faith was not the celebrated 31 October 1517, the day when Luther nailed his theses to the door of the church at Wittenberg castle, but actually almost a hundred years before when Hus died on the stake. The tumultuous Council of Constance (1414-1418) where

Jan Hus (1369 – 1415) was a charismatic preacher who from 1402 onward often spoke twice a day in the famous Bethlehem Chapel in the heart of Prague. According to eyewitnesses he had a magnetic effect on his public. He knew how to win the hearts of his audience by consistently preaching in Czech. Hundreds of believers thronged daily to the Bethlehem Chapel. Amongst them was the wife of King Wenceslas, Queen Sophie, for whom a private auditorium was built within the church, with its own entrance so that she would not have to sit amongst the populace. Hus was also her personal confessor.

The interest of the monarch did not prevent Hus, in addition to his usual exegesis, from speaking out against the wealthy clergy, the laxity of the church dignitaries and the efforts of the church to increase its wealth. 'These priests... are drunkards whose bellies rumble with drink and they are so greedy that they fill their bellies until their double chin hangs down'. With such statements he put his personal freedom at stake, especially as he continued to question the leadership within the church. 'The Pope may only be Christ's deputy on earth when he is a faithful servant of the salvation of Jesus Christ.' In other words: if someone becomes Pope without directly being chosen by God, must he then be obeyed? Such questions would naturally provoke an explosive reaction by the threatened religious establishment.

In all his works Hus returns to the Bible as the only living source for the issuing of directives and decisions within the church. He relied on the views formed three decades earlier by the English priest and theologian, John Wycliffe, the 'silent source' of inspiration for Hus' theological works.

THE TREATISES OF WYCLIFFE Hus became familiar with the treatises of Wycliffe thanks to his erudite companion Jerome of Prague, who in 1382 brought them from London to Prague when Richard II of England married Anne of Bohemia. Wycliffe, a great propagandist of the proclamation of the Word of God in the native language of the people, seems to have been influenced by Cathar-Bogomil beliefs.

- His famous phrase 'God must obey the devil' is in fact a direct translation of the fundamental Bogomil theorem that 'the devil (the demiurge) is the all-powerful ruler of this world';
- His alterations to the lines in the Lord's Prayer from: 'oure breed ouer other substance' to: 'give us this day our daily bread of other transcendental, imperishable substance', goes directly back to the Bogomils and the Cathars;
- The same source of influence also becomes visible in his rejection of the ritual of the sacrament, the rejection of the swearing of an oath, and denying sinful priests to celebrate services.

JAN HUS – THE FIRST REFORMATION

this took place was meant to restore order in the deeply divided church of the fifteenth century. Hus and his followers were the first to break with the Church of Rome. From the popular Hussite movement later arose the first Protestant church organisation.



Oh holy simplicity

When the flames held him in their grip, there came an old lady who hastened to add a branch to the pyre. Hus called out 'sancta simplicitas' - O holy simplicity - and gave his body finally up to the fire. Then the executioners took his ashes in a cart to the Rhine and scattered them in the river. This scattering was a 'damnatio memoriae' – an act to erase all memory of the heretic. 'Is this your safe

passage?' Hus scornfully asked as he passed King Sigismund on his way to the pyre, causing Sigismund to blush heavily. That all-revealing blush of shame was written up in the history books and a century later when Charles V ordered the arrest of the heretic Luther, he referred to Sigismund by commenting 'And I don't intend to blush' On the 30th May 1416 Hus' friend Jerome of Prague



The initial at the beginning of the Book of Genesis in *The Martinitz Bible*, circa 1430, depicts what is probably the oldest image of Jan Hus at the stake

met the same fate at the same location. The Richental Chronicle states 'When they led him outside, he prayed the creed of faith. He then sang the litany "Christus vincit, Christus regnant, Christus imperat!" – Christ conquers, Christ rules, Christ reigns – and then prayed the creed once more. He did not make a confession. Jerome was a powerful and strong man with a thick black beard; due to

his strength he stayed alive during his execution longer than Hus. After his execution his ashes and all the remains of the fire were scattered in the Rhine. Many learned men were deeply saddened by his death as he was a notable master of the free arts in Prague, London, Cologne, and Erfurt.

