

Welcome



Many people had joyous, spiritually transcendent, and life-transforming moments with Mark and Elizabeth Clare Prophet, messengers for the Great White Brotherhood. By collecting these moments here, we hope to tell the story of who Mark and Mother really are—adepts among us who healed, blessed and awakened thousands of souls to their great God-potential.

The witnesses on these pages are first-hand accounts, as well as photographs taken by students who personally knew Mark and Mother, and worked or traveled alongside them. You will also find an overview of their teachings, and a list of links and community resources.

For more information about Mark and Elizabeth Clare Prophet, please visit The Summit Lighthouse. at www.tsl.org. You will also find many videos of their teachings on YouTube, posted by devotees around the world..

Two most compelling biographies were written by Alex and Margaret Reichardt, *All for the Love of God* and *On Fire for God*. Other wonderful stories can be found in the book, *Here I AM* by the Messenger of Music, Dorothy Lee Fulton, and I also chronicle my experiences with Mother in my book of personal stories on the path, *Miracles, Masters and Mirth*.

The stories in this book were first published on the website www.markandmother.com, created in 2009. Gratitude to all the Keepers of the Flame who shared their pictures.

It was my joy to gather and edit these stories, and to republish them now in book format, so they can never be lost. I hope they inspire you to climb the highest mountain of self, and leave footprints on the path that others may follow.

Thérèse Rose Emmanuel

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Stories of Mark



Our message is a message of infinite love
and we must demonstrate that love to the world.

—Mark Prophet

Those who knew Mark spoke of him as an adept, a teacher, a man with joy, spontaneity, playfulness, discipline, severity, humility, childlike innocence, a thundering voice and a very big heart who was not afraid to, as Mother Teresa said, “love until it hurts.”

In her book, *Memories of Mark: My Life with Mark Prophet*, Annice Booth speaks of how

Mark could modify difficult weather patterns through the power of his love. She also explains how he helped her lose twenty-five pounds in three days through positive visualization, and how he even drove through a wall with a carful of people, unharmed, in order to pass a spiritual initiation. There wasn't a scratch on the vehicle as matter separated to make way for them.

Mark could change traffic lights to green. He modified the paint color in a room to a darker pink by the sheer power of his love. He would spot dangerous oncoming traffic from miles away with the help of his higher consciousness and move out of the way on time. He also liked to slap negative substance off of his coworkers in the sauna, until they could actually see the energy form into a ball.

Now ascended, Mark is known to his students as Lanello, the Ever Present Guru. From his ascended state, he teaches us to be with him, “everywhere in the consciousness of God.” He encourages those who seek his help to write letters to him and burn them. His answer never fails.

These words written by Terry Canady describe him:

“He was so gentle he could soothe a baby child!
Yet God gave him pow’r
to make the storm run wild!
Not a greater man you’ll see
More than once in a century.
He’s not gone, Mark is with us all the while.

“He was a prophet, ‘twas his mission and his name!
And those whose lives he touched
will never be the same!
You could tell that he was purity
And you could read the truth
In the holy words he spoke in God’s name.”

These witnesses will tell the story.

Verily, verily, I say unto you,
He that believeth on me,
the works that I do shall he do also;
and greater works than these shall he do;
because I go unto my Father.

—Jesus

Howdy Partner!



A witness of Mark Prophet and the ascended masters
by Alex and Margaret Reichardt . Picture with Alex Reichardt.

In July of '68 Mark wanted to go to the Tetons for a short vacation and take a dictation from one of the Masters at the Royal Teton Retreat near Jackson, Wyoming. So he told Ruth Jones (now ascended) and me to get ourselves ready.

Bright and early we were rolling out the back gate at La Tourelle in the Travco with enough provisions for a week. Mother was there to say goodbye with the staff including Beulah Heaney

(now Ascended Lady Master Beatitude) and Phoebe Hammond who prepared food for the trip.

Mark was in high spirits -- jovial, singing and cracking jokes. And “Ruthie,” as Mark called her, and I were enjoying it and having a good time. He was beginning to feel relaxed and relieved to get out from under the scope of the dark forces.

How well I remember him behind the wheel singing “How Great Thou Art.” It was so moving and I felt he was singing directly to God. I could see it in his eyes as he poured his heart out with each word. He also loved singing Mother’s keynote “Beautiful Dreamer” and his own, “Greensleeves.”

He loved Mother very deeply with the special love of twin flames and singing her keynote brought them closer together on his trips away from home.

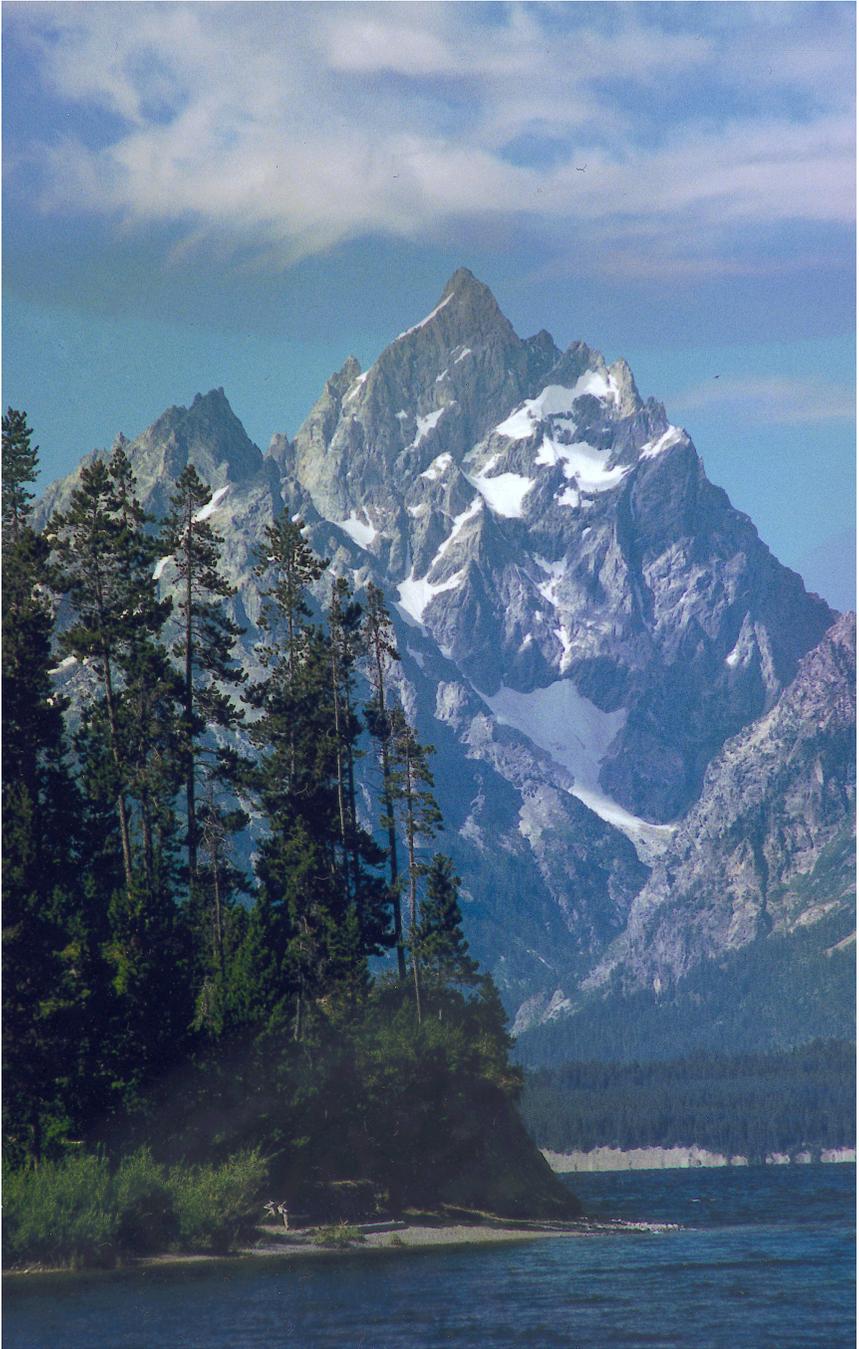
Later that day we crossed into Wyoming and began climbing into the “high country” sprinkled with log cabins, quivering aspens and jackleg fences. Every once in a while we would see a stray cow crossing the road. The weather was perfect with azure blue skies and wisps of white clouds in ever-changing patterns. Up ahead were the majestic purple Tetons marking our destination.

Mark had quite a sense of humor and loved playing jokes. And he got his opportunity as we turned the bend. He spied a cowpoke herding his cows along the road. He grabbed his microphone and shouted through the rooftop speaker, “Howdy partner!”

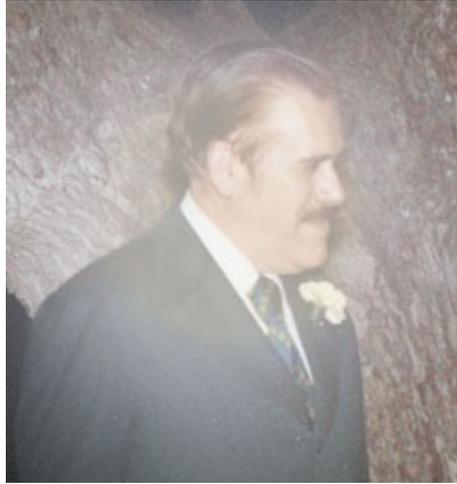
The man jumped, looked around, scratched his head and couldn't figure out where that sound came from. Ruth slapped her knee and exclaimed "Oh, Mark!" laughing heartily.

We continued on up to the Tetons and found a place to park for the night in the shadow of Lord Lanto's Retreat.





Mark Becomes Invisible



A witness of Mark Prophet and the ascended masters
by Alex and Margaret Reichardt .
Picture from Merle Bouma's wedding

One Sunday evening at La Tourelle in Colorado Springs, Mark recounted the time he suddenly disappeared from view during a conference he conducted at the Dodge House in Washington, D.C..

Mark had a painting done of Saint Germain and didn't want anything to happen to it. He needed to bring the painting up from his car, so he took the elevator down with George Lancaster (now ascended) to the lobby. He asked George to hold

the elevator for him and not let anyone use it until he got back. So George did as he asked and waited while Mark went out to the parking lot.

Mark said he walked out to his car, picked up the painting, and then disappeared, becoming invisible.

A half an hour later, someone called Mark's room and asked him if he still wanted George to continue holding the elevator for him. Mark was surprised by the call and said later that he himself didn't understand what had happened. George had never seen him come back into the lobby.

Mark then told those gathered that evening an amazing thing, that he had been invisible before, and that we were all capable of doing this ourselves. He explained that matter is not solid, but comprised of atoms, cells, and electrons, and therefore penetrable if we have the faith. He gave the example of Jesus becoming invisible to escape the masses who wanted to push him over a cliff as recorded in scripture. "And all they in the synagogue, when they heard these things, were filled with wrath, and rose up, and thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong. But he passing through the midst of them went his way." (Luke: 4:28-30)

Mark also reminded us to call for our cloak of "Invisibility, invincibility, and invulnerability" as a shield, especially when doing important work for the masters.

Parting the Fog



A witness of Mark Prophet and the ascended masters
by William Lynn. Picture with William Lynn.

When I first came in contact with Mark I was a hippy. Mark told me that before I could come on staff, I would need to get a job and get a haircut.

I followed his instructions, and one day after a Sunday service, he took me for a ride in his Cadillac and he asked me if I wanted to work at the Four Winds restaurant and be on staff. From that point on, I saw him also every day, and I stayed in the attic at La Tourelle. Mark was very personable and had a great sense of humor.

Mark took me to Hawaii with his family in 1972 because I knew the islands well. One day we drove to the top of the Haleakala volcano on Maui which is over ten thousand feet. As we came down the mountain, we were engulfed in a big cloud and couldn't see road at all.

Mark was driving the RV pick up we had rented. He put his hand out and started to chant. The fog started to part right in front of us so we could see the road. It was like an invisible snowplow going in front of us. All around us was dense fog except straight ahead. It reminded me of parting the Red Sea.



Lost and Found



A witness of Mark Prophet and the ascended masters
by Grace Johnson. Picture from the Middle East trip.

I accompanied Mark and Mother on their Middle East trip. As we traveled in Lebanon one day, we made a rest stop and I went into a gift shop and purchased a small angel statue. Two of my traveling companions were with me.

During our bus ride back, I was sorting through my tote bag and I suddenly realized my billfold was missing. I removed everything from the bag to be sure. Needless to say, I prayed fervently. There were no international credit cards then and all of my money was in the billfold.

As we entered the hotel, I saw Mark and told him what had happened. He calmly remarked,

“Grace, this is most unfortunate.”

As soon as I got to my room, I hurriedly went to my drawer and there was my billfold right on top. All of the money was there except for the amount I had spent that day!



Traveling Through Past Lives



A witness of Mark Prophet and the ascended masters
by Ken McNeal.

I was out with Mark one day on our Middle East tour when we approached a fence and all of a sudden, Mark started tackling me. Somehow I hit my head on a rock and against barbed wire and I

was bleeding pretty bad. So was Mark. Mother said to us, “You boys play so rough!”

We went home to clean up. After my shower, I looked in the mirror and all of my injuries had vanished. I was late for dinner and I was trying to sneak in, when I heard this big voice thundering:

“Kenneth McNeal, what are you doing standing behind those bushes? Come on in and stand like a man.”

“Mark,” I said, “a miracle has happened. I’m completely healed.”

“Well you haven’t seen anything yet,” said Mark, lifting up his shirt. “Look children, mine is healed too. From now on Kenneth McNeal and I are going to be friends forever.

“A long time ago I was Saladin and Kenneth was a Christian knight, and we fought on the same hill that we fought today, and the masters have decided to heal him and to heal me.”

We were at the Parthenon where Pallas Athena’s statue is. I looked down to tie my shoe and all of a sudden, I felt a strong wind and I looked up, and there were lights shining down from heaven.

“Well,” said Mark, “I’m going to test this story and if it’s true.” And so we bent down together and pretended to tie our shoes and the wind started blowing. Mark said, “OK, the wind is blowing so half of your story is true. Now let’s stand up and see if the rest of it holds up.”

We looked up and he also saw these lights

shining down from heaven and he said “Look everybody, Pallas Athena is pouring down her love on Kenneth and I and on all of you!” Everyone clapped. Another witness also saw the light shining down.

When I was a little boy, my third eye was open and I could see and play with Eric, my little gnome, along with many other fairies, sylphs and elementals (nature spirits.) Later on, this ability was lost.

I was riding on the bus with Mark and told him how I used to be able to see those things and how I had lost that vision. Mark told me God wanted my third eye open again and so he whacked me on the head.

“There’s my gnome,” I said, “the one I used to know.”

“Good,” said Mark, “now you buddies can be buddies again.” He’s been with me ever since.

Mark worked a lot with elementals and they obeyed him. He taught me how to command them through love. One day he was showing me how it worked. He started making it rain and snow right over the garden, half and half.

“Careful Mark,” I said, “You’re making it snow over Mother’s flowers.”

“Oops,” he said and he turned the snow back to rain. It wasn’t raining anywhere else!

We were in Versailles and there were all the beautiful fountains. Mark asked me, “Tell me what you think of those fountains?” I replied, “The

fountains are beautiful but I don't like that muddy pond at the end."

Then Mark said, "I can tell you why you don't like that pond. As Louis the XIV, I always liked to have parties and I wanted to have a lake people could paddle around. You were one of my generals and I told you I wanted that lake dug. You had to stay up several days and nights digging with your men so I could have my party."

"You mean four hundred years later, I still don't like the lake?" I asked.

"See what happens to you when you come back many times!" Mark answered.



Picture of Versailles

Indian Tea with Mark



A witness of Mark Prophet and the ascended masters
by Timothy Connor. Picture with George Lancaster.

I encountered Mark Prophet quite by chance on an icy street corner in Colorado Springs, Colorado, in December, 1972. Recognizing him from a Summit Lighthouse flyer I had seen, I invited him and his four companions—as it turned out, Summit employees—to the Indian restaurant where I worked, for some tea and conversation. He accepted with a hearty smile.

Soon we were seated under a picture of the Hindu servant, Hanuman, while Mark shared his enthusiasm for “Mother India.” He enchanted our

small restaurant staff and me with anecdotes from his visit there.

