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*The Legend of the Ancient of Days*

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Sanat Kumara and the 144,000 by Marius Michael George

# *The Legend of the Ancient of Days*

A long time ago  
On a star far away  
A great council assembled  
In solemn array.  
The question weighed heavy  
On everyone's mind—  
T'was the fate of the Earth,  
What to do with mankind.  
The planet was burdened  
With discord and strife  
Human beings had forgotten  
The purpose of life.

They had even begun  
To walk down on all fours  
In their eyes and their souls  
God's great light shone no more.

"Earth must be dissolved,"  
The cosmic council decreed  
"Her energy returned  
To the great primal sea."

I, Sanat Kumara  
Arose from my chair  
And invoked Opportunity  
From those who were there:  
"Let us give them a chance  
And perhaps over time  
These ones will remember  
They once were divine.

"I will show them the way  
I will be the front line  
And bring mercy to Terra

If you would change your mind.”

“My Son,” said an elder,

“You know the law well—

You will be tied to Terra

Until your ranks swell.

“To win back her people

The flame in your heart

Must inspire them to love

And become Freedom’s Star.

“These are new beginnings

For children of man

By your grace we do grant them

A fresh divine plan.”

I gratefully knelt

Before the Great White Throne

Where the Nameless One blessed me

As I left for home.

“My son, they will call you

The Ancient of Days

To the Great Spirit in you  
Give glory and praise.  
“You are known throughout cosmos  
For your eternal youth  
May your Word now spring forth  
Like a fountain of truth.  
“I anoint you with Spirit  
The I AM THAT I AM,  
The ark of the covenant  
And the embodied Lamb.”  
On my shoulders descended  
A mantle of light  
Power, glory and honor  
Love, wisdom and might.  
I bid the council adieu  
And returned to my star  
Where fair Venus awaited  
With Holy Kumaras.  
Winged messengers had announced

The cosmic council's decision:  
That Earth was now granted  
    A new dispensation.  
Our daughter Meta greeted  
    Me home with a kiss.  
"Father, we're thankful," she said  
    "For your courage and faith."  
Though we rejoiced that night  
    In a grand ball reception,  
Our hearts were weighed down  
    By a measure of sadness.  
    The pain of separation  
    Could not be eclipsed  
As we thought of the loved ones  
We most surely would miss.  
    Many eons would pass  
    Before we'd meet again  
Our mission accomplished  
    Our victory at hand.

Twilight dropped upon us  
A blanket of peace,  
Our twin star gently twinkled  
With ethereal surcease.  
Then I looked to the mountains  
And to my surprise,  
Mine eye caught a spiral  
Of light hovering nigh.  
T'was the souls of my children—  
Hundred forty four thousand  
Approaching our palace  
With joyful compassion  
The anthem of brotherhood  
That echoed below  
Still rings clear through these valleys:  
Solstice Ode to Joy.  
They reached for our balcony,  
Stopped, lifted their eyes,  
Then stepped forth to address me

'Neath violet skies.  
I saw in their leader  
My beloved son  
Whose loyal steadfastness  
Was rivaled by none.  
“Our Father,” he said,  
“We have heard of your plight.  
We will not let you down,  
We will fight the good fight.  
“We will prepare the way  
We will help tend the flame  
We will spread love and light  
We will speak in your name.  
“We will be at your side  
When you enter the fray;  
We will go first to Earth,  
To keep evil at bay.”  
Their love was so touching  
Their service so rare

We were moved beyond words  
By their life-giving prayer.  
These hundred forty four  
Thousand, my lady and I  
Wept together for joy;  
Angel legions stood by.  
Then I called from among them  
An hundred forty four  
To become our forerunners  
In this epic untold.  
The veil was now drawn  
The heaven world left behind  
Clothed in bodies of flesh  
They were born of mankind  
.Neither castle nor palace  
Would be their Earth home  
Rather shacks, caves and huts  
Humble hearths carved of stone.  
They waxed strong and matured

In the ways of their kin  
Yet their souls would oft stir,  
With an urge to transcend.  
T'was a deep inner memory  
That could not be erased  
A magnificent city  
That would now be their fate.  
Came a day they set forth—  
Friends and family behind,  
To sail for blue horizons  
And seek holy ground.  
Hearts brimming with passion,  
Pressing on day and night,  
Only intuition to guide them  
Toward the appointed site.  
From four corners of Earth  
These great pilgrims arrived  
Mighty warriors of spirit  
Crossing lands, seas and skies.