Hus translated Wycliffe's theses almost literally into Czech without a moment's thought about the source from which it came. Plagiarism was then an unknown concept. But in practice Hus took a more nuanced approach than Wycliffe.

In this great church reformer budded a consciousness that emerged as a new religious way of thinking in which the balance between the God of the higher nature and the human being became a personal matter. It demonstrated the intense need that had grown to live by the standards that are called in Czech 'Swet', which translates as 'primordial light' - the high ideals of the 'Imitation of Christ'. In the good company of humanists such as Erasmus, Hus laid the basis for a Christianity in which man could follow his own conscience, and spiritual experiences were set above church dogma. Together his works also acted as a catalyst in a social struggle that would soon ignite the age-old conflict between authority and individual freedom, between centralisation and decentralisation, between the ruling class and the people.

In the run-up to the Council of Constance, King Sigismund, who took office in 1411, managed to convince Hus - for the benefit of peace in his kingdom and within the church - to defend his position in the city of Constance. Hus agreed on the condition that the king would promise that he would not be harmed, that he would be granted a letter of safe passage, and that during his travels he would be at

the king's side as a trustee. Hus prepared three impassioned speeches and seemed convinced that he could win the Council over with his vision. At the beginning of October 1414 he began his journey. At first there was still talk of travelling alongside the king, but Sigismund eventually arrived two months later. In truth, they would have had a hard time bearing each other: Hus, the severe ascetic and Sigismund, the power-politician living in Burgundian style. The supervisor, promised by the king was not present when Hus, cheerful and full of confidence, travelled to lake Constance.

AN EXHAUSTIVE BATTLE Hus received a warm reception almost everywhere he stayed in Central Europe, however not in Constance. After a few days he was, by order of the cardinals, imprisoned in a dank room, supposedly so that they could come to listen to him. It became an attrition of many weeks of daily interrogations and backbreaking disputes with the College of Cardinals. Hus was served with the '45 Articles of Wycliffe' with the request that he renounce them. He renounced a few and he openly questioned whether some others were not incorrectly formulated by the interrogator. But he stayed unwaveringly steadfast to the underlying intention of the articles and to Wycliffe's church vision: Jesus Christ is the head of the true church.

Hus was repeatedly asked to revoke his views. He refused, finding inner strength in John 8:32

Johannes hus



Everyone has the right to read the Bible

John Wycliffe in a nutshell:

- The Catholic Mass is a human invention for which there is no basis in the gospel;
- Do not believe in the transformation of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ (Called transubstantiation, in 1215 proclaimed by Innocentius III);
- The divine status and infallibility of the pope is nonsense; on the contrary, he is the antichrist;
- There could be no ecclesiastical authority above the deacon and the bishop. Thus he rejects the positions of archbishop, cardinal and pope. Therefore decisions of the pope and the councils are without value.
- The power to 'open or close heaven' does not rest with the church or the pope; excommunication is therefore impossible;
- The rejection of the confession (instituted by pope Innocent III in 1215), pardons, and religious traditions;
- The rejection of saints and the necessity of pilgrimage;
- The opposition to clerical wealth;
- The Bible is God's word and everyone has the right to read the Bible; the prohibition to do so, as defined in the Council of Valencia (1299), is absurd;
- Therefore, together with his secretary John Purvey and his assistants, he translated the Latin Bible into English.

(And you will know the Truth, and the Truth will set you free) which he translated in his own statement: *'seek the truth, learn the truth, love the truth, speak the truth, preserve the truth and defend the truth until death.'*

LEVITICUS King Sigismund intervened after several months. He let Hus know that if he did not distance himself from his own views, it would be impossible to guarantee his safety any longer. Sigismund ordained three public debates at which he himself would be present and for which 'top theologians' would be deployed. One of them, Johannes Zacharias from Erfurt, planned to 'catch' Hus on an irregularity in his interpretation of a few phrases from the Old Testament book of Leviticus.