He described the overflowing abundance of temples and shrines and religious statuary. We heard of bus rides with yogis meditating in lotus position while chickens flew about the cab. He shared with us the mystical beauty of the Taj Mahal. And he spoke of receiving freshly baked chapattis from gracious Buddhist monks in their tranquil Himalayan retreat.

Reflecting back on this encounter, as I have numerous times, I can say that what came through from Mark was his vibrant humor and an almost childlike joy of sharing in the Spirit.

He is often described by those who knew him as a confidant and friend, and as a person with a magnanimous heart.

I can witness that it was my single encounter with Mark and his magnanimous heart that drew me to the Summit activity. It has helped me through the thick and thin of all the ensuing years, to sustain my spiritual path.

In short, meeting Mark Prophet was a life-changing experience and an enormous blessing, and I shall forever be grateful to him.



El Morya's Birthday Gift



A witness of Mark Prophet and the ascended masters by Dr. Merle Bouma. Picture from the wedding of Merle and Marge Bouma, with Erin, Sean, Tatiana and Moira .

I first met Mark in the Fall of 1971 when I came to La Tourelle in Colorado Springs for a Sunday evening service. This where the “Sermons for a Sabbath Evening” came from. I always looked forward to those services and to the "fireside chat" following.

Mark never gave a sermon or a lecture with notes in front of him. He would often begin by expounding on very profound teachings, then phase into practical stories to bring it all down to earth. He seemed to know what people were

thinking and what they needed to hear.

One particular Sunday evening, he began his sermon and after a short time, stopped and asked us to sing a song. During the song, three people in the front row walked out.

After the song was finished, Mark said. "Okay, that's taken care of and we can get back to the sermon. Those people didn't want to be here so I wanted to give them an opportunity to leave graciously."

Mark seemed to know many things happening in people's lives even when not directly involved. Once, I attended a couple of lectures by a man who claimed to be an expert on various aspects of healing and nutrition.

A few days later, Mark called me aside after a service and said to me, "I'm not trying to interfere in your life but I wanted you to know that I checked on this man and got a red light from the Master." (When Mark used the word "Master" that way, we knew he was referring to El Morya.)

One of Mark's stories I particularly liked was when Morya told him he wanted give Elizabeth a birthday gift. Mark explained to me,

"The Master told me to buy Elizabeth a birthday gift from him. So I said to him, 'You want to give Elizabeth a birthday gift but you want me to pay for it?'

"And Morya said, 'Yes, that's right.'

"I went out and bought the gift the Master wanted and it cost me fifty dollars. That evening

someone came to the door and gave me fifty dollars. So the Master pays his bills.”

Mark could joke about the Master as if he was one of his childhood friends.

Mark officiated at our wedding. When he found out that Margie and I planned to get married, he said to Florence Miller, “Do you think they will let me marry them?” He really wanted to do that and enjoyed the ceremony and the reception at La Tourelle.

Even after his ascension, Mark is still involved in our lives. The most memorable incident for me was in about 1981 or '82, when I was unable to reach Mother regarding a directive.

I tried all day. No success.

That evening after the Saint Germain Service, I wrote to Lanello and asked him to help me reach Mother because it was important that I talk to her.

I burned the letter and went to bed. I awoke at 7 a.m. the following morning hearing a voice, “Call Mother.”

My response was, “Do what?”

The voice again said, “Call Mother.”

Then some cynical part of me said, “I'll bet she is just sitting at the phone waiting for me to call.”

The voice responded with, “You wrote the letter, didn't you?”

So I called her and had a five-minute conversation with her to resolve the issue, which

was completely resolved in the next twenty-four hours. Then, Mother said, “I’ve got to go, I’m on my way out to catch a plane.”

I realized that I had only had this small window of opportunity to reach her, and Lanello gave me the signal. The experience helped me to understand a little better the Master's teachings on obedience.



Holy Water



A witness of Mark Prophet and the ascended masters
by Dorothy Lee Fulton.

Picture of the transfer of the mantle of the Mother of the Flame
from Clara Louise Kieninger to Mother

I accompanied Mark and Mother on a trip to India. It was very hot and we were in a bus a lot. Our water supply was rationed to a small bottle a day, because that was all that was available.

Mark was a big man and I was concerned

that he was not getting enough water, so everyday I gave him my bottle. One day, he told some people on the bus, “Linda (that's how he called me) knows where to get more water.”

I never told him I was going without, and the most amazing thing was, I was never thirsty on that trip.



Chanting Elohim



A witness of Mark Prophet and the ascended masters
by Jeffrey Lewis

It was 1971, after a Sunday dictation by the Elohim Cyclopea. Everyone had left for dinner. I ran into Mark, who was staying around the house.

We were talking, and I told him how much I enjoyed just chanting the word “Elohim.” Still

standing by the back door, Mark started to pick up on that idea and got clearly into it. He began to chant slowly two or three times, with a rich timber: E-L-O-H-I-M. He had his eyes closed and was making attunement.

I realized we were doing the unexpected, which was the order of the day with Mark. You could feel the energy changing around him as he drew down the power of Elohim.

He got to his concluding point, opened his eyes and continued the conversation at the level we had left off. Then he stopped.

“Well,” he said. “My eyesight is better.”

“Really?” I asked.

“Yes, yes it is,” he said, looking around. Then he went inside.

I understood this was an extraordinary window of opportunity for me. He was giving me a personal example to fuel my own passion in the science of the spoken word with something as simple as chanting the word, “Elohim.”

On Sean's birthday, Mark's son, the weather was very overcast. There were crepe paper decorations everywhere and it started to rain. The ladies who were organizing the party went to see Mark and asked him to help out.

Mark went out with a silver dollar and started making calls. Over a period of an hour or so, the sky opened up like the lens of a camera with a circling action, creating a sunny afternoon for the party. One person even said she saw the raindrops

go back up!

We asked Mark how he did it. He told us he showed the elementals what he wanted them to do by giving them the matrix of the coin, instructing them to go in a circle to create a vortex to open air energy.

Mark was very matter-of-fact, very practical. He wasn't showing off. He was just tending to the need of the hour, so the party would run smoothly.

One day I drove with Mark to Sean's school for a meeting with the principal. I was sitting in the car waiting, and decided to meditate on my Mighty I AM Presence.

When Mark got back to the car, the first thing he said was, "I see you've been meditating." He knew what was going on and he simply acknowledged it. Inner mystical events were as tangible to him as outer events.

Mark loved to have fun. He made a point of making people laugh to break up calcified energy that blocks the flow of the Holy Spirit.

One day, I was asked to go with an older student to do some evangelical work, sharing the teachings with some young people. We went and had a little talk and answered their questions.

We came home, and Mark and Mother were in the dining room. Mother asked me how it went. As I shared with them, Mark made a couple of comments that indicated to me that he had been able to hear and witness most of what I had talked about. It's as if he had clairaudience or had

bilocated to the scene.

He was actually much less interested in my story than Mother. She hadn't been there and wanted to know what happened, but Mark certainly had. It was another inner invisible level that Mark operated from, the spiritual secret agent consciousness that he wore so well. I remember thinking to myself at the time, "Oh, that's another thing that Mr. Prophet does."



A Gift of Healing



A witness of Mark Prophet and the ascended masters
by Dorothy Angleton

Mark was so kind, so compassionate, so loving with everyone. He had the gift of healing and he healed those who needed it.

One girl I knew had colon cancer. After looking at her X-rays, the doctors told her to come in Tuesday for an operation. She was scared to death. I suggested she talk to Mark and she did.

He put her on a grape fast for three days.
“Make the calls,” he said. “You’re going to be fine.”

The following Tuesday, she went back to the doctors and they couldn’t believe their eyes. The cancer was gone.

“What have you been doing?” they asked.
“I’ve been on a grape fast,” she replied.

“A grape fast could not have handled that much cancer in such a short time,” they said. “We must have made a mistake.”

On another occasion, a young boy came on staff and Mark noticed he was having lots of stomach aches.

“Leon, you have to go on a carrot juice fast for four or five days,” he said.

“Why?” asked the boy.

“Because you’re bleeding inside. You have a bleeding ulcer in your stomach.”

The boy agreed, went on the fast and was healed.



Mark's Ascension



A witness of Mark Prophet and the ascended masters
by Dorothy Angleton

I attended Mark's memorial service and drove home with a friend. We took the usual route and came to the first place where the mountains come together.

I looked up in the sky and could hardly believe my eyes! There was a giant threefold flame-blue, yellow and pink. It wasn't made with clouds. It was just there in the sky, three giant plumes of

fiery substance.

At that moment, we wished we had a camera. Then, we came to another break in the mountains and up in the sky was a gigantic victory star, made of white lines. We knew it was for Mark's ascension.

After Mark's passing, Summit University was happening at the Mother House in Santa Barbara. I attended an evening service and they played one of Mark's favorite songs, "How Great Thou Art." I was sitting in the overflow room and all of a sudden, I heard Mark's voice singing.

After the service, I told the people in the AV booth that I had to have a copy of that tape. "Sorry, they said, "we don't have a version with Mark."

"I heard him," I said.

"No," they said, "he's not on that tape." They played the tape for me and sure enough, Mark wasn't on it.



Bus Driving at Night



A witness of Mark Prophet and the ascended masters
by John Fanuzzi

I was staying in New York City in 1979 and I had a dream that I was walking down one of the sidewalks. There was a man in the middle of a group and everyone around him was sitting in a lotus posture.

I came over to see who he was and all of these past lives started to flash before my eyes. Then, the man looked at me, touched me on the forehead and said, “I like your colors.”

Two weeks later, I found the teachings and left for Summit University. When I got there, I saw a picture of Ikhenaton, Hiawatha and Mark

Prophet, which confirmed to me that Lanello was the teacher I had met in my dreams.

On another occasion during my sleep, Mark started to teach me how to drive the gold bus he had built for Mother. A couple of weeks later, I got a phone call from Camelot to come drive the gold bus on a stump tour. I had never driven a bus before and received very little training. I only got to take the bus around the block once before leaving on the tour, and I realized my training had been on the inner.



*It's What's Inside
That Counts!*



A witness of Mark Prophet and the ascended masters
by Alejandro Genis

I first walked into La Tourelle in Colorado Springs and the person who greeted me said, “Oh, you get to meet Mark Prophet!”

I saw a guy standing in the back dressed up as a cowboy with a big hat and a buckle. The idea that the prophet was a cowboy struck me as so funny.

I looked pretty odd with my long hair, my yellow tank top with a cherry on it, and my huge white canvas pants, but I thought he looked even more ludicrous.

Mark turned to me and said, “It doesn’t matter what you’re wearing. It’s what’s on the inside that counts. Isn’t that right?” And he held out his hand.

This took me aback and I thought, “He’s reading my mind.” Still, my first impression of Mark was that of a wonderfully interesting man with warm and very intelligent eyes. I took a liking to him immediately.

The following Sunday, I attended one of his lectures and asked him if I could serve on staff. He said to me, “You have some light,” and told me I could work at the Four Winds, the health food store and book store.

Mark came in every day to visit and almost every visit was an opportunity for teachings, whether it was how to make the food better or how to clean the floors better. Disciplines and initiations were part of the mix.

I was fascinated to watch Mark and to see what I could learn. One time, he picked up the phone to call the warehouse and sort out a problem, and the person on the other end started defending themselves.

Mark started shouting and really getting into it. In the middle of the drama, he put down the phone and said, “I really got him hopping.” Then he picked up the phone and gave the person a corrective teaching.

On another occasion, Mark wasn't pleased with the man washing dishes. “You are far too serious,” he told the man and laughed as he walked by. The dishwasher was grumpy for only a few moments longer and then his countenance changed and he lightened up.

Mark loved humor. During my first conference, I saw a man in the distance dressed with a turban and I thought, “Look, there's someone from Saudi Arabia.” I walked over and it was Mark with a blue tunic and a white turban!

Mark was at the same time both very physical, and very ethereal. He would say the most profound things. When he gave an invocation, you could really feel things change in the room. At the same time, he like to tell very down-to-earth stories about his time in the army or working in construction.

He also loved to wrestle and he would grab you in a headlock when you walked by. He could even grab two guys and put their heads together. He would say, with a very serious tone, “I'm a karate master on the inner.” Some of the behavior seemed so silly, you never knew whether he was joking or not.

For a while, everyone on staff belonged to a

health club and we went down once a week. One day, Mark met me in the dressing room. “Well, how do you think I look?” he asked me.

“I guess you look pretty good,” I replied, not sure what to say.

“I’ve lost weight,” he said. “You know, I’ve got a young wife and I have to keep in shape.” His concern struck me as so sweet.



Miracle of the Oil



A witness of Mark Prophet and the ascended masters
by Alex and Margaret Reichardt

During a conference at La Tourelle in Colorado Springs during the 60's, the time had come for Mark to anoint the students of the Masters with the oil of spikenard. So he asked a staff member to get the bottle from his office. But when he looked into the jar, he saw that it was almost empty.

With faith in God and a trusting heart, he

called to beloved Jesus for the increase, and began anointing the disciples of Christ. The endless stream of students seeking to receive their blessing kept coming, yet there was still oil in the jar. Finally, the last person came forward.

Having completed the blessing, he looked into the jar and there was the miracle before him. The Lord had indeed given the increase and now the jar was full!

Mark seemed to be as surprised as everyone else, and also pleased. It was a small miracle in the Biblical sense. He just looked at the bottle, smiled that big grin of his and had it put away somewhere safe. After all, it was now a holy object!



The First and Last Time I Met Mark



A witness of Mark Prophet and the ascended masters
by Philip Hoag

I supplied the bread for my first conference at La Tourelle, in lieu of payment for my registration costs. During the conference, there was a receiving line where Mother was sitting and shaking everyone's hands as they came by. At that time she was about nine months pregnant. I was introduced to her as, "This is Philip Hoag. He's the man who baked the bread for our conference."

Mother smiled and said, "You will have to

come on staff and make all of our bread!” The statement kind of left me speechless. A few days later, I came up to La Tourelle for a meeting in the family room with Mark to discuss the subject of my joining staff.

Mark was a big towering man. He had on a green jumpsuit and cowboy boots. He walked over, sat down and said, “What can I do for you?”

I told him I was interested in joining staff.

He said, “Well, I’ll have to take your request to the Darjeeling Council and get back to you in a couple of weeks.”

Then he asked me what I did for a living. I told him that I was a baker and had a bakery. He innocently asked me, “What are you going to do with your bakery if you join staff?”

I replied, “Why, I guess I will give it to you!”

Up until now his demeanor had been very reserved. But when he heard that, he got all excited, like a little child and leaned forward in his chair and said, “You will?”

His demeanor quickly returned to a reserved state and he said, “Well, I’ll take this up with the Darjeeling Council tonight!”

I found out later on that he had excitedly told the staff that night that the Masters not only sent a baker but also a bakery!

At that time, Mark was in the process of starting a health food store, restaurant and bakery in downtown Colorado Springs called “The Four Winds”. One of the components he had not yet

been able to pull together was the bakery. Next day, I was told that I had been approved to join staff.

The last time I saw Mark happened the evening before he had a stroke. I was down the street from The Four Winds at a drugstore.

Mark and Gilbert pulled up in the Eldorado Cadillac. Gilbert began searching for some change and couldn't find any, so he went into the drugstore to get some change for the meter.

Then suddenly, Mark went into a different space and changed dramatically. It seemed like he got into a transcendental space. I had never seen him like that before.

I said to Mark "I guess I will be seeing you," and started to walk away, but Mark said, "Wait, aren't you going to walk with me?"

I was a bit surprised that he wanted to walk with me. So we walked slowly up the sidewalk to The Four Winds. This was a very unusual experience! I don't even remember what he said. It was like he had been elevated into another realm. He was blissed out and I could feel myself being drawn up into his aura.

This reminded me of when the spring snow starts to melt, and one crocus comes up through an isolated patch of ground surrounded by snow. This was the afternoon before the stroke Mark had the following morning.