The Gobi Sea was the place  
Destiny had assigned  
For these men to accomplish  
Their purpose sublime.  
The pilgrims had reached  
Their final destination  
Then one among them came forward  
To speak of a vision:  
“A resplendent white city  
Is ours to erect  
Reminiscent of Venus ’n  
Divine architects.  
“On a lush, verdant island  
Seven temples our feat  
Focusing sacred fire  
In alabaster retreats.  
“A beautiful bridge  
Will be our first task  
Over sapphire blue waters

Where others can pass.  
“Fashioned with pure white marble  
Engrained with finest gold,  
Lined with sweet cherubs carved  
Mem’ries of days of old.”  
By the sweat of their brow  
Initiating the task  
They hauled rocks, stones and metal;  
Nine hundred years passed.  
Down from neighboring hills  
Savage hordes would attack  
To destroy what was built  
Cosmic goal now set back.  
Determined and constant  
The pilgrims kept their pace  
Lifting up from the rubble  
Planting trees in its place.  
At the top of the island  
The main temple was raised

Where Sanat Kumara's  
Blessed feet one day would graze.  
Twelve marble steps  
Leading up to the throne  
That was framed with perfection  
By a high gilded dome.  
A massive gold door  
Shimmering rays in the sun  
Like a gigantic mirror  
To welcome each one.  
Tall trees lined the path  
Leading up to the gate  
Reflecting pools, rainbow fountains  
Vibrant floral parquets.  
A sacred space was created  
Where brotherhood shone  
The builders called it Shamballa  
To remind them of home.  
The task was completed

The altars were groomed  
With delicate flowers  
Picked from most fragrant blooms.  
Sanat Kumara would come now  
For time had run short.  
To depart unto Earth  
With his devoted court.  
He bid his lady farewell  
In a poignant embrace  
And ascended o'er Hesperus  
Into stellar space.  
The souls that convened  
Offered sweet hymns of praise  
And he blessed them sincerely  
With affectionate gaze.  
Then to their amazement  
Midst a brilliant light trail  
He vanished away  
Like a comet's vast tail.

In Shamballa the builders  
Waited with bated breath  
For their lord to appear  
So to give Earth a rest.

The birds hushed their singing  
The seas ceased their sway  
And all nature grew silent  
On this momentous day.

Slow and majestic  
His feet touched the ground  
Then all life felt his presence  
Though there was not a sound.

Fresh peace, hope and comfort  
Each troubled soul stilled  
As his Great Spirit swept  
Over woods, lakes and hills.

Withered flowers that drooped  
With new strength raised their heads,  
And the laughter of children was heard once again.

The builders were happy  
They wearied no more  
And knelt in Thanksgiving  
To honor their Lord.  
Then upon the altar  
The Ancient of Days  
With a powerful fiat  
Invoked a dazzling flame.  
Threefold and immortal,  
Pink, Yellow and Blue  
Fount of love, wisdom, power  
Precious life renewed.  
From each flickering plume  
Flashed forth filigree threads  
To connect each one's heart  
In a mystical web.  
The crisis was over  
The planet sustained, and the Earth was redeemed  
For a new golden age.

Now the end of this story

Is yours to create

As you search in your soul

For the keys it contains.

Close your eyes, try to see

Your mighty threefold flame

Anchored deep in your heart

'Tis your spiritual claim.

Pulsating, blazing It waxes and spins

Helping you find your mission so you too can ascend.



# *An Esoteric History of Our Solar System*

According to esoteric tradition, life exists throughout this solar system. Though invisible to the untrained eye, millions of souls on other planets contribute to the overall spiritual ecosystem of our solar system and galaxy. Our choices on earth also greatly impact their destiny.

What appears to be science fiction is actually spiritual non-fiction. The reason why our scientists cannot detect these life forms is because there are several dimensions within the physical plane that vibrate at different frequencies.

Life on the Sun, Venus, and Mercury vibrates at a higher frequency that corresponds to the etheric plane. Life on Mars vibrates at the water (astral) level of the physical plane. Some people who have clairvoyance would be able to perceive these life forms, just as they are able to perceive ghosts and demons within the astral plane of earth; fairies,

gnomes, and leprechauns within elemental life; and angels and celestial cities in the etheric plane.

The harmony between planets, solar systems and galaxies was greatly shaken up by the fall of the Nephilim, Nophilim, Watchers, Lucifer, Satan, Serpent and many other angels who served under them. The Book of Revelation explains that the fall took one third of the stars (angelic causal bodies) in heaven.

And there was war in heaven. Michael and his angels fought against the dragon and the dragon fought and prevailed not. Neither was their place found anymore in heaven. And he was cast out onto the earth, that old serpent called the devil and Satan, and his angels were cast out with him.