The theologian was the 'winner' of the debate and let himself be adorned with a white rose. He is regarded as one of the people who succeeded in committing Jan Hus to the stake. It was the most striking 'merit' of Zacharia's *curriculum vitae*, who after his death was interred in a mausoleum under the alter of the cathedral in Erfurt.

Subsequently Sigismund withdrew his support of Hus. On July 6, 1415, during a plenary session of the Council in the Muenster church of Constance, the 'unrepentant arch-heretic' Hus, was condemned to death. ✪

References for this article may be obtained from the editorial office.



The texts that were given during the conference services were about reincarnation, the influence of the mystery planets, crystallizations, making your own choices and looking ahead, the necessity of looking after your body, and other topical subjects. Transfiguration and renewal were much discussed as was letting go of the old and living in the now. And perhaps the most important lesson that didn't even have to be said but was experienced by all present was: you are not alone!

mantao's journey III (end)

C.M. CHRISTIAN

Then I rode on my donkey along the stream, passing vast fertile lands. We rode for seven days until we saw, in the dawn of a new day, the silhouette of a magnificent city. Its towers and rooftops were sparkling in the sunlight. After the long ride I was looking forward to rest and hospitality. So I urged my donkey to hurry. But this time he did not want to walk on and stubbornly refused to move. "What is the matter?" I asked him. And he answered that it was better not go into the city today. I did not very much like his suggestion and told him impatiently: "Then I will go by myself." "Well, by all means, do go by yourself" he replied calmly and so I did. I walked through lush green forests until I reached a hill from where I could see a proud city. Very excited, I counted the 84 towers in the cityscape.

Then suddenly a mighty thunderbolt threw me to the ground and a column of fire rose high up and engulfed the city in flames and smoke. Dreadful cries reverberated through the air.

I could hear the terrified outcry of men and animals struggling for their very lives. Devastated by the horrifying fate of this city I remained helpless on the hill until there was only rubble and ashes left of the former proud city.

And here comes my little donkey looking at me with trusting eyes, saying: "This was why." I kissed his forehead, full of thankfulness, and stroked his fur coat for a long time. Then we

continued on our way and struggled through ashes and rubble, burst walls, scorched beams, charred debris until we approached the centre of the city, where yesterday the palace with its 18 domes stood. On a column blackened with soot sat an old man, ragged like a beggar. His hair was scorched and his face pale with terror. 'What a cruel fate for this city' I said to him. "Woe! Woe! This city was the masterpiece of a ruler that called himself 'Emperor of the World'.

But he behaved like a fool towards nature and heaven. He experimented with secret forces, speculated cold-heartedly with power and knowledge and ruthlessly lead his people to their doom.... What brings you to such dreadful place?" he questioned us. "We are only passing through following our inner voice on our journey. We are trying to find the *treasure of light* that I lost and must find again." The old man grabbed my hand and did not let it go. "I beg you. Tell me more about this treasure!"

I became silent because there was nothing much I knew about this treasure. Only after a while, all by itself, an answer came upon my lips. "It is called the *golden fruit of heaven* or the '*Philosophers stone* 'or '*the Pearl*'. As I am only a pilgrim myself I find it very difficult to describe it, as everything in this world unfolds as mere illusion but then, this is where the path begins. Its power will be apparent when a cup from the source of pure truth is handed to you.



Its wisdom begins when all knowledge of the world proves to be just sham.

Its breath begins where the fragrance of the rose, deep within you, crosses four paths.

Its radiating *Now* begins where the shadows of the past touch the mists of the future.

Its Love begins where the highest knowledge bows before the lowest being.

Its mystery begins where the Sun-word scintillates in the silent heart.”

When I fell silent the old man began to moan pitifully. “I=,.....it was I, caught in a frenzy that brought this city down to rubble and ashes using all these devilish crafts. Anguished by guilt, deeply shaken by this insight, he fell to his knees and moaned: “How can I make amends for such deeds!?”