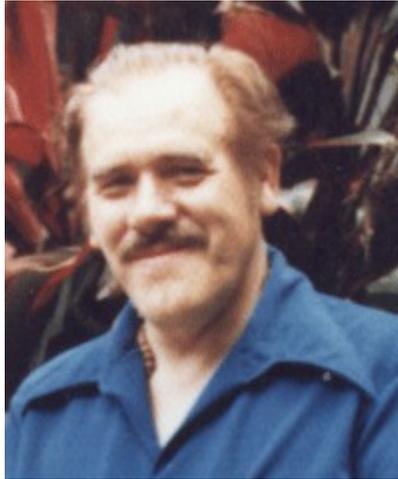
I don't know how long it took to walk to The Four Winds. Time and space seemed to stand still. Then we parted company. I said goodbye and

caught a ride back to La Tourelle.

The next morning we heard the ambulance come for Mark. This was quite a shock and an adjustment for everyone.



Meeting Mark Prophet



A witness of Mark Prophet and the ascended masters
by Terry Canady.

The Four Winds Organic Center was a health food store located in downtown Colorado Springs. I “wandered” in one afternoon, looking to replenish my vitamin supply. I found a whole lot more than vitamins! I met Mark Prophet, his family and staff, the Great White Brotherhood and the Teachings of the Ascended Masters. Wow! What a deal!

I have to tell you that Mark Prophet was just a good friend to me long before he became a guru, or teacher, to me. Whenever I would see him at the store, he was always so comfortable to be around and a lot of fun to talk to. It seemed like he had so

much to say. He had the ability to meet someone right where they were in consciousness, and he wouldn't talk down to you. He met me right where I was and accepted me for who I was, with all the baggage I carried and with all of my "stuff." He was one of the most interesting people I've ever known. I realize that Mark must have known that the best thing he could have done for me, at that time, was to simply be the best example of what the Teachings represented.

Because Mark made me feel so welcome at the store whenever I visited, I gave him a promotional photo of myself and one of the 45 rpm records I had recorded in Nashville I thought Mark might enjoy a copy. I found out later that after the store closed that day, Mark took the record upstairs and played it for everyone.

One thing I'll always remember about Mark was how he greeted me after the first service I attended. He stood just outside the chapel door and greeted people as they exited. When it was my turn to shake his hand, he looked at me and said, "Well, Terry Canady, how nice to see you." I was very impressed, because it's one thing to make acquaintances with people at the store, but quite another to be able to call someone by their full name after a Sunday night service with many people in attendance. After shaking his hand, I told him what a great service it had been and what a nice job he had done. He responded in that big, beautiful voice of his, "All glory to God!"

My Children Mean Everything to Me



A witness of Mark Prophet and the ascended masters
by Dorothy Angleton. Picture with Moira and baby Tatiana.

I joined Mark and Mother's staff many years ago and helped with a lot of cooking duties, as well as with the children.

One afternoon, I went out with my friend Ruth Jones and two of the children to buy school clothes. We were looking for different kinds of long underwear and had gone to several stores.

At one point, I asked Ruth what time it was and she told me it was time to go home. I told her I still needed to get four pairs of undershirts in this one store and then we would hurry home. So that is what we did.

When I got to the gate, someone told me, “Dorothy, Mark wants to see you right away.”

I had only gotten a few hundred yards and a second person told me Mark was waiting for me in the master suite. As I was racing up the stairs, a third person told me I was urgently wanted.

“Yes, I know.” I said.

Then a fourth person told me, “You better hurry in there.”

“Oh brother,” I thought. “I’m probably going to get fired.” I calmed myself down and Florence opened the door.

“Mark, it’s Dorothy,” she said. “Okay,” he replied, “have her come in.”

Mark said to me, “I’m glad you’re here. You can sit down,” and continued his conversation with Florence and Alex Reichardt. I was still nervous.

Then Mark turned to me and said, “Dorothy, I have a message for you. My children mean everything to me. They are my life and I love them dearly and when they don’t come home, I worry so deeply. You should have called. Please remember my children have to be at home at five o’clock.”

“Yes,” I told him. “I will always remember.”

Stories of Mother



Whirling out of light I saw a daisy, and the sun of the daisy symbolizing the individual Christ Self and the emanation of its consciousness in the petals. It began to whirl.

Then Saint Germain showed me in the center of each daisy a face—a beautiful face—of a soul of God. And he said, “I am impressing upon your aura the electronic vibration of every single one of these souls and also their faces and you will go up and down the earth and around this planet and find these souls and you will transmit the teachings. They are the shepherds that I am going to raise up.

—Elizabeth Clare Prophet

Those who have known Elizabeth Clare Prophet have seen her smile light up any room. They have heard a voice that stirs the soul and gazed into eyes that reflect infinity.

Mother's courage, determination and constancy helped to bring a spiritually liberating message to hundreds of thousands of people around the world.

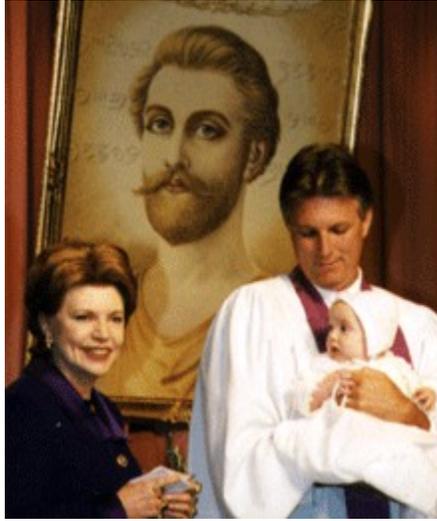
Many still receive her healing assistance in dreams and visions, or even off a television screen. Others have been uplifted by laughing with her, by hugging her or by holding her hands.

The witnesses published here tell the story.

These are the two olive trees, and the two candlesticks standing before the God of the earth. |
And if any man will hurt them, fire proceedeth out of their mouth and devoureth their enemies.

—Book of Revelation

The Love of the Mother



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Nancy McNabb. Picture with Jeffrey McNabb.

One of my most precious memories with Mother was our trip to India in 1980. My husband and I had been married and hadn't been able to take a honeymoon, so Mother invited us to go to India with her as part of our honeymoon. There were about eighteen of us and we traveled for three weeks.

Mother gave us the mission to find a building that would serve as a spiritual focus, the Ashram of the World Mother in New Delhi. To get the job done, we had to treasure map the city and we did

lots of decrees and prayers to find the right location. Mother told us it was extremely important to anchor the light in India as there are so many devotees of the Divine Mother.

This trip was my first opportunity to witness Mother not only as a guru, but also as a person interacting with her children, her staff and friends. Mother felt so free in India. She told everyone we came into contact with—merchants, taxicab drivers, you name it—about the teachings, the science of the spoken word and the violet flame.

One of my most cherished memories was when we went on a boat on the Ganges river at sunrise and sang bhajans. Mother told us that the Ganges was holy water blessed by Shiva. She blessed each of us with the water and then said, “Okay. It’s time to go swimming. Everybody jump in.” We all went in the water in our clothes and it was amazing how clean, holy and silky it felt!

I also had the privilege of working in Mother’s household when her son Seth was born, and I witnessed the extreme love that she had for her newborn. It was the most tender, most beautiful love and I hold the image of her being that loving mother. She may have been in the middle of an important phone call or meeting, but if her baby needed her, she would drop everything and run to him.

One Christmas, Mother invited those of us who worked in her household to come have a “cup of cheer” with her. She gave each of us a special

blue and white mug as a present. We all had tea or hot cider with her and she shared her appreciation for each of us. I will never forget these moments of kindness.





*Sacred soil from Darjeeling that Mark scooped up,
and sacred water from Pushkar that Mother
brought home from India that I keep on my altar*

Old Friends



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Jeffrey McNabb. Picture with Ruth and Joe McNabb.

My dad was a spiritual man and a 32nd degree mason, but had never accepted our church as his own. Still, he definitely accepted Mother as a great spiritual leader. He supported us for years so we could work on staff. Once, when we asked Mother whether it was lawful she said yes, that it was his good karma.

Mother and my dad had heard a lot about each other but hadn't met. When my dad moved here at the age of eighty, he wanted to meet Mother

so my wife Nancy arranged a meeting. He was wearing a bright red flannel shirt. Mother stood up and embraced him with the fullness of her love and acceptance. “Well,” she said. “It feels like old friends’ week. I’ve known you forever.” This was very special.

When my dad decided to get married at the tender age of 82, he asked Mother permission to marry one of her students. She said yes and served Holy Communion at their wedding. Then, two years later on Easter Sunday, he asked to be baptized and Mother came and blessed him .

Mother's Premonition



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Alex Reichardt

One evening Mother asked me to drive her two daughters back to Camelot from her home in Malibu, California. She then gave me a stern warning from the Master that if any dogs should try to attack the vehicle, to keep going and not swerve to avoid hitting them, jeopardizing the lives of her daughters.

That night while driving along the Pacific Coast Highway, the sound of a pack of vicious dogs enveloped the car. Remembering Mother's warning I kept going straight with the dogs yelping on all sides and the girls screaming.

After the sounds subsided, one of the girls insisted we go back and make sure the dogs were okay, saying she would feel awful if anything had happened to them. I turned around and discovered there was absolutely no sign of them or any evidence they had ever been there.

These were astral energies that Mother had anticipated were going to attack us. Had I not heeded her warning, I might have fallen into the trap and an accident could have happened.



American of the Century



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Clifford Mikkelsen

I have followed all the movements of The Summit Lighthouse and Church Universal and Triumphant for more than twenty years. My admiration for Mother has just grown and deepened, as I understood more and more just how much she has done and is doing on behalf of

humanity.

I have heard many women who are famous these days in the religious, political and health fields. None can equal Elizabeth Clare Prophet. She has delivered the violet flame and all else from the Great White Brotherhood.

She has been in my dreams a few times, and each time has said some very dear words to me. So as for me, I regard Elizabeth Clare Prophet as the American person of the century.



In the Eye of the Storm



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Rev. Alberta Fredricksen. Picture with Gilbert Cleirbaut.

I would like to share one of the ways God uses
to show his love and caring for each one of us
personally.

For those of us who moved to Montana from

1988 to 1990 to help build our community, it was a time of facing and overcoming the suspicion and fear on the part of some residents already here.

They did not know what we were about and false rumors were simply accepted as fact. Many were reluctant to hire newcomers and we were all scrutinized about matters that had nothing to do with our ability to perform the various employment opportunities we sought.

I left a wonderful human resource position in California, and the only job I could get was to serve as personnel director at the State Prison. A year later, a position opened up for a school personnel director. I prayed and did novenas for God's Will and applied.

During this time, Mother and the staff arranged to present a performance of *The Taming of the Shrew* by Shakespeare and invited community leaders from around the area to attend at Ranch Headquarters.

At the reception following the play, my friend and I wanted to greet Mother and thank her. My friend also wanted very much to ask Mother a question, because the masters had stated that if we were to meet the Messenger along the way, we could ask her specifically what we needed to do to win our ascension. We waited politely for our turn to speak to Mother and just as we got up to her, Mother said she wanted to get something to eat.

She motioned for us to walk close behind her and invited us to sit with her. Other people kept

coming to talk to her. Finally, Mother turned to my friend and said, “What is it that you want to ask me?” My friend asked her the question and Mother responded to both of us, “The most important thing you can do to win your ascension is to balance your threefold flame.” We both thanked her and Mother embraced us.

We left feeling wonderful. I continued with my application for the school district and experienced much opposition and bad publicity, tied to my connection with the church. Nevertheless, after praying for God's will, the position opened.

Looking back, I can see that when Mother gave me that full embrace, it prepared me and gave my chakras a boost and a spin! She had already overcome initiations with the media and God used her to strengthen me in every way to go through the same test. In each subsequent trial to smear my professional service with issues of faith, God triumphed. I enjoyed a rewarding ten-year career in my final position, and opportunities to teach at Montana State University. I was blessed with wonderful colleagues and developed friendships that have endured to this day.

Thank you, God! And thank you, Mother, for answering the call to be God's Messenger and to set such an example!



“Come sit with me.”

Picture of Mother by Adolphus Glenn

Popcorn, Anyone?



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Charles McDonald

When I first arrived at Camelot back in 1979, I was standing in the lunch room, going through my mail. As I listened to the background conversations, a small voice came through.

“What have you got there?”

“Popcorn,” I replied, still going through my mail.

“Can I have a piece?”

Then, I felt so much love that I looked up to see.

Our eyes met. It was Ma.
I have never forgotten that moment.



*Mother and Therese catching
the wedding bouquet together at
William and Sandra Irby's wedding.*

A Matter of the Heart



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by a chela

In the winter of 1989, I went to the Grail Room at the Ranch Kitchen in Corwin Springs for a special event. I was going through a very painful divorce and feeling very downhearted. I actually had a heavy pain in my heart.

I was in the ladies room at the same time as Mother, and I consciously decided not to say anything more than, “Hello, Mother” because I wanted to respect her privacy. In the foyer leading to the ballroom, I became aware that Mother was noticing me.

A few moments later she took the opportunity to speak to me and asked what the

matter was. I was evasive in my response, as I was awaiting a letter from my husband which would determine whether I would get a divorce. I wasn't sure what to say at that point.

That night while I slept, Mother came to comfort me at inner levels. She had a warm and motherly demeanor and said to me, "Is it a matter of the heart?"

I woke up feeling Mother's love and concern for me, and I knew she cared about what I was going through. She did not let me avoid her and wriggle away in my painful condition without giving me her love. That experience touched my heart deeply, and I am very grateful for its lesson in compassion.



A Valentine gift sent to Mother while working on the *Heart to Heart* newsletter.

Touched by a Star



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Dr. Paul Gammon

It was my joy to be able to spend some quality time with Mother over a period of time stretching from 1984-1999, while I provided chiropractic care for her. She was an outspoken proponent of natural health remedies, and it was a topic she spoke about with energy and passion. We would often discuss the latest discoveries in the health arena, and she always seemed to have a different perspective on things.

One time, we were discussing a technique known as Network Chiropractic which consists of a very light touch in certain critical areas of the spine

and cranium, to unlock energy that is blocked.

Mother asked me how I liked Network Chiropractic and I said, “It is wonderful and so amazing that such a light touch could produce such big changes in the body.”

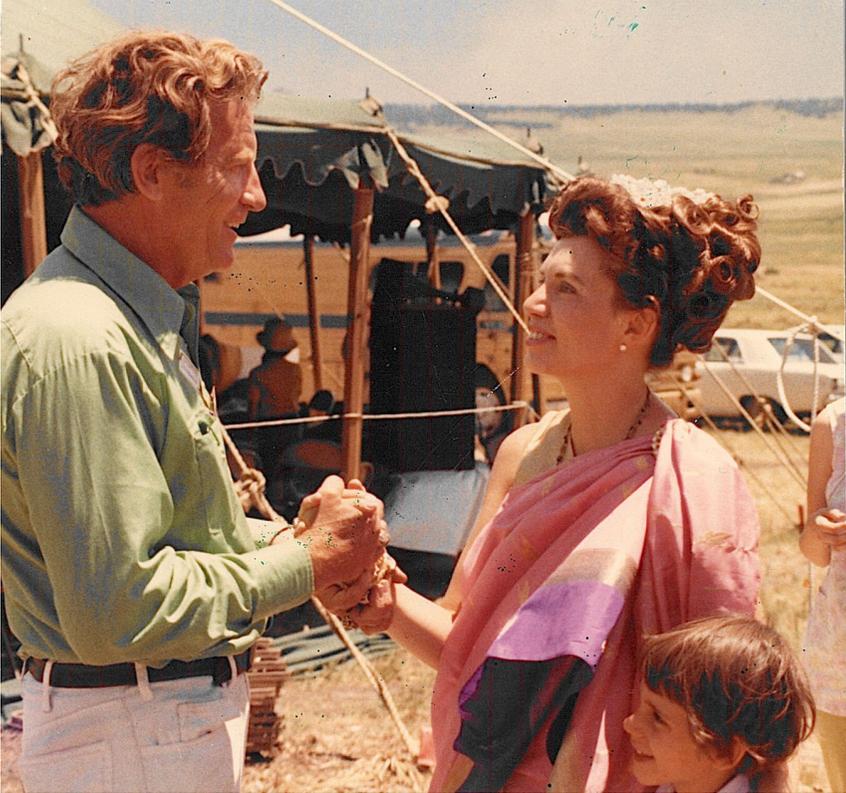
Mother gave me a surprised look and asked, “Why is that so amazing? The touch of light from a star a thousand light years away can change us forever.”

I could only smile and marvel at how profound her perspective was and how it changed my life. I am deeply touched by the memory of every moment I had the privilege to share with her.



Sirius, abode of Alpha and Omega

Nine Times More Power



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Terry Canady.
Picture with Ken McNeal, knighted "Sir Laughalot."

Mother and I shared many wonderful moments over the years. Many times, Mother would open the songbook and invite me to sing with my guitar. She taught me as a musician to

contemplate the difference in vibration between worldly music and more spiritual music.

Once, I sung a song to Mother that I had just written, “I and my Father are one, I and my Mother are one,”(later renamed and published in the songbook as “You Have Capability.”)

Mother noticed that a particular line in the music had a little curlicue. She asked me to sustain the note instead. I tried it again and she said,

“That’s great. Now the song has nine times more power than it did before.”

I tried complimenting Mother at the podium many times and she never let me finish. Once, I referred to her as one of the most stalwart soldiers on the planet and she told me to hush and sing my song.

Mother always corrected me when I was out of alignment. Once, I was flying back with her from Washington D.C. As an entertainer, I used to be “Mr. Laugh It Up,” always making light of things.

On this particular occasion, Mother chastised me and told me how inappropriate my comments were. I remember thinking with gratitude, “Good for her. Look at how much good she did for my soul.”

Mother didn’t just rubberstamp who you thought you were. She always went straight to who we really are.

A Polish Meal



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Eva Tame

In 1985, I was invited by beloved Mother to come from Edinburgh, Scotland, where I was residing, to the Royal Teton Ranch in Montana and work for one year in the editorial office under her sponsorship and supervision. As a student from Poland, without authorization to work in the USA, beloved Mother offered me a position among her editorial team as her personal guest.

Working on Mother's editorial team was a demanding task. Mother and El Morya's "blue ray" was everywhere, which translated into long, demanding hours. We had to have an ever-present

energy of super-attuned consciousness and finest attention to detail.

After a few months, and with many tests and initiations piling up, I felt like I was at the end of my rope. I was working six, and sometimes seven days a week at my computer. I wished for a reprieve and made silent calls.

One day Mother sent me a note asking if I would like to produce a small Polish cookbook, and also prepare a Polish meal for the community. I could barely believe my eyes! Cooking, baking and serving meals has always been my favorite service, for my Polish family and my friends in Poland and abroad.

I was sent to the Ranch Kitchen one day out of seven, every week for two months, to work with the wonderful staff there and produce a cookbook featuring ascended master style examples of world famous Polish cuisine. It was fun beyond fun! A few weeks later, we served bigos, a lovely Polish stew, and dessert to the staff.

Many folks on staff considered working in the kitchen as a discipline, or even a punishment. A few staff members asked me what I did wrong, to have to work in the kitchen! For me, the kitchen is most enjoyable and the best place to enjoy Mother Mary's flame. It is the love of the Mother flame and her energy which the Polish people have always so loved and respected.

Sharing a picture of Mother holding the Polish Solidarity Madonna.

Like a Sister



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by John Fanuzzi. Picture with Erin and other children.

Over the years, I built many things for Mother: the altar, the balcony in the court, altar stands, and furniture. I remodeled her childhood home in New Jersey, and also worked on her house.

At one point, Mother asked me to come in a remodel her bedroom, which I did. After the project was done, I was attending a conference in San Antonio and ran into her in the hallway. She completely ignored me and I felt so unappreciated.

All these ideas went through my head. We got back to Montana and I attended a wedding. Mother was there and I decided to stay out of her way. As she walked down the main aisle, she turned and

walked straight over to me and gave me a big hug. “Thank you for my new bedroom,” she said. I realized I had passed a test of non-attachment.

I had many fiery initiations and disciplines with Mother over the years. A short time before Mother retired, I said to her, “Mother, I’m not afraid of you anymore. I love you as a sister.”

She tenderly looked at me and said, “Why did it take you so long?”



Altar at the Ranch

How Much of Your Soul Do You Own?



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Larry Stanley. Picture with Larry Stanley.

I had the great opportunity to work closely
with Mother from 1973 until 1996. I began in the
graphics department in 1973, and then became her
photographer in 1980.

I was almost always there when she would

teach. Over the years we developed a personal friendship that never got in the way of the strict and loving discipline of the principle of Guru that shines so brightly in Mother.

We had a frank and respectful relationship. I could always speak my mind with Mother and likewise, she never spared me her insightful perspectives and sometimes stinging admonitions.

Looking back over those years, if I were to share one insight that most benefited me on my spiritual path, it would be a teaching I would title as ,“How much of your soul do you own?”

Mother taught this at great length, and I also got the benefit of her first-hand instruction. I was working for someone in one of the church departments that would have intense fits of anger and rage, often losing control of himself. I saw his temper displayed toward others many times, and then one day, the fury was released towards me personally.

I was strongly inclined to engage in the argument or to physically retaliate. Instead, I left the job very disturbed by the experience. The next day, I walked into the personnel department and asked them to please place me in some other department. I was sent to the staff kitchen and helped prepare meals.

Later that day, I got a call from Mother asking me to meet her in her quarters to discuss what happened. When I arrived, she was in her kitchen, eating a big bowl of cherries. She invited

me in and we stood and talked for over an hour, sharing the cherries until they were gone.

Rather than getting into the events of the day before, she spoke to me of her experiences, shared stories of people in her own life that had displayed rampant rage and anger, and shared a most profound teaching.

“If you allow others to upset you and control you with their anger and rage, you will never be free. If someone can upset you with their tantrums or outbursts of anger, you are in fact giving them a piece of your soul.”

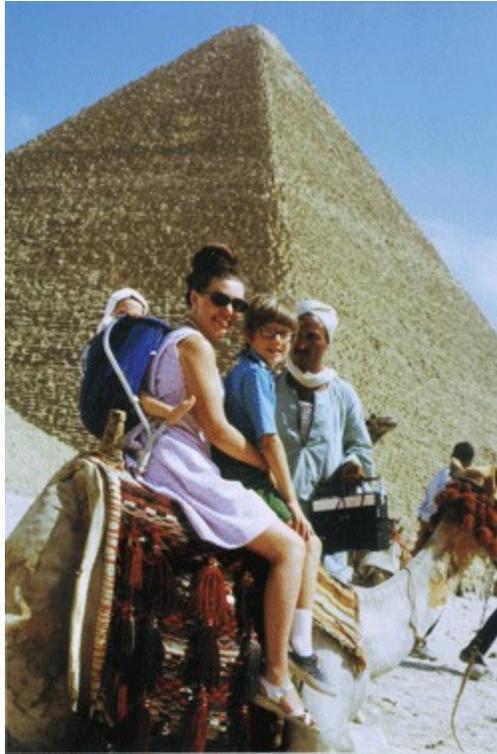
To free myself from this upset, Mother gave me the key of equanimity that is born out of a stronger reliance upon God and the Universe. I needed to trust that. As the Christian scripture puts it, “Vengeance is mine, I will repay, sayeth the Lord.”

I have contemplated this often over the years, and it has been extremely valuable. Having spent a quarter of a century with my Teacher, I feel greatly blessed. My inner treasure house is full of golden memories and valuable lessons that I can now share with my family and friends when someone needs a little help. What greater witness can I give to my Teacher than to share what I have learned to benefit others, as she so graciously benefited me!



Picture of Mother by Larry Stanley

Seven Flights Up the Fire Escape



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Joyce Genis.

Mother riding the camel with Sean and baby Tatiana

I first met Mark and Mother on their trip to
Hawaii. I was only eighteen and worked in a store

that had psychedelic posters and a black light.

Mark told us to turn that light off before his presentation.

He and Mother were spending much of their vacation contacting people about the teachings. After Mark had finished presenting, Mother got up and gave a lecture. The way she put things together, I thought she was the most intelligent person I had ever heard.

Mother and Mark asked me to come to the conference in Colorado Springs that summer and I said yes. I came to Colorado Springs and I stayed on.

An event that touched me deeply was Mark's memorial service, that Mother led. Her strength was phenomenal. When I think of what she must have gone through, losing her husband and the father of her children, and having to carry on looking after her family and the organization in spite of her own grief.

During the service, Mother personally blessed every staff member, and we each got a tape of the event afterwards. It was so dear and so touching that she would have the strength to do that, to transfer the mantle of Mark to each one of us. She was always thinking of others first.

Mother married me and my husband. Two years, later, our first daughter was born and Mother came to the hospital. The doctors had given me pain killing drugs and I was still groggy.

Mother came during non-visiting hours and

climbed seven flights up the fire escape to get to my room. She was so sweet. She held my hand and told me that I had passed my initiations of motherhood.



Picture with Iva Cree



*In front of Mother's painting
in King Arthur's Court*

My Commission from Mother Mary



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by the Messenger of Music Dorothy Lee Fulton.
Picture with Dorothy Lee

It was in '95 during a conference at the South Ranch when I was living in North Glastonbury. The forces had some kind of a ray on my head. I couldn't think or do anything. Then it came time for Mother Mary to give her dictation. So Mother walked on the platform to take it, but Mother Mary told her she couldn't have the dictation until I got

there.

So Mother had to get on the phone and made spiritual calls to get that energy off me, so I could get in the car and drive down to the service. As soon as I got there, Mother Mary came.

She gave me her mantle and said that she would work through me. She put her healing and love in the music. And she came to tell me that I would bring forth the music for the saving of souls.

She said this at a conference in King Arthur's Court, and she had me up on the stage. Mother held my hands while she was telling me that.

I have been writing ever since and Mother Mary has been with me to show me how. We've got more than eighty songs so far.



*Saint Germain through Mark Prophet knighted
Dorothy Lee with the name "Lady Edelweiss"*

A Wonderful Work



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters by Maria de Lourdes Campos. Picture with conference youth.

The first time I met Mother, she confirmed my mission, and that confirmation has stayed so deep in my heart. It was Christmastime 1976. Camelot was closing and Mother had come to bless a sanctuary that was staying open in California. She invited each of us to put a straw in the manger of baby Jesus. As I walked up to the altar, our eyes locked into each other and I felt a deep soul connection.

After the ceremony was over, Mother walked outside. I felt the urge to follow her but my human reasoning was telling me that I didn't know her and had nothing to say to her. Still, I followed her and went and stood in front of her.

“I love you Mother”” is all I could say.

“I love you too,” she replied.

“I love you Mother,” I said again.

“Yes, I love you too,” she said. I could tell she was getting impatient for me to get to my point.

“I have a burden in my heart,” I said.

“Why?” she asked.

“I have a burden for my people.”

“What do you want to do with them?” she asked.

“I want to educate the children and the parents, and now that I know the teachings, I want to educate them with that too.”

After I said that, Mother walked away. I couldn't bear it, so I followed right behind.

She turned around so solid, so strong in her eyes and her words came out like fire. “It is a wonderful work you are going to be doing over there,” she said.

A few years later, Mother called me and said, “I want you to leave whatever else you are doing and come to the Ranch for a year. I will prepare you for your mission.” I came to the Ranch and received the opportunity to learn about accelerated learning and Montessori techniques.

Mother also told me that if you take the word “Ecuador” and move it around, you get the word “educador,” Spanish for educator.

I continue striving to make this calling come true, and everywhere I go, I feel like a missionary for Mother.

Aligning My Chakras



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Karen Makris. Picture with Lucy Crown.

Many precious moments I ponder as I decide which personal interactions with Mother to share. I have been in the teachings since the summer of 1977. I went to Summit University to Gabriel and Hope's Fall quarter. I had never seen the messenger in person before, so I was definitely checking her out. I sold my car and anything I could in order to pay the tuition.

As many people know, Mother works with us in many ways, both on the inner and on the outer levels of our being. I have many dreams where she is teaching and interacting with me.

She came to me in my dream at SU and told

me she was going to align my chakras. I laid down on nothing but air. She lifted her hand above my head and began to lower her hand from above my head moving slowly down my body.

As she made this motion, I felt and heard the chakras straightening. This was the beginning of my coming into alignment with the will of God in this life.

Later that quarter during my communicant blessing, Mother told me that Gabriel and Hope had sponsored me in this life. It was very important for me to have heard this directly from her because it helped me be able to call to my sponsoring masters and know on which ray to focus service.

Before I went to SU, I had little direction and hope in my life. I did not know my own self-worth as a daughter of God, who has the potential to become the Christ and serve others to do the same.

The benefit I have received by applying the teachings of Mark and Elizabeth Prophet for nearly thirty years has saved my soul and many others from a life of uncertain fate.

98 and More Work to Do



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Esta Buckland.

Picture with Esta Buckland and Theresa McNicholas

1998 was year filled with milestones in my life and my experiences with beloved Mother. In May of 1998 I celebrated my 90th birthday —and what a celebration it was! About 125 people attended a picnic on the lawn, including Mother and her son Seth, who was four years old at the time. It was a great occasion with friends and children everywhere.

Mother had a wonderful time, took pictures with many of our friends and told me it was just the best party ever. So it was a very precious day for

me, especially since Mother gave me a personal birthday blessing. After being in the church for twenty years, I felt this was the ice cream on the cake!

Two months later I developed a blood clot in my left thigh and had to be rushed to the Billings Hospital in a big plane for immediate surgery. I had no time to think about danger, yet I wasn't afraid. I had talked to Mother that very morning and she had assured me that I would be okay. She said she had looked at Mark's picture and he told her: "It's not time for Esta yet. She has work to do."

So I went into surgery knowing that Lanello was right by my side. When I woke up in the hospital, I saw my friend Grace, our minister Carl Showalter and the Ascended Master Lanello—all holding my hands. Grace and Carl had come and stayed with me all night because I wasn't even expected to live. But when I woke up, I was very much alive! So alive that after a little while, Grace and Carl decided to leave so that I could recuperate.

I got along very well and was soon back at home in Paradise Valley. Every day since then, I say a prayer of gratitude: I am grateful for another chance. I am grateful to be alive. And I want to thank Mother for her blessings and comfort too!

Mother of the Bride



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters by a chela. Picture with Therese and Rev. Patrick Danahy

I joined staff in my early twenties. I wanted to get married and did many novenas to the will of God for the perfect mate. Mother wanted me to marry a man that I had run into, and told me we were soul mates. We tried dating but it just didn't click.

Eleven years later and in another state, I was prompted to contact this man once again. Eventually it became clear that we were right for

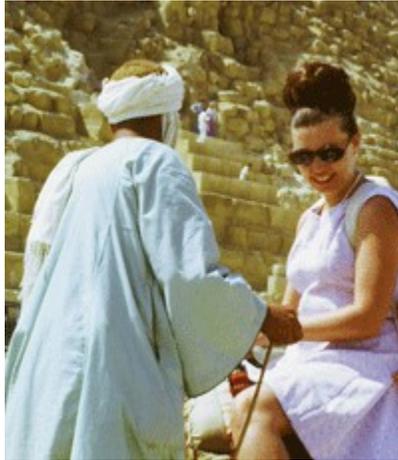
each other, as if a veil had lifted. When I told Mother about it, she was thrilled. She helped me coordinate my wedding and since I had no family, she agreed to stand in as my mother.

A few days before the wedding, I had a dream that I was pushing Mother on a swing and she was wearing a periwinkle blue dress. When I told her about the dream, she told me periwinkle was a secret ray color and on my wedding day, she arrived in a periwinkle blue dress!

Mother and I had a lot of "girlfriend" time together. Mother told me that I was her friend and that I had been her friend for many lifetimes. She was playful and pulled me into the water one day as I was teaching her how to swim. We had a baby shower together and I also looked after many of her children.

I also spent a lot of time praying for Mother through the many trials that she went through. What always stayed with me was how she forgave everyone, especially those who had wronged her the most.

Stop the Car



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Rev. Carl Showalter

I had the privilege of being Mother's bodyguard on her first five stump tours. And one experienced many interesting phenomenon when accompanying an adept or guru in her travels. It does make a person a believer when he works close to one who is connected so intimately with Source.

I remember one night in mid-America. It was winter and it was raining. The temperature was at freezing. Being on the security team always meant being aware of all dangers, and this evening was of great challenge. In spite of the weather we had a good turnout of people.

The hotel that hosted the meeting was on top

of a hill. The bus that Mother rode in was parked down a very steep hill. The parking lot went all the way down the hill and the street that we had to cross to get to the parking lot was already rather steep going down the hill. There was a “T” street at the bottom of the hill, and then a deep drop-off onto a street going into a tunnel.