We were silent for a long time and listened if an answer came up. It was to no avail. Only a whimper came from the rubble. Then I propped up the old man and gave him a drink from my chalice so that a light ray would fall into his bleak heart.

He silently thanked us and asked us to wait a while and staggered away. After some time he returned with a radiant ruby as large as an egg and said: “This stone remains untouched by the flames. It is a firestone that once fell from the sky. It fell out of the angel’s headband when he turned himself against God. It will bring you blessings.

I took this extraordinary stone from his hands. Could curse turn into blessing? I showed the broken old man the white flower

on my chest. Its fragrance and radiant glow illuminated him and his heart opened up. And then we parted.

In this way we left the devastated site behind us that only yesterday was called ‘*Kingschar-nobiliskan*’, - the City of the World-emperor. For almost 3 months we travelled further east. I listened dreamily to the monotonous trot of my donkey when suddenly a sharp, icy, furious wind emerged and angrily blew at us. It felt like being engulfed by sharp aggressive needles. It pulled and tore at us and scornfully buffeted us.

To escape the tormenting storm we threw ourselves to the ground. But then his crude force attacked us from above. Again we jumped to our feet and staggered on until we reached a rocky landscape with gorges, cliffs and canyons stretching far to the South. There we presumed we were safe. But, even there, the storm blew fiercely through ravines and canyons. For a long time the howling wind chased us from one rock formation to the next. Only now I realized, with a great shudder, that we were deceived and trapped in the *Labyrinth of the Wind Demons*. The legends say that mighty Aeons and their Ghost-Kings with thousands of legions of dead souls meet in this abominable place. No living being dares to go there!

Luckily the heavens had mercy on us and in the light of its stars we found refuge in a formation of rocks in the shape of a pentacle. It

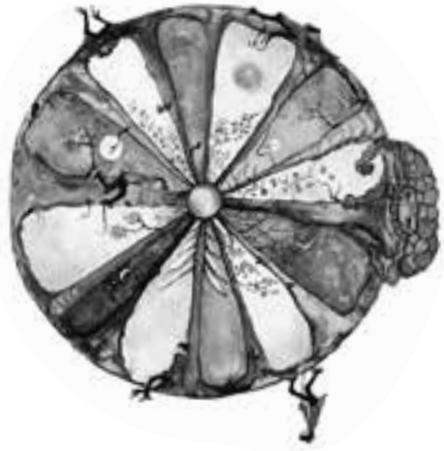


sheltered us from the storm and its demonic wrath so that we could take some rest. After praying devotedly and a draught from my chalice we felt a new vigour within us. High above us in a gap between rocks we could see a sparkling bright star that protected us.

We must have slept for a long time but then a voice so mild and clear as I never heard before, woke me, saying: “Do not be afraid

my friend! Be glad that you came here at the right time. For more than a thousand years I have been a captive here waiting for a human being that will set me free.”

“Who are you? - I called out overjoyed. “I am the truth in the garment of the Eagle, which flew down from the Light. I am the messenger from the kingdom of the Father to the prodigal son. I am the wisdom that knows the safe path to the Father. I am the Love



that sacrificed itself to the serpent to save the Son. I am the will of the Father who kept the Pearl of Light, which calls the Son so that He may awaken. I am a ray of the King's might, which awaits you to bring you home. I am the *Eagle of Light*, so I am! Then there was silence.

Deeply moved I called out: "Where are you, Eagle? How can I find you?" But I could only hear the echo of my words. I wanted to leave our safe shelter at once, but as soon I stuck my head out, the fierce storm tried to grab me again. Therefore we stayed and waited for the right moment. On the third night the star again shone brightly high above us. My donkey nudged me and said: "Listen! Don't you hear the Ghost-Kings? They want to talk to you." But I heard nothing other than rustling, whistling and crackling sounds, and therefore dozed off again.