After the lecture and anointings were over, we found everything covered with a thick coat of ice. Now the question was how to get Mother down to her bus. We decided to go across the street to the parking lots and work our way down their stair-step parking a little at a time.

I was driving the car with Mother to my right, and other staff members. I proceeded to cross the street to the parking lots, but didn't get half way across when the front of the car slid sideways and we began sliding down hill. I steered over against the curb to no avail.

I said, “Mother, I am sorry but I can do nothing to stop this car.” With no feeling of fear and with a very powerful voice, she said, “In the Name of my Mighty I AM Presence, stop this car!” The car stopped immediately! The staff assisted Mother out and they carefully walked down to the bus.

This truly taught many of us the power of the spoken word through the adeptship of our beloved Messenger. Experiences such as these and many more were observed as we traveled with Mother and the Masters of the Great White Brotherhood.

Chopping and Mopping



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Elvira Villanueva

In the spring of 1980, I applied and was accepted to Level II of Summit University. I was very excited and eager to continue my studies, thinking it would benefit me as a leader of our Manila study group. But upon my arrival, I was met with a different message. Mother preferred that I serve on staff at the California headquarters.

The message did not disappoint me as much as the assignment. I did not come from a country as far away as the Philippines to work in the kitchen!

Coming from a fine lifestyle in my own country, I could not imagine how to turn this unappealing idea into an opportunity. However, I decided to accept the assignment as a test of something that I just did not understand, and proceeded.

I wanted to learn, and that was all I had in mind. And so I did what I could, even if for some weeks I felt totally battered with body pains and aches doing work I had never done before. The kitchen fed hundreds of people and I was washing boxes full of vegetables and doing mountains of dishes, mopping floors, and cleaning up. All this and more.

It was taxing beyond belief. But I kept going and kept thanking the masters for the most restful nightly sleeps that helped me carry on.

Eventually, I was asked to attend whenever Mother was teaching, along with working. It was as if Mother knew what I needed to do in order to grow. Was that physical load meant to move me, to push me from a life of comfort and down from my perch?

Whatever the test was, how I grew from those experiences of chopping and mopping! And how I have also grown to consider Mother not only my teacher, but also my sister and friend on the path. Personal encounters with Mother over the years have been precious indeed. And I realize how truly human, and how truly divine she is at the same time.

A Crown of Stars



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Paula Kehoe

While I was a university student, I looked in every library and bookstore for information on the ascended masters. I had learned about the master Kuthumi Lal Singh at the early age of eleven, but I had not found any further information as yet.

Then, one day in the spring, I came across *Studies of the Human Aura* by Kuthumi. It was a Summit Lighthouse book.

Many months later, I contacted the local Summit Lighthouse teaching center. I loved to look at their bookstore but shied away from staying for any services. One Saturday night, I was quietly leaving as all the other students were coming to the Saint Germain Service, and I heard a woman's voice asking me to stay and "help Saint Germain and his cause." I stayed.

The Service went very late and I ended up spending the night at the center, so I did not have to take public transportation back to school. I awoke suddenly when a cloaked woman came into the room. The other ladies sharing my room were sleeping and did not see her.

She beckoned me to follow her down the stairs, and we ended up outside the bookstore on a small porch. She had her back to me and lowered the hood of her cloak. I felt such power and love emanating from her. I wondered who she was and why she was there.

Suddenly, she gave a fiat out loud and the stars swirled around her head into a crown of stars. Then she turned to face me, smiled so sweetly and disappeared from my sight. I recognized her face as Elizabeth Clare Prophet from the books. And then, I woke up and found myself standing in the bookstore.

A Field of Daisies



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Burt Kahn. Picture with Marie Lepeltier.

I would share a teaching that Mother has given to me and my wife. Hopefully, it will be meaningful to everyone that loves Mother.

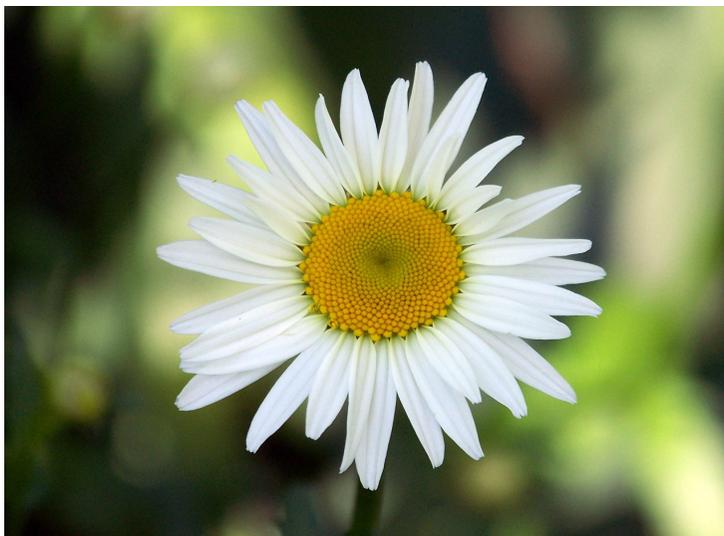
It was an evening about four years ago following an Easter Conference. Mother graciously invited my wife and I for dinner at her home on the ranch. We were discussing the various focuses, statues and representations of the Ascended Masters.

I told Mother that we had a picture of her on

our altar in our home sanctuary, where she is standing in a field of daisies. She asked me if I knew the significance of the photo, especially the daisies. I replied that I did not.

Mother told us that when she was younger, she was looking out at a field of daisies and realized that the daisies represented us and all the lightbearers of the world. It was her mission to gather all of us, her daisies, and give us the teachings of the Ascended Masters.

Ever since that night, when I look at one daisy or a field of them, I can see the faces of all of Mother's daisy children. We are all connected, one to another, and ultimately to her, by a gossamer thread of light.



God Is the Doer



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Rev. Marcia Beese

It was a hot August, and Summit University session was coming to a close. Summit University was a three-month retreat to study the teachings of the ascended masters. As the director of the headquarters kitchen, I had been working on a menu proposal for the President's Reception. This was a very special banquet hosted by Mother, given for the students and faculty as a grand finale at the end of their quarter of study.

Mother is a very gracious hostess who wanted everything just right for her guests. Since Mother is also an accomplished cook herself, she pays special attention to every detail. It was my challenge and the kitchen staff's challenge, to serve the perfect menu.

Standard procedure was to prepare and serve

the proposed menu to Mother for her approval, just as it would be presented to her guests.

I had been working for days trying to perfect every dish. There would be an appetizer, a vegetarian and a fish entrée, whole grains, fresh vegetables, a special sauce, and then a simple and elegant dessert. Over the course of a week, I served the menu to Mother once and it needed changes. Twice—still not right. Three times—it was getting worse. Then four times. My prayers became more fervent and desperate. I was getting very discouraged. I had joined the community to discover how to advance spiritually. Was I making more karma than I was balancing?

Time came for my fifth round. Before I began, Mother looked at me with that great love and wisdom she often expresses and asked, “Are you forgetting that God is the doer? You just have to let go and let God do it.” Those words catapulted me into a different space. A place where I needed to be to let the light flow.

The meal turned out just fine. Mother liked it, and we went on to serve the menu to more than two hundred guests. It was a grand success, thanks to Mother's gentle but powerful reminder.

I have often thought of the words, “God is the doer,” when I feel overwhelmed and unable to accomplish the possible, or even what seems impossible. Even when it seems like I am all by myself, I am not all by myself.

An Unexpected Birthday Gift



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Robert McKenzie. Picture with Julie.

I have many fond memories of my encounters with Mother from my time on staff. These are treasures in my heart, and the following story is about my beloved wife, Julie, and of an unexpected birthday gift that she received.

During the October conference in 1998, Julie and I were staying in Glastonbury, a community of Keepers of the Flame near the ranch. On the

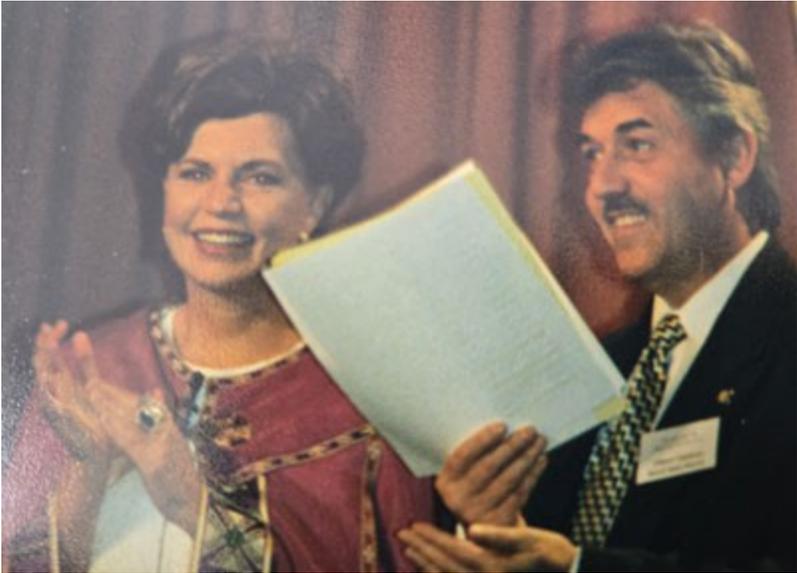
morning of October 10, which happens to be Julie's birthday, we were up early, preparing to travel to the ranch to attend the services and presentations for the day. Over breakfast, Julie told me of her desire to have a new set of earrings. I told her when the class was over, we should go shopping and she could choose a pair of earrings for herself.

We arrived at the ranch and went into King Arthur's Court for the decree session. I was leading the service for a couple of hours and at the break, ventured outside for some sunlight. Julie was already there and as soon she spotted me she came over to where I was standing. There was a huge smile on her face. She told me that one of Mother's assistants had just handed her an envelope and a box. The woman said it was from Mother. Julie opened the box and found inside a beautiful pair of Mother's earrings along with a sweet message, asking Julie if she would wear them as a token of her love for her.

Mother and Julie had spoken with each other on several occasions before this, once at Summit University and again at a couple of conferences around the country. And just the day before, we had both spent a brief time with Mother at the ranch. To our knowledge, Mother was not consciously aware that it was Julie's birthday, let alone that she wanted some earrings!

We were both profoundly moved by Mother's love and awareness that extends way beyond the bounds of time and space and by her precious gift.

My First Encounter



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Isabelle McNeil. Picture with Gilbert Cleirbaut.

I had come from Spain. I was sitting in the second or third row of the tent for the freedom class and Mother and I recognized each other. I felt so much joy as I looked into her eyes. It was a big step in my life to have made contact with her. It was a very deep soul contact that I can still feel when I think of her. It helps me in times of crisis, to keep me on track, to keep on keeping on. That connection is always there, holding me.

December 24, 1998

My beloved chela,

My eyes fill with tears of joy as I contemplate our years together and your devotion to the mission of the Great White Brotherhood. How great is the inner fire of the lightbearers of Maitreya's Mystery School!

Please accept these CDs as an expression of gratitude from Gilbert and me. We are extremely thankful for who you are.

May we always be reminded of our blessing and oneness as we contemplate the gifts of the Three Kings.

With love, on Mark's birthday,

Mother Gilbert

Mother with Gilbert Cleirbaut, who was chosen by the ascended masters to help build an Aquarian organizational culture of divine love. Gilbert's favorite expression: "Let's call a spade a spade!"

*I Saw
Sanat Kumara Appear*



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Phillip Hoag

At the Freedom '73 conference, Mother delivered a dictation from Sanat Kumara, the Ancient of Days. I had tuned into Sanat Kumara for weeks before the start of this conference. He touched me in some special way. I felt an affinity with him and hummed his keynote for two weeks prior.

We went out into the tent for the dictation of Sanat Kumara and an amazing thing happened. Mother started taking the dictation, and as I looked at her, she seemed to fade out and a white translucent presence took over and appeared where she had been standing.

It was unmistakably Sanat Kumara. There was no doubt about it! I was watching this with complete amazement. All of a sudden, Sanat Kumara phased out and Mother comes back suddenly, shouting, “You are disrupting the forcefield!”

There was a woman in the front row who had been giving mudras (hand signs) during the dictation. The ushers quickly removed the lady from the tent. Mother made her attunement and once again, she faded out and Sanat Kumara reappeared.

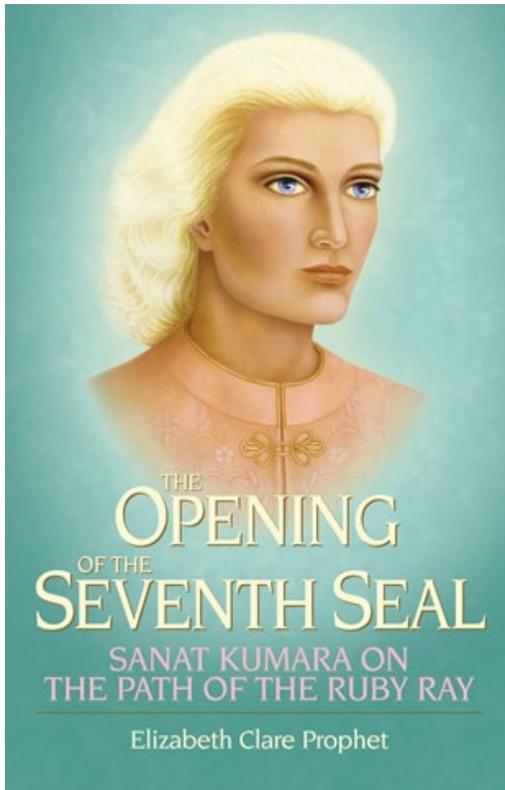
During parts of the dictation, I could see through Sanat Kumara’s eyes. I could see how compassionately the Masters looked at us.

I can remember intimately what he said: “We are spirit sparks yearning for freedom.” He also told us that “If the great law would allow it, the ascended masters would actually lay down their lives for us.”

He had great strength and there was an enormous force that emanated from his heart. He had great self-control and overpowering love. His whole being emanated great self-control. I saw him for the entire dictation and when it was over

Mother reappeared.

I learned a lot about Mother through this experience. She is a human being with human flaws, who was devoted to being that chalice for the delivery of the word. In seeing her up there, shouting at that lady, she was so determined to maintain that thread of contact. The most important thing to her was to reconnect to the master and continue the dictation. It was her devotion to God and mankind that provided that connection.





Photograph by Larry Stanley

The Entire Universe



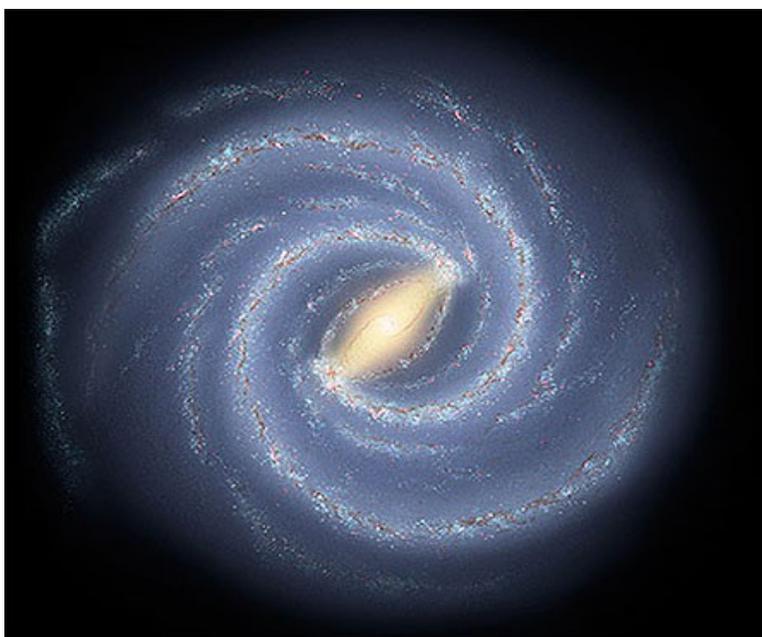
A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Guy Marie Bouchard. Picture with Ken McNeal.

It is a privilege for me to share a little,
amazing story about Mother. At the end of my
course of Summit University in 1996, the students
received a blessing from Mother. I will always

remember the kind and innocent smile she gave me while she was blessing me on the forehead and third-eye chakra.