After a while my friend the donkey gave me another nudge. "See! Now they are even coming to visit us." I rubbed my eyes and looked around me. In the dim light I saw emerging from the rock crevices many thousands of tiny black soldiers, marching in long rows towards my feet and positioning themselves as if for battle. I was overcome by fright as I anticipated our doom. For these were the notorious carrion-ants who, in seconds, could devour all flesh to leave behind only the skeletons. I was ready to kick wildly around me as my donkey checked me, this time with his hoof and urged me for the third time: "Listen

to what the spirit world wants to tell you!" I bent down low until I noticed that in this rustling and whistling a deep tone became clearly audible. It was the wind-force and the Ghost-Kings that in the realm of demons often manifest themselves as vermin.

Now these legions of ants voiced their demand in unison. They threatened to eat our flesh in seconds if I wouldn't set down in their midst the chalice I carried with me! The *chalice*! So this was the goal of the hunt and the intention of the demonic spectacle and their ruses and deceit: to bring the chalice of salvation, this source of strength into their possession.

Before I could completely understand this impudent demand and helplessly tried to come up with an answer, I heard again the clear, mild voice of the Eagle from within me: "*Now is the moment, my friend. Come to me!*"

And I answered, crying: "I come. Dear Father let thy will be done now!" I reached for the chalice and held it in a firm grip. Then I quickly mounted my donkey and whispered in his ear: "Let's move!"

And while my friend jumped up and leaped out of the protected area I sprinkled around me the wondrous drops from my filled chalice. The appalled ants backed away, the wind demons and their Aeons fell into a frantic flight and the Ghost-Kings and their legions recoiled in horror with a loud howling caused by the drops of flaming Living Water that took their breath away. And with the chalice

and its pure power and God's help we cleared a pathway and so were able to escape.

We continued our journey without further incidents through a labyrinth of rocks. The labyrinth seemed to wind itself in spirals further and further upward. Here and there some hieroglyphs were scratched into the rock. They pointed us to passages through rock formations onto higher grounds.

After the path we were climbing had turned six times we reached a fortress-like wall of rock. How to continue?

When I looked down into the dizzying depths I discovered malicious faces grimacing at me. Legions of insects were lurking between seas of gray stones and moving closer and closer to us.

"Until here and no further." said my donkey. And to my horror I saw that my faithful friend was limping.

He had suffered a wound from ant bites on his rear left leg. I quickly dribbled some liquid from my chalice onto the wound and stroked it tenderly with the ruby. But all was in vain. My dear donkey sat down and said quietly and determined: "I will stay here. But you must go on in the power of God. I will die. But it will be to your advantage as you will see later!"

This was a heavy blow. My friend's words filled me with much sorrow, though I sensed that, by the ancient law of the stars, it had to come to this.

I gave my companion and brother a last kiss and thanked him for his faithfulness. Then I placed the white flower on his chest and he passed away.

I had to leave him there for I could hear again the voice of the Eagle, crying: "Come, Son of the Father, it is time!"

I searched desperately at the foot of a high cliff for a way to climb up. The surface of the rock was as black as onyx and as smooth as a crystal. No groove, notch or indent offered a grip for my hand. How could I climb this wall? At a loss I stood before this rock. Was this the end? Beneath me I could already see legions of ants coming closer. I stumbled along the rock face. It measured 99 steps from one corner to the other. Finally I discovered a rock engraved with a cross and a flower in its centre. This gave me courage again. More so when I discovered a crevice in the rock!

Measuring a width of 3 hands the gap lead straight up through the wall of rock.

But before I continued my climb I looked back to the place where I had parted from my friend. I shuddered. There was only his skeleton left. Everything else was gone. My little donkey had sacrificed himself so that I would live.

I squeezed myself in the gap and pulled and pushed myself upwards for almost 100 meters, feeling an encouraging power giving me strength for I don't know how I could have done it without it.



More dead than alive I crawled out from between the rocks onto an open plateau. My eyes opened wide with astonishment - what a view! As if the world lay at my feet...