Even today, I still remember her face and what I saw in her eyes. I saw the whole cosmos in her eyes, millions and millions of stars and galaxies, the universe, and infinity—nothing less, nothing more. It was not her soul that I saw, it was far beyond that.

Mother is greater and more advanced than we can imagine, and that is really a sign of her authenticity. She is truly a Messenger for the Masters, and a real daughter of God. I am very grateful for all that she has done for us—and for the universe.



Deep In My Guru's Eyes



A Song of Divine Love by Thérèse Rose Emmanuel
www.songsofdivinelove.com

I see worlds a'spinning
And new beginnings
Deep in my Guru's eyes
I see life's potential
Unscaled dimensions
Deep in my Guru's eyes

A sea of spiraling blue lies there
 Inviting us to share
In waves of stalwart devotion
 That draw us deep in prayer
 I see hope unfolding
 Love's fueling motion
Deep in my Guru's eyes
 Celestial mansions
 Unfathomed kindness
Deep in my Guru's eyes
A sky of shimmering stars shines there
 To cleanse me from my sin
And seal my soul from her blindedness
 Ushering her in
 Divine compassion
 Beyond imagine
Deep in my Guru's eyes
 Then stern expectation
 Uncompromising
Deep in my Guru's eyes
A ring-pass-not of fire burns there
 To guard me from within
Compelling me higher and higher
 That I too might ascend
 I see worlds a'spinning
 And new beginnings
Deep in my Guru's eyes
 I see life's potential
 Unscaled dimensions
Deep in my Guru's eyes

The Miracle of Transcendence



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Zara Lasater

I have been blessed to know Mother all my life. As the friend of my own mother, she was present at my birth and held me in her arms. As the mother of my friends, she was privy to the various minor skirmishes and joys which make up

childhood. As a Messenger, she chastised me and helped me to understand the karmic lessons I was being taught. As a wise counselor and friend, she gently advised me and imparted wise words from her own experience and knowledge of life.

Even though I have known Mother all these years in various capacities, it was only later in life, after experiencing life's difficult choices and the many day-to-day decisions which form our character, that I feel I can truly appreciate the amazing woman that is Elizabeth Clare Prophet. It is so easy when in the presence of a very gifted individual to idolize them, to see them as omnipotent.

I remember as a child being accused of something I did not do, and then taken in to see Mother to be disciplined, in her role as Head of the Montessori International School. I was so sure that she would just know the truth, and that I had not done what I was accused of, that I remained silent. For years, I carried this memory inside me with a mixture of bafflement and injustice. Now revisiting the experience with eyes unclouded by the expectation of omnipotence, I realize my foolishness and her humanness. And through this, I began to understand the miracle of transcendence.

Indeed, I think that it is only when we accept Mother's humanness, the sweet fallible humanness we all share, that we can be awestruck by the strength of purpose and the immense love for God

which brought her and the community through. We who have benefited from the teachings and from our experience in this religious community should be profoundly grateful for that love and strength of purpose.

What Mother's story illustrates is that it is not through being perfect, or performing dogmatic rituals, or gaining intellectual wisdom, that one comes close to God. Rather, it is through profound love, profound struggle and pain, profound joy and profound faith and vision that one attains reunion.

The human will always remains human. It is only the ability to reach for the Divine, to aim for the star of Christhood, to try to embody the spiritual, to never give up that desire to return Home above all else, which brings transcendence.

It is this quality of being and character which stands out above the rest, and gives me hope. I know this is what she would want. Thank you, Mother.





Wedding card from Mother

A Voice Out of Heaven



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Thérèse Rose Emmanuel

I came to my first conference New Year 1991 and listened to all the dictations. My favorite was probably Lord Krishna. I was sitting in the back of the Court and was filled with so much bliss that I could not stop laughing. I was laughing so hard and for so long that I thought someone might remove me for disturbing the forcefield, but Mother and the master let me stay!

On the last day of the conference, I went to be baptized by Mother. She had so much joy on her face and I did too. I noticed that as she baptized me, her voice changed and came straight from heaven. I do not remember the blessing spoken by

her higher self or the master on the outer, but she spoke for a few moments. I will never forget the divine resonance and quality of her voice. I knew right then and there that I had found my Guru, and everything I had been looking for.

Over the years, the photograph was damaged by water, but I could not throw it away. So I painted the damaged areas with gold flames surrounding us both and reframed it . Even though Mother's extraordinary smile is hiding behind the gold paint, I can assure you it is there, and made of “heaven stuff,” just like the voice!

The pink rose petals are still there, like Saint Thérèse's promise: “I will rain from heaven a shower of roses.”

Mother was a great devotee of Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, my patron saint from birth. She had many framed pictures of Saint Thérèse on the walls next to her living room.



Yellow Bottles



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Thérèse Rose Emmanuel

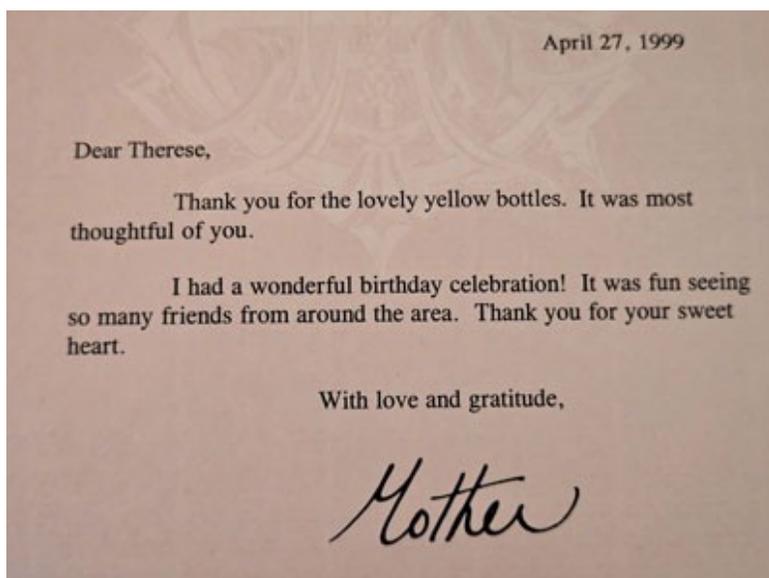
I had the most wonderful opportunity to visit Mother in her home a number of times while I worked at the ranch as the editor of the *Heart to Heart* international newsletter.

Mother had a great taste for beauty in her home. There were so many exquisite spiritual focuses, gathered from all over the world, and the light pervaded every room. I remember that Mother one time had said that if she had not been a Messenger, she would have liked to be an interior decorator, something I also love.

One afternoon, I was admiring all of the beautiful colored glass bottles on her window sills that were undoubtedly Italian or from a very fancy glass source. I also noticed that all of the colors of the causal body were present, except for yellow.

I decided I had to find a yellow glass bottle to match the set. I didn't have much money, working on staff, and I wasn't sure how I would afford the gift. Nevertheless, I was determined, and on my trips to town, went to a number of stores looking for the yellow glass bottle that would supply the difference.

Lo and behold, after so many stores, I found two most beautiful yellow glass bottles at the dollar store. I presented them to Mother in a gold package and she was thrilled. Next time I went to her home, they were there with all the fancy bottles, and completed the causal body colors.



Christmas Time with Mother



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Thérèse Rose Emmanuel. The Cosmic Cross of White Fire.

Several beautiful memories come to mind as I remember the Christmas season. One evening, Mother invited several of us who worked at the Blue House to come see the beautiful Christmas Tree that had been gathered from forest in the Heart of the inner Retreat. Mother was clearly most excited to share her joy, and I was surprised

that no one else responded to her invitation. When I arrived at her home, mother was reading a bedtime story to Seth and so she asked me to wait by the tree. It was covered with so many beautiful ornaments sent by friends from around the world. I sat down on the floor in front of the tree, remembering the teaching of how the Christmas tree is symbolic of our causal body. I entered into a deep contemplation and all time seem to stop. Even though Mother was in the other room attending to her child, she was working with me on the inner and her aura enfolded me in pure light and bliss, for a very long time. When she finally came into the room, the work had been accomplished and we said good night and parted.

Another experience around Christmas was when my grandfather passed away. I was overwhelmed with grief. Somehow, Mother heard of this “little girl who had lost her grandfather” and she was very moved. We met up at a Christmas party where everyone was singing Christmas carols together. Mother sat behind me, and gently rubbed my back during the entire set of carols. When everyone finished singing, I noticed that all of my pain was gone.

A similar experience also happened to me at a birthday party celebrating Annice Booth. Mother and I did not talk much, but we sat next to each other and my ankle was touching her body for a very long time. A tremendous figure-eight flow of spiritual energy was downloading into my four

lower bodies over the course of an hour or more, though nothing was said out loud. Mother never repositioned her body and neither did I. It was a most precious inner connection and reminded me of the story of the one who touched the hem of Jesus' garment and was healed.

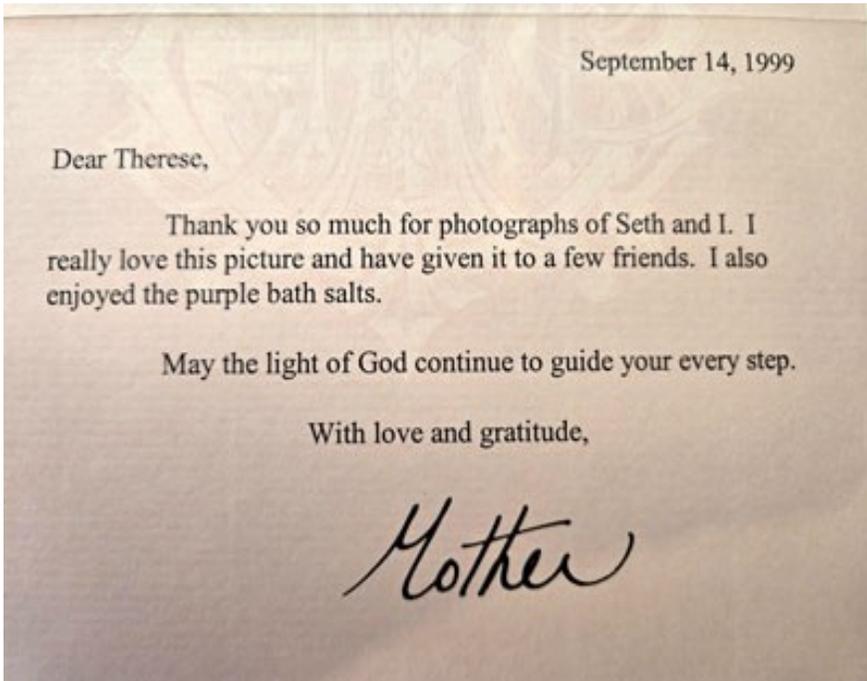
Last but not least, Mother and I were sitting together at my wedding reception. As the dinner was completing, I placed my head on her shoulder for the sweetest communion. I will never forget it. I spent several minutes with her this way, and then she looked at me like she was seeing the future and she said, "I am devoted to you for life." I knew that she was perceiving I would serve her in a way that would be most essential and helpful to her, though she never explained.

"And I am devoted to you for lifetimes, Mother," I said.

The experience never left me, and so many other memories in her Presence that stay with me as the years go by and through the challenges of initiation.

My friend Kathie Garcia entered the room at that moment and witnessed what was taking place. To this day, every time she sees me, she reminds me of that time when I had my head on Mother's shoulder, that she can never forget. It was truly a slice of heaven and I am so grateful.

Picture of a card from Mother. Adolphus Glenn and I had spent an afternoon together taking pictures with Mother and her baby Seth. Mother gave me all of her children's baby clothes so that my children could wear them. They were filled with light.



I had discovered online this natural bath dye that turns your bathwater into a vibrant color. I picked the violet color and sent some to Mother so she could have a physical violet flame bath!

I Rebuke Your Idolatry



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Thérèse Rose Emmanuel.

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No story would be complete if I did not share the teachings that I received from Mother in the form of disciplines, and there were many, especially in my first years on the path.

It was like Mother was testing my soul to see if I would endure and be corrected. I found out later that during one of these times of discipline where I was cut off from the church and the community, Mother had asked Rev. Nancy Showalter to check in on me and make sure I was all right. I did not know this at the time, but she

was always walking with me and caring for me, even through the discipline and the fire and the penance.

Three events in particular stand out for me, though there were more. The first was not long after I had found the teachings. I was working in Washington D.C., and living at the teaching center. I was on the other side of town and called the teaching center by happenstance. “Mother is here,” the director told me. I ran clear across town through all of the subways and streets to arrive at the teaching center as quickly as possible. I was out of breath, and as soon as I arrived, Mother concluded the decree to Archangel Michael she was leading and got up to leave. I followed her into the vestibule, where she was putting on her coat.

“Mother,” I said, “I am going through a lot of difficulties in my life and I need to know that God and the masters love me.” I was sure she was going to say something comforting and reassuring, like “Of course God loves you.”

Instead, she spun on her heels and gave me the fiercest Morya look, and said, “Unconditional love is a New Age thing. You have to earn it!” I was stunned by her words and the fire they contained.

This became a goad for me to latch on even more strongly to the path. Over the years, I came to understand that you cannot have the unconditional love of the Divine Mother separate from the conditional love of the Divine Father. We must embrace both realities and find the Middle Way.

We cannot be ultra-liberal in our spiritual climb up the highest mountain, and not keep the Father's standards.

Another experience was when I had a very deep crush on a staff member. Most bereft by this unrequited love, I took the opportunity one night to call Mother on the “youth hotline” that she had established for people under the age of thirty-three. To my surprise, I was transferred directly to Mother, so I told her about this longing that I could not forsake.

Mother didn't say much and hung up the phone rather abruptly. What followed next was that I tried to go to sleep. And for the entire night, I was blasted with “blue lightning bombs” penetrating through my human substance. It was very painful, and as much as I could bear... barely. I was writhing in my bed, and remembered Jesus on the cross. By morning, the fire subsided, and that was my answer.

The last discipline I received from Mother was a few months before she left the ranch. I had communicated with her about an accusation that had been manipulated and that profoundly disturbed me, because it was so unjust, both to her and to me.

Instead of being vindicated, I received a note from her through the problematic minister. The note said, “I rebuke your idolatry of me.”

I couldn't believe Mother had been duped and could not see my side of the story! This put me

in tears. Neither could I fathom how the circumstance had anything to do with idolatry. Nevertheless, her words stayed with me and I determined to root out any lurking idolatry.

The last afternoon Mother was at the ranch, we were alone together in the parking lot. As she was being driven away, she waved at me for the last time. She would not be returning to the ranch, and I deeply cried over her departure for a number of days.

What this final message and discipline impressed upon me was to truly strive to cling to my Christ Self. Mother is my wayshower, but the path of personal Christhood is one I must forge for myself in my unique way, as all must do.

With this fire, I was also purged from extending idolatry to anyone else within the movement. This actually resolved the initiation that the situation brought, where I had told one of her ministers, "If I must choose between what you are saying and what my Christ self is saying, I will always go with my Christ self."

And even though this individual wanted to punish me for my independence, Mother, in rebuking my idolatry, was both pacifying this person's desire to punish, all while encouraging me to "keep on keeping on," forging of my personal Christhood. That was the brilliance of God's mind working through Mother, even in her last days of outer service. This was what rebuking my idolatry of Mother was all about.

Mother and My Mom



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Jaime Allison Malm. Picture with Mother Caspari

I have many fond memories of Mother, and one in particular was when Mother and my own mom met in 1986 at Camelot in California. I was on staff at the California headquarters and my mom flew in from Texas to visit me. She was receiving the *Pearls of Wisdom* but she didn't want to join the organization, and that was fine with me.

We were walking the grounds of Camelot and under my breath I said a prayer to Mother Mary, hoping that we would see Mother. Well, sure

enough within about ten minutes Mother came walking around the corner with her own daughter Erin. I called out to her and over she came.

Mother had the sweetest, warmest smile on her face and she looked into my mom's eyes, shook her hand and they talked about normal everyday things. It was a short and sweet visit.

It wasn't long after this meeting, however, that my mom joined the church and became a Keeper of the Flame. My mom told me that an electrical current went through her hands and arms into her heart when she and Mother shook hands.