And far away at the horizon the sun, like a glowing fire ball, sank into a sea of mist and fire! What a powerful view! I felt infinitesimally small!

In the mild purple sky high above me a star was rising. Then a clear voice reached my ear: "There you are, finally!"

I turned around and on a slab of stone in front of me shaped like a table a giant lizard lay, curled around a stone column that rose up majestically to form a 'T'. The *Eagle*, with magnificent wings, stood rigidly on top of this monument shackled to it by an iron ring on his ankle and covered in wounds.

"Don't be afraid - come up to me!" he said.

The look of his gleaming eyes penetrated deep inside me. With courage but also with trembling I stepped closer to the giant lizard - a living ring of black scales with no beginning and no end clasping his tail in his jaws. I quietly pulled myself up on the lizard's hard scales. They had the sultry smell of sulphur and smouldering ashes of a finite world in space.

I then quickly hoisted myself across and came to a hold before the column, and looked up at him....

What a pure atmosphere embraced me then! How mild and wise he looked!

The Eagle then confronted me: "Are you

ready for your act of service?" With my heart alive I looked up to him while high above us the star shone and answered with a heartfelt "Yes!"

"Hear me" the Eagle continued, "Of my own free will I gave myself up to be a prisoner of the world-so that the seed of Love in the human heart can unfold and be ignited for the liberating act of service."

Afire by these words I set the cup in front of the stone, placed the ruby in it and told the Eagle: "I am ready. Let me free you speedily!"

"Are you prepared to do for your earthly brothers and sisters as I did? If that is your resolve, climb up and unchain my shackles and lay them on yourself...!"

When I heard these words, clouds moved in and covered the stars. Fear of the lonely fate came over me and it felt as if a thorn stabbed into my chest.

Doubt assailed me: Could all my striving after the heavenly fruit have been in vain?

All my searching, would it come to such a barren end?

How dark the wave that now engulfed me!

The Eagle saw my hesitation and told me with compassionate mildness: "If the deed be too hard for you turn around, my friend.

I will await you in another time in a far future..."

His mild words struck me like a lightning bolt. Only now could I fathom the purpose of the sacrifice. His wonderful mystery revealed itself to me: The Love of God. I bowed my

head deeply and pleaded: "Forgive me Father!" Then I fulfilled the Act of Service. I pulled myself up on the column and unchained the iron ring from the Eagle's claw. In this hallowed moment there was only silence around us, pure and everlasting. I placed my own foot in the ring and closed it around my ankle. Now I myself carried the yoke and had been taken up in the chain of sacrifice for the sake of mankind. For it surely is a holy sacrifice to send out the Call to the brothers and sisters, to ease their sufferings and to save erring pilgrims seeking a way Home.

The Eagle, now freed of the iron ring, immersed itself in the cup and so healed his wounds. He drank the wine. He ate the stone of fire. Then he stretched his wings and in great peace he began to sing his Song of the Sun:

"From the eternal jewel tree a pearl fell into space and time.

And with it fell the human being's heart into the night of the world and the sorrows of death.

But the Sun of Suns searched with Her rays far through time and space.

Until she found the pearl and the human heart that has conquered.

From night and death towards heaven she carries, on her ray of the human heart, the pearl home into the kingdom of the Sun and puts it back on the jewel tree."

After his song that penetrated deeply into my heart like a balm (for it sounded so pure) the Eagle called out to me: "Now, brother, come! Let us fly together to the heavenly mountain!" Fly to the heavenly mountain? How could that be done with my foot chained to the rock? O, unfathomable miracle! Even as my body was chained to the rock, turned towards the earth and willing to be sacrificed, so was my soul full of love and radiating towards heaven and grew two mighty wings!

I raised and lowered them experimentally and eased my winged body away from the rock and flew accompanied by the *Eagle* through the kingdom of the night towards a luminous dawn.....

Far below us lay a twirling sea of fog: the world of illusions. High above us stretched an unending space, scintillating in the Light. I don't know how long we flew, for days and hours had ceased to be.

Only here, beside the *Eagle*, did I become aware of how all worlds flow into each other, how they form seven spheres rotating within each other and how all of them follow a spiralling course around the center of the All: *the Sun of Suns*. *The Sun* - which is reflected in the hearts of human beings as a spirit spark atom. *The Sun* - which urges the All to Life. *The Sun* - that wants to be known by all beings and wants to reveal itself in all creation as God's Love, Spirit and Life. How wonderful it was to glide on wings at the side of a friend through heaven.



We then approached a majestic mountain region. Possibly over a thousand peaks lay beneath us covered in permanent snow. The *Eagle* flew towards the tallest peak – the *Mountain of Heaven*. There we descended in slow circles. In a niche on the peak, close to a glacier was his aerie.

“Now come and see!” he said to me and showed me his nest place. At first I saw only some gnarled branches. But when I leaned closer I saw something gleaming, imbedded in twigs and soft green moss. So beautiful, so round and pure! I never saw anything more beautiful, rounder and purer. “Take this as a token of my gratitude and take it to your Father!” said the *Eagle*. Overjoyed I accepted his gift and closed my eyes dazzled by its splendour...it was the *Pearl!* The long yearned-for heavenly gift! The philosopher’s stone! What Power, what Light flooded through me! My sun-eye awakened! I submerged into a sea of golden flames and was carried through the fire-bath of transformation ascending through seven spheres to the point where my journey once began....

And now, back at the very beginning from where I once set out I stand in the garden of my King ‘*Man*’. There is the old tree. I can hear the water of the fountain. The lands are covered in morning dew like a veiled bride. The sunlight is reflected in a myriad pearls. Fragrant roses awake in the sparkling light of dawn and all birds sing jubilant songs. Yes, I

have come home to my Fatherland!

I am wearing my radiant garment again strewn with jewels and a crown on my head. I am ‘*Mantao*’, my King’s Son.

My Father stands before me as in the past, as if nothing has happened. In my hands I hold the most beautiful fruit from the old tree. Filled with joy I offer him this fruit. Smiling my Father takes it from me and says:” My dear Son, I am overjoyed! Do you now comprehend what Time is?” “O, Father, You initiated me into the mysteries of Time in Your way. My fall was deep indeed. The path was long and it was an extraordinary journey. Let me tell you what happened...” While I thus spoke Silence enters the garden, my Mother and kisses me on the mouth. I am silenced by bliss. And beside the fountain under the old tree the three of us listen to the winged *Seraphim* and *Cherubim* and their jubilant songs of praise for the *Sun of Suns*.... ✪



On our own the Path is long and difficult, but walked together the Path is shorter and easier. Seize the opportunities offered to you and accept the help of the group and the Brotherhood. There is always Light. Just as a candle burning in the dark can be seen by the human eye at a distance of more than a mile, the Divine Light is seen more clearly in the darkness.

The Young Pupils and the oldest youth members experienced Easter in Caux as an international and joyful Light beacon. It is a Light that always shines brightly, and radiates so that many more brothers and sisters can be reached, and by this so that our unity can be reinforced.



There was a striking unity of the group. We really formed a whole, and even if you'd steal away from the group, you never felt detached, but always remained part of it. It was a gathering of friends from all over Europe, motivated by a common goal. It goes without saying that the special atmosphere of the group of Young Rosicrucians was never lacking, which we may best be described as warm, cheerful and relaxed. This was true as well for the less young people, who participated!

There comes a moment in the life of a young adult when he or she is brave enough to break free from the limits that surround him, like a star breaking free of the star dust from which it is born. It is the beginning of a choice, and henceforth one of his own making. He is on a pathway that is inward bound, while yet performing outwardly. Cascades of words give way to lakes of silence. Somehow, the unique being that lingers within seems to become ever more present. Unlimited visions gain life in the consciousness, bouncing off seeming limits and dissolving once again, thereby making everything possible. In this way, creativity and support, hope and solace for the future are brought forth.