From then on, my mom and I walked the path together until she passed from cancer in 1993. Mother took the time to speak with my mom in Minneapolis during that difficult time before her passing. Mother gave my mom great comfort and shared her truths with her. I believe my mom grew leaps and bounds after that and I am forever grateful.

Memories like this are forever imprinted in my mind. Mother has left a huge impression on me. I saw many people inspired to accomplish unbelievable feats because they were in love with the path, and it was Mother who cheered us all on.

I adore her. She is very real and personable and yet regardless of what went on around her, she never faltered from her mission which was to bring these teachings of the ascended masters to light.

All My Money Back



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Brigitte Esswein

I left Europe on my quest to find the highest teachings and my spiritual community, and spent two years searching in the United States, before I arrived at Camelot, Easter of 1983.

I was living in a van. I had all the money I possessed on me, and planned to go to Hawaii after

the Easter Conference. During a love offering, the large picture of the All-Seeing Eye of God was put up in the Summit University classroom. Looking at it, I heard my inner voice compelling me to give all my money away. All of it.

I obeyed, putting all my traveler checks on the collection plate, and searching for any cash in my pockets until I knew I had given all of my money away.

I came home that night and told the woman I was staying with what happened. She suggested that I apply for Summit University. It had already started, but she encouraged me to fill out the application anyway.

I did not really know much about the ascended masters and what Summit University was, but I agreed. There was no mention of tuition. The next morning, she took the application to Mother.

Mother said that she would give me all my money back so that I could attend Summit University and by the afternoon, I was in class.

Such is the graciousness of the Guru.

The Teachings Are Real



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Caroline Hantske

I had attended an outreach presentation by a

local teaching center and was informed of a conference at Ranch Headquarters in Montana. I wanted to attend the conference to determine whether Elizabeth Clare Prophet was for real.

I gathered my teenage daughters and our cat, and got our vehicle ready for the trip. We arrived just in time to attend the first dictation which was by Archangel Michael on Michaelmas day.

Being brand new, I would ordinarily have had to watch a televised version of the event in Kuan Yin's Chapel. Instead, because not all the conferees had arrived, there was room in King Arthur's Court and I was able to observe Mrs. Prophet directly.

This was a major turning point in my life. As Archangel Michael began to speak through her, I could see him over her, mostly as light flowing above and around her, but also with some form and features. I knew immediately that it was Archangel Michael and my being filled with exaltation that this was real, the Messenger is real, the Teachings are real!

I will never forget the experience and I am eternally grateful for these beautiful servants of God: Mark and Mother, the Seven Founding Masters, the entire Great White Brotherhood, and all the wonderful embodied souls who by their prayers and decrees and service helped make it possible for me and for others like me to connect to the Teachings of the Ascended Masters.

A Cup of Tea



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Susan Harrow. Picture with Susan Harrow.

I do not remember the day or the hour, but I will never forget the words she spoke to me. Those words will follow me into other galaxies. Those words are etched upon my soul and recorded in my heart.

It was a day in California, one of many that seem to have all slipped together into a pocket folder of memory. I assisted Mother in her household, mostly providing meals. I always wondered why I had been requested to take the task, being unskilled altogether in the art of cooking.

And things needed to be just so. There were Mother's preferences, of course, but then also the refinement of my soul. If you ignore the details, you don't always produce food that is filled with love and perfection. When there are many details at the

same time, the mind must give up and the heart must take over. A fine theory in retrospect, but it's not always easy to find the joy in the midst of the discipline.

All kinds of situations came my way. Cooking here, cooking there, cooking on the spur of the moment. Doing this and doing that while the vegetables burned. Mastering the art of being everywhere at once and having everything under control, while not being the master.

It was testing and trying. I knew it was for my betterment. I had found the dharma (the teaching) and the sangha (the community). I had found the Buddha (the guru, the enlightenment) who would lead me forward on my path.

Sometimes, I wanted to do well just to get approval. Sometimes I disliked myself a lot when I didn't get the approval. But the lesson was to keep on trying, no matter what.

Sometimes the food wasn't hot enough, or there was too much or too little. Sometimes the vegetables were overcooked and I had to start over. Sometimes there was no time to start over and the opportunity was lost. Would that I could find more joy, but the serious nature of the testing was the seriousness by which I viewed my life and path. Serious because I always sensed that this lifetime, there is a lot at stake.

So this was a day like many others, cooking and serving. The meal had concluded and in some way, had been a disaster. The details are gone from

me. But I recall the feeling of utter hopelessness that beset me. Once again I had failed. I had made a mess of things. O woe! Would I ever make the grade? Be good enough? Be the master of this humble task? My last duty was to serve Mother tea in her office before I left. I dreaded this, having made quite a fool of myself during the serving of the meal. I just wanted to go away quietly, not to be.

The office was large, with wood and a flagstone floor. Long were the windows, and rich the seats of leather: old England come again!

Mother sat in deep contemplation at her desk. All within me hesitated. Nevertheless, I entered with the drink, hoping that the exploits of my day would not be commented on, hoping silence would release me, no matter how uncomfortable.

Still God holds surprises, gifts in golden packages, on days when they are least expected. As I placed the tea before her, Mother looked up from her work.

“You know,” she said, “that I will always love you....” Her heart opened like a flower, and love flowed to me in that moment that is still stored within me, for all its grace and power. I am sure my tears fell. I am sure I could not speak. To have come to a moment was worth more than all the rewards the world could offer. And so to our beloved Mother, with all my heart I say, “You know that I will always love you.”



Picture with “Ruthie” Ruth Jones



Picture with Sigrid Carlsen

Dance the Fig



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Theresa McNicholas.

Mother very much appreciated the work of the headquarters staff. For those of us in the publishing arm of the organization, Mother participated in our everyday challenges and successes, creativity and hard work. Mother also goaded us on to accomplish the possible, and sometimes the impossible.

Like other spiritual adepts, Mother did not have concepts of limitation and kept an incredible vision for the accomplishment of projects, and

meeting timelines unobstructed.

One Monday morning, Mother and I were discussing our production and mailing schedule for the week. The production of various pieces of literature and a program for the Easter conference were in process. Work was already behind schedule and we were getting very near conference time . Our team thought that if all went well, we could get the entire mailing out on Friday at best.

Mother really wanted the mailing to get out right away. Friday sounded too late. We explained to her what steps were involved and how long these steps would take. We also reviewed other timely projects in process as well. Mother responded with empathy, and simply asked that we do our best. She said that if we could get the mailing out on Thursday, she might dance a jig.

Through great team effort and a bit of heavenly assistance, all the pieces of the mailing were completed and a majority went to the post office on Thursday. I sent Mother a message to let her know the news and to remind her of her promise.

Her heartwarming reply came back on the fax machine. It was this picture!

Auld Lang Syne



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Thérèse Rose Emmanuel

I attended my first Summit University in San Diego. The day after SU was my birthday and we were having a bonfire on the beach. Mother came to join us and we had the most wonderful time together.

At one point we were standing against the water and she held my hands for a long time, and we looked deep into each other's eyes. We were both smiling and I experienced so much joy. It was an unforgettable moment.

As the evening grew to a close and it was time

for Mother to leave, we sang to her Auld Lang Syne, the song of Lemuria. She turned to us and waved goodbye.

Following this, Mother joined us on the beach several times, just to have fun after her long and busy days of messengership. She told me El Morya wanted her to have this fun with us, to help her soul heal from those times as a teenager when she had been rejected by peers, and to give her the experience of youthful camaraderie.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot and never brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance be forgot and days of auld lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne, we'll take a cup of kindness yet, for auld lang syne.



Greater Love



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by a chela

Jesus said, “Greater Love hath no man than this, that he should lay down his life for his friends. Elizabeth Clare Prophet was always for me that friend and the expression of that greater Love.

One of my special memories with Mother, a memory of her real, personal, and constant Love for her students, was an occasion when individuals and families had an opportunity to have their picture taken with Mother by a professional photographer at a waltz.

After waiting in a long line for our turn, my wife, my four-year old daughter and I came forward. I will never forget Mother's loving gaze and smile for us, as if we were the most special

people in the world. I tend to be shy and I know that Mother recognized that right away.

She simply reached out, took my hand and gave me a real hug. Then, she would not let go of my hand. Smiling all the while, she just kept holding my hand until I turned to her again and opened my heart to her in love. Then, with that cherishing gaze she simply said, "Put your hand in the hand of Lanello."

It was like the warmth of our sun Helios and Vesta shining on us, cherishing us unwaveringly. My wife and daughter felt it too.

Mother taught me many things through that simple kindness: Don't ever be afraid to Love, to be in the moment, and to hold onto and cherish Love. Always remember that you are so greatly loved by God and that you are a worthy son or daughter of God, cherished as such. You don't ever need to turn away from, or let go of the Truth, that is a constant, caring Love..

What a great gift to have known a person who was a living flame of Love!

Flu Be Gone!



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Monique Calef. Picture with Dr. Bouma.

During the first three months of 1975, I attended Summit University along with seventy-six other students. Our ascended master sponsors were Hilarion and Mother Mary. It was an exciting quarter because we learned about the power of

visualization and the spoken word, using the healing thoughtform.

I remember during the first month of that session, Mother came to class to teach and two-thirds of the students, including me, were absent. We were in our dorms with a terrible flu. I was told Mother was not too happy about that, and that we weren't practicing what we were learning!

So that evening, Mother and a group of staff members dressed in full regalia, came charging through the sick bay dorm rooms. Someone was carrying a big lit torch. Another had incense burning. And Mother was wearing a blue cape and was swinging one of her spiritual swords like a Kung Fu master. The staff with her were doing decrees (a form of chanting) at about 300 miles an hour. I was totally awestruck. It didn't even seem like they were breathing between their decrees.

The four girls in my dorm were all lying in bed sicker than ever when the door burst open. The group came charging through and I remember looking up from my bed at that big torch of fire, thinking, "what in the world is going on here?"

Well, no sooner had my jaw dropped to the floor than the group was on to the next room. And sure enough, within 48 hours, more than half the students were back in class. And I was just starting to understand a little bit of the more-than-dynamic nature of Elizabeth Clare Prophet, and what she meant by "practicing what was preached."

Rubbing Our Baby's Feet



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters by the Mason family. Picture from Camelot.

When my daughter was born, the doctor noticed her feet were pigeon-toed instead of straight. Every time I changed her diaper, I had to press against her feet to try to straighten them out and count to ten.

Six months went by and the situation wasn't getting any better. The doctor told me my daughter would have to have leg braces. I was devastated at the thought of my baby having to go through this developmentally, and I fervently prayed to Mother Mary for help, giving the rosary. The doctor told us

we had until her next check up to get the braces.

One afternoon, my husband and I were leaving a building at Camelot. It was a cold morning and I had a big puffy jacket on. My daughter was wrapped inside my jacket and only her little face was showing.

Up until that time, my husband and I had not had much personal interaction with Mother, only a couple of “hellos.” That morning, Mother came zipping by, doing her morning jog and waved to us.

She was about to go into the building when she stopped in her tracks, made an about-turn and came back to see us. She immediately stuck her hands up my jacket and started rubbing Meta’s feet while we were having a chit-chat.

Later, when my husband and I got into the car, I said to my husband, “Wasn’t that weird Mother sticking her hand up my jacket?”

At our next doctor’s appointment, he told us our daughter’s foot problem had been taken care of and never mentioned braces to us again!

Miracles Will Take Place



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Paula Kehoe.

The last time I saw Mother was in the spring of 2001 or 2002. She and a caregiver came to the home of a friend of mine for a simple tea party. Mother seemed to be trying to tell us something but was interrupted, and then would forget her train of thought. It was something she considered to be very important and from a Master as she would say to us, “The Master is coming and he wants you to know...” or “the Master says...”. We waited patiently for her to go on and catch the thought.

Finally, when we were briefly sitting alone at

the table, she reached across, held my hands and said, “You must look deep, deep, deeply into your heart and know what miracles are taking place...| And what miracles will take place!” Then she smiled and returned to her previous demeanor and a little while later, was returned to her home.



Mother preparing a Sabbath celebration

A Healing Vision



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Joni Wallace

My first encounter with Elizabeth Clare Prophet was when I began to read *The Lost Teachings of Jesus* at the time of the Gulf War. My husband had brought the books home saying that one had fallen off the shelf at the bookstore to catch his attention. I had just given birth to my second

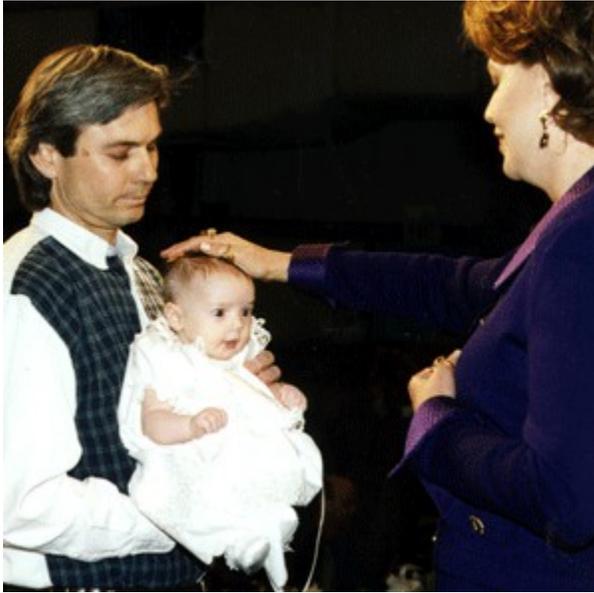
child and my firstborn was a toddler, but nevertheless found time to read them quickly. I knew there was truth but was frightened by all the unfamiliar names. I set the books aside and didn't pick them up again for many years.

When I became pregnant with my fifth child, I was very sick for a long time with pneumonia and bronchitis. I was very sad and struggling greatly on many levels. My husband arranged for a massage therapist to work on me. As she was giving me her treatment, she had me wear earphones and listen to a guided imagery healing tape.

To this day, I don't know what was on that tape, but my heartfelt prayers for divine intervention were answered. They were answered in the form of a blazing vision of both Elizabeth Clare Prophet and Archangel Michael! A shaft of bright light went through the top of my head and along my spine. Mother began to talk to me and I found myself sobbing at her words. I became aware of some of the outer, as well as the inner reasons for my illness. I released years of hurt through cleansing tears. Needless to say, my recovery was quick and complete after that. I was profoundly changed.

Mother touched me and healed me in the most secret and hidden places of my being, and I am forever changed and changing. I love her greatly. This is my little story that is so, so big to me!

A Miracle of the Heart



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Rev. Peggy Keathley

On December 1, 1999, I was taken to the hospital in Livingston, Montana, with heart problems. The doctor gave me a treadmill test. After two minutes, my blood pressure dropped sharply. The doctor suspected a blockage to my heart, and decided that I needed to be transferred to the hospital in Billings. At this point I was short of breath and very tired, with fluid on my heart and lungs.

I telephoned Mother from the Livingston

hospital and informed her that I was going to Billings.

Mother made some powerful invocations over the phone. I could literally feel my heart burning while she made these invocations and I told her what I was feeling. Mother said, "That's right dear!"

Mother was on her way to the chapel when I called. When she got there, she prayed again before the statues of Buddha and Kuan Yin.

The next day I called Mother again. She made more invocations over the phone and told me that I needed to stay in embodiment because there was important work for me to do.

I had additional tests that day at the hospital in Billings, but the doctors could not find a blockage at all! I knew right away that there had been a miracle and that Mother's invocations had healed any blockage that might have been there.

I want to express my gratitude to Mother and the angels. I am also very grateful to the community, and for the love and support of all of their prayers. I know that Mother's mantle was fully present, despite her own recent health problems. She is the Messenger and I am so grateful!

A Special Teaching



A witness of Elizabeth Clare Prophet and the ascended masters
by Thérèse Rose Emmanuel. Picture of Mother 's Letterhead

I had the opportunity to lead decrees with Mother from the podium, and these were always 144 decrees to Cyclopea. During one of my sessions at the podium, we had a question and answer interaction that was transcribed about a new way of leading decrees that Mother was trying to teach us, and that had to do with facilitating the raising of the Kundalini energies during our decrees. From

what Mother was saying, this was a dispensation from Lanello.

As I was looking through old files, I came across a two-page transcript of this teaching from March 28, 1998 that had been given to me, entitled “Instruction on the ascending scale of decrees.”

TE: My question is, are we to go up all eight levels (chakras) in one decree and then start at the bottom again with every repetition, or can we do several decrees at the base and then move up to the soul and then just keep going? Are we intending to do a complete spiral every single repetition or is it up to our election?

ECP: I also want to tell you that there should never be any haste about raising the Kundalini. It should be a gentle spring in springtime, or the newness of the birds chirping, or the gentle falling of the snow.

We should always appreciate God in gentleness because it is truly the black magicians who have misused the Kundalini. And we will not go forth following in their footsteps. This has been given to our beloved Ascended Master Lanello, and he has taught us this and he has given us this gift.

TE: You mentioned how the sacred fire goes up and down. I think of it as the tides of the sea going in and out. If I do six or seven decrees at the base and then slowly I rise to the second chakra (soul) we can do thirty-six repetitions of a decree before I get to the crown. Then I don't feel the ebb and flow, I

feel more of a rising. But if I do the entire cycle in one decree and then go back to the bottom, as you were saying, going up and down, there is a different ebb and flow.

ECP: Well, it's an ebb and flow but it's not dictated by where you are on the ladder of life. It's something that only you can discover and sense that God is empowering you, God is loving you, God is illumining you, God is giving you more of yourself because you have been true to him. Therefore he gives back to you what you have given to him.

And I said before, sometimes it takes people hundreds of years before they have balanced enough of the light within them to show a noticeable and appreciative manifestation of this light.

So it's not just raising the Kundalini, but it's everything else that the individual does in a positive way that leads him to the goals of self-mastery that he is seeking.

So you don't have to achieve raising the sacred fire every day. But what you should be manifesting is the glorious body and blood of Christ every day. And then the merging of the two shows you what that can become, how you can become all of Christ ultimately.



Picture by Larry Stanley

The Chalice and the Flame



Community: *A genuine environment dedicated to each member's empowerment; that accepts, respects, nurtures and defends each soul in the living flame of love, encouraging them to blossom into their full Christ potential; that provides a channel for this Christ consciousness manifested to radiate forth into the world.*

Community is an agent for change and transformation. It is a fabric that holds lightbearers together for a common purpose, empowering them to work miracles. Neither Christianity, nor the founding of the United States, nor the missions of Saint Francis or Mother Teresa, would have been

successful without community.

This symbol of Summit University Press holds the matrix for what we must accomplish. Community is the cradle, the foundation on which each soul's Christ flame can ignite and wax strong. Community provides a chalice for the threefold flame: the happiness, wise dominion and empowerment of each member. As the Sangha, community allows us to become the Buddha and fulfill the Dharma.

Community, then, is the white cube of the Mother, to which each soul of light is drawn. As Mother, community is a place of refuge where each soul is safe to let down her barriers, to discover herself and to become her full potential.

There can be no community without the Holy Spirit, our holy comforter. Community is a place of solace where each soul can bask in love's warmth. With the Holy Spirit, it reinforces the antakharana and links each heart flame. And through this spirit, each soul is called home, "to the Mother, the one."

Community lays the foundation for the Golden Age of Aquarius. It is the alchemy God's children thirst for as they long for the Mother they spurned long ago. We must set a framework, but also realize that community is a personal journey where we reach out to others, outpicturing the Golden Rule, and manifesting charity—kindness, grace, compassion, consideration, acceptance, selflessness, sincerity and honor. The spirit of

community can help us transcend our past and learn to love ourselves. As we do so, we will naturally extend this love to others.

Several years ago, the Master Jesus showed me the Christ consciousness that hovers above us as a web of light, connecting all children of God ascended and unascended. At that level, there is but one body of God. Drawn into the physical, this consciousness is broken, morsels of the bread of life anchored in each heart flame. As community, we are called to magnify the Lord in each morsel and re-create the oneness of Christ, as above so below.

The teachings of the apostle Paul on this subject are significant. We can learn so much from this disciple who had a mission very similar to our own. His mission was to expand Christ's teachings, setting the foundation for the Piscean age in a decadent world. Ours is to propagate and embody the teachings of Aquarius, to transform a society in decay and ensure a future for our children.

Paul writes:

“For by one spirit we are all baptized into one body.”

“And have all been made to drink into one Spirit.”

“For as the body is one, so also is Christ.”

“Now there are diversities of gifts but the same Spirit, and there are differences of

administration, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh in all.”

“For to one is given by the Spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge;”

“To another faith;” “to another, the gifts of healing;” “to another, the working of miracles; to another, prophecy; to another divers kinds of tongue; to another the interpretation of tongues.”

“For the body is not one member but many.”

“But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body as it hath pleased Him.”

“And the hand cannot say to the foot, I have no need of thee.”

“And those members of the body, which we think to be less honourable, upon these we bestow more abundant honour.”

“That there should be no schism in the body, but that the members should have the same care for one another.”

“And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it.”

The body of God on earth and in this church suffers when members are neglected or cast down for want of love. As we become, in the spirit of Saint Francis, instruments of peace—sowing love, pardon, faith, hope, light and joy—we will heal this body. As we console, understand and give, we shall,

as one body, be born to eternal life.

We must heed Paul's counsel. We are stones in the Temple of God. As each instrument is essential and appreciated in a symphony, so each community member must be valued where God has called them. From the kitchen to construction, from ministering to administration, from working with children to leadership positions, each member is of equal and supreme value. An arch cannot hold if a stone is missing. Neither can our mission succeed if we do not honor the gifts each member brings to the table.

The wealth of our church lies in its members. Our church will have the abundant life as we harvest their magnificent talents. Each person in this church is a gem that a nurturing environment will facet, a soul who has elected to stand for freedom, for truth, and for the purposes of the Great White Brotherhood. Our church has attracted the greatest avant-garde thinkers, healers, teachers, astrologers, artists, musicians, reformers and saints of our time. The brightest children are also coming forth. These precious souls must not be alienated, denied the opportunity to fulfill their highest mission, or berated, disregarded and abandoned as they strive to outpicture their fiery destiny.

It is easy for the human consciousness to persecute the budding Christ in others. As Jesus exclaimed to Saul, "Why persecutest thou me," so

might he question us. We must seek Saul's conversion and follow in Paul's footsteps, establishing community and spreading the new gospel.

Pride is community's most virulent enemy, and it is no wonder Sanat Kumara and Gautama admonished us so fiercely to eradicate it in this year. Pride manifests as lack of respect or faith in the Christ of others, the desire to control and the unwillingness to let go; the reluctance to smile, commune and share by distancing oneself through feelings of superiority or inferiority; categorizing others instead of seeking and upholding the divine spark; and misusing power.

Black is a perversion of the blue ray. As such, the misuse of power spells the death of community. The harshness of the world has bruised many souls of light. They seek spiritual community as refuge, longing for acceptance, healing and love. They must tenderly be greeted and nurtured, as a sparrow feeds her fledglings, with the kindness, joy and compassion of Lord Maitreya. When souls are confronted with power's misuse before they have fully put on the armor of Christ, they are betrayed and leave the Sangha "black and blue," rejecting the Mother flame.

Two thousand years ago, Jesus laid the foundation for Aquarius when he gave us the commandments that we love one another, and that we feed his sheep. Charity is the purpose of

community. Souls that are cold and hungry, rejected by the world, must be nourished back to health in the golden-pink glow ray, so they can prepare to put on their wedding garment. As they find acceptance, comfort, love, understanding, respect and encouragement (pink), souls will be open to receiving the teachings (yellow), and the disciplines (blue), of the path. The love in community will strengthen them to withstand temptations and initiations on the path, and sustain them as they walk the stations of the cross.

In the second part of *A Special Dispensation*, the Brotherhood has called for ten thousand Christs to walk the earth within three years. Only spiritual community can succeed in empowering so many souls to put on this mantle and bear its burden. Time is short. We must build while we have the light, drawing on the causal bodies of all of our members. We have the spiritual tools. We have been blessed with the teachings. We have the mantle of the Messenger. We are assisted by the entire spirit of the Great White Brotherhood. We have been given soul retrieval. We are the only group of souls that know the science of the spoken word, the violet flame, the call to Astrea and for the binding of the dweller on the threshold. We must invent community for the next two thousand years. It is our prerogative, and the only viable alternative.

As community is conceived and born,
honoring Mother and expanding the Holy Spirit, so
will the Golden Age of Aquarius dawn as the age of
that Mother and that Holy Spirit. As we expand our
light as a beacon through Earth's dark night, we
will magnetize our brothers and sisters. Then, the
Summit Lighthouse will fully become the Church
Universal and Triumphant.

*May the past be a prologue we now place
in the flame. May the future now dawn with
God's Victory that we claim!*



The Beloved Maha Chohan

Building Community



In the Age of Aquarius, each one is intended to put on a greater and greater likeness of their Christ Self, and then work together with others to

bring forth the kingdom—the consciousness—of God on earth as it is in heaven. This will be accomplished through interdependent communities and individuals, who nurture a genuine spirit of Brotherhood based on mutual goodwill, genuine service and selfless love.

Mother taught that it is essential for each spiritual seeker to apply the teachings of the ascended masters and become the essence of the “engrafted Word,” under the guidance of their own Mighty I AM Presence and Holy Christ Self. This is what Elizabeth Clare Prophet communicated to us personally when she said that her job is to reconnect us to our Holy Christ Self, and when that connection takes place, her job is done.

Many of Mother students around the world have also published videos, songs, decrees, books, websites, art focuses and more to help spread the teachings of the ascended masters.

If you are a spiritual seeker and would like more information about Mark, Mother and their teachings, please visit [The Summit Lighthouse](#).

On the next page is the vision statement for the organization and the Age of Aquarius that Mother worked on very fastidiously for weeks. I offered to publish it as a wallet card, so chelas would keep it handy and never forget it. I know that Mother carefully chose and deeply pondered every word, to produce the ultimate “all in all” statement for this movement into the future. It is helpful to meditate on her words line by line.



Vision Statement

We are a loving worldwide spiritual community that helps people attain and sustain a one-on-one relationship with God and that teaches a path of soul liberation. We celebrate and embrace the teachings of the ascended masters and the truths of the world's religions.

Our community is a church of divine love and an organization that learns and grows. We share practical tools that help people live a spiritual life. We nurture and support families. We promote and foster service to others based on the understanding that we are all one.

The teachings and culture of the ascended masters have transformed the world. We use the most effective means to reach everyone on earth with the teachings of the ascended masters as brought forth by the messengers Mark L. Prophet and Elizabeth Clare Prophet and their anointed successors.

We apply the teachings and use the science of the spoken word and the violet flame to bring about self-transcendence and world transformation. We honor and cultivate a guru-chela relationship with the ascended masters.

Through our efforts, many on earth look to the teachings of the ascended masters as the polestar that brings them comfort, guidance, enlightenment and a practical way of living a spiritual life.

We live in a golden age of freedom, peace and enlightenment, where 51 percent of the people walk the earth as Christed ones.

Dept. 162, PO Box 5000, Corwin Springs, MT 59030-5000. Phone: (406) 848-9500.
Web site: <http://www.tsl.org>

Behold!
The Mother of the World



Behold! the Mother of the World is coming.
The Mother of the World is here.
Where have you been, O Divine Mother,
Say how we do draw near.

To touch the hem of hallowed garment,
For fleeting glimpse beyond the veil;
Hiding vast treasures immemorial
Sweet incense, fragrance of an immortelle.

The age of Mother is at hand,
So was released the prophecy;
A cosmic impulse from the Pleiades
As vanguard of our destiny.

Let us run then forth to greet her
Beloved Children of the Sun!
And usher in a golden age
Where twain with Mother, One become.

Nay, we have never been alone-
The ascended Brotherhood of Light
Hastens our course with Book of Prayer,
Beckons from lofty heights.

Sweet mystery of life unfolds.
Initiates of the Christ,
Gather 'neath canopy of stars,
The vast Antahkarana.

Though twists and turns we must traverse
Beware the jagged crevice!
Still, step by step we climb the mount
That leads us to her Heaven.

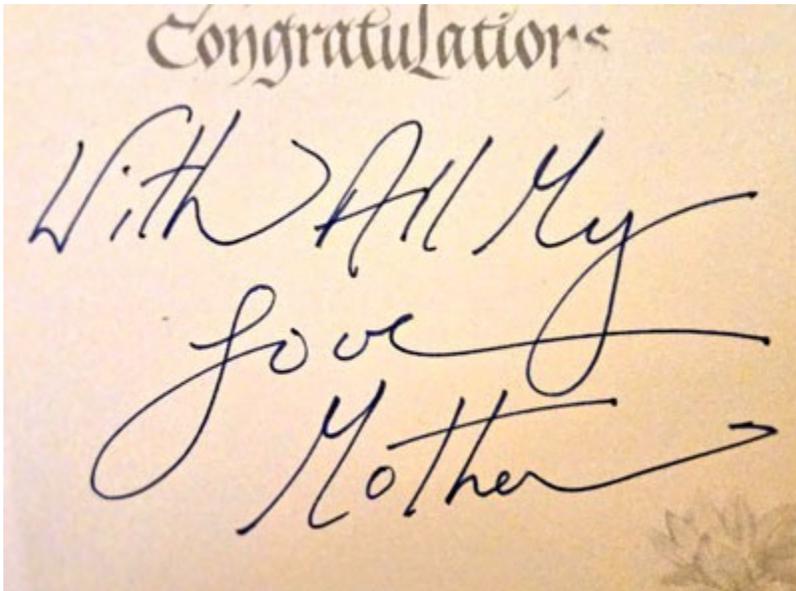
"Become immortal," Mother goads,
"Let go of sin and strife,
Please do not weary in well doing
And above all, serve Life."

The Ashram is a place prepared
A manger where the Christ
Is born anew in us each day
To Mother's great delight.

Won't you tarry with us then
In giving rituals pure and true,
Assigned by God as dawn appears
Our faith, hope, love renew.

"Satsanga," Mother whispers
Before she points the way;
Hail! sparkling jewels of the Buddha
Thrice blessing us each day

— Thérèse Rose Emmanuel





*Mark and Mother's
Teachings*

*Available through the
Summit Lighthouse,*

www.tsl.org



Mark and Mother delivered thousands of teachings to the world, as a spiritual foundation for the Aquarian age.

The breadth of their teachings, given in lectures and dictations, touches all areas of life. Many of these teachings can be found in their books as well as in their lectures. Some of the highlights of their teachings include:

- Working with the angels, ascended masters, elementals and Elohim
- A spiritual definition of man through the chakras, the threefold flame in the heart, the Holy Christ Self, the Mighty I AM Presence and the Causal Body
- Karma, reincarnation, and the ascension
- Convergence of all major world religions at a mystical level
- The mystical body of God and the church as a white cube in the heart
- The science of the spoken word (decrees) as the most effective spiritual tool
- The gift of the violet flame and the alchemy of transmutation
- Working with colors as frequencies of God consciousness
- Overcoming evil manifesting as the dweller on the threshold (carnal mind), fallen ones, watchers, nephilim, mechanization man, UFOs, and beasts and entities on the astral plane
- Communing with God as Father, Mother, Son and

Holy Spirit

- Balancing the divine masculine and the divine feminine
- Teachings on the Cosmic Clock, a higher clockwise zodiac through which we can chart our karmic initiations and opportunities
- The Ruby Ray path of selflessness, sacrifice, service and surrender
- The dark night of the soul and the dark night of the spirit
- Karmic partners, soul mates and twin flames
- A spiritual history of the planet that includes early root races, Lemuria, Atlantis and the coming of the 144,000
- Life on the etheric plane throughout cosmos
- Traveling at night to etheric retreats in our soul consciousness to be God-taught

Other topics often discussed include

- Geopolitical topics such as the defeat of communism and the international capitalist/communist conspiracy
- Defense of the unborn child
- Transcending the culture of “sex, drugs and rock and roll” and the negative effects thereof
- Purification of the physical body through diet and nutrition
- Education of the child through accelerated learning and Montessori training
- Working on your personal psychology as an adjunct to spiritual development



Beloved Master Saint Germain, who launched Mother's mission.

*Other books and websites
for the ascended master community
and for spiritual seekers:*

www.booksforAquarius.com

www.ascendedmasterwebsites.com

www.mostbeautifulpoems.com

www.songsodivinelove.com

*Thank you for partaking
in this labor of Divine Love.*