As evil's energy veil clouded over the grand cosmic design, lifestreams on each planet were faced with Eve's temptation and choice in the Garden of Eden—to remain faithful to their God identity and Christ consciousness or to enter duality, lured by pride, false doctrine, material indulgence and wordly recompense.

The asteroid belt in our solar system between Mars and Jupiter is actually the remains of the planet Maldek, that blew up as souls partook

in the ultimate warring of the fallen ones.

Clairvoyants have also seen the remains of a planet between Mercury and the Sun named Hedron, which disintegrated. (The word hedonism and corresponding pleasure cult comes from this root.) Many of the lifestreams on these planets went through the second death described in Revelation. Those who still had God potential were allowed to reembody on earth. Known as the laggards, they brought with them previous spiritual attainment as well as intense momentums of rebellion, materialism and war.



NASA The Eye of God



# *The Fall of the Angels*

The fall was justified in Lucifer's mind by his sense of injustice concerning mankind, created a little lower than the angels, nevertheless given free will and ultimately crowned, through Christ, with greater honor and glory.

“What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.” (Psalm 8 and Hebrews 2)

Filled with jealousy and resentment, seeking revenge and retaliation, the fallen angels—following Lucifer's example—refused to serve mankind. Like the sibling rivalry of a spoiled “enfant terrible,” who seeks sympathy from those around him and will stop at nothing to get his way, their childish impetuosity blinded them to God-reality. They could no longer identify with the divine consciousness of the Law of the One or

receive the protection of the circle of oneness that vibrates at love's higher frequency. In their rebellion, they were cast out of heaven (the etheric plane) through their own doing. Defying the name of God I AM THAT I AM, they heralded egoic independence as "I am who I am," cloaked in worldly prestige and nonchalance.

Whether in embodiment or working through those in embodiment, the fallen ones still channel their former wisdom into deceiving and enslaving the children of God. They cunningly exploit mankind's free will by leading him into idolatrous relationships, binding associations and karmic ties that, lifetime after lifetime, become most difficult to disengage from.

Cut off from their divine source, they siphon the light of the children of God in a vampiristic way until all of their former attainment has been spent and they receive the final judgment and second death. Fashionable parasites, they prolong their time by karma dodging, and by cunningly tempting the children of God to relinquish their light through a culture of "sex, drugs and rock and roll," backed by abortion. They orchestrate wars, nuclear, chemical and biological warfare, genetic engineering and population control for the shedding of blood, for the

manipulation of the light essence and to reduce the percentage of lightbearers. They also manipulate the economy and money systems to hoard the abundant life. Revelation warns:

“Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time. And when the dragon saw that he was cast unto the earth, he persecuted the woman which brought forth the man child.”

Roaming the physical and the astral planes (the earth and the sea), these rebellious ones wedge themselves into positions of power to attack the Christ potential in all of God's children, be it latent, developing or fully manifest. Generation after generation, they work to sabotage the advent of universal Christ consciousness and tarnish the vision of the Prophet Micah, “each man under his own vine and fig tree.”

They surround and move in on the true Lights of God to control the Word through codification, modification and “letter of the law” interpretation. Warping the teachings delivered through avatars, prophets and even our founding fathers, they downplay and ultimately condemn the innate divinity, rightful inheritance and ordained mission of each Son and Daughter of God. Insulating themselves from their karma through

mutual reinforcement, they boast of social, political and spiritual superiority, and disseminate self-serving interpretations of the law to further enshrine their ego-control, social eminence, political power, and legalistic claims. Sadly, their agenda has also infected many lightbearers.

Advocates of hierarchy and inherited power, they promulgate false hierarchies and totalitarian regimes based on control and idolatry, where their authority is revered over that of the Christ. In this context, “dissidents” are met with intimidation, humiliation, and elimination; and allegiance is rewarded with an illusory sense of superiority, security, belonging and self-righteousness—all at a cost.

Conditioning to this system for thousands of years has created a psychological rift within mankind that taints the concept of true hierarchy on which heaven is built— fraternal bonds where the greatest is humblest servant of all, where the good shepherd gives his life for his sheep, and where those with more attainment lovingly and respectfully help those with less attainment by lending their momentum and example.

The false hierarchy's double standards, haughtiness, cupidity, hatred of Christ, hoarding of the Word (key of knowledge) and clique building is what Jesus rebuked during much of his Palestinian ministry

when he challenged the fallen consciousness of the high priests and their lawyers. His dialogue below is recorded in the Books of Matthew, Luke and John:

“The scribes and the pharisees sit in Moses seat:...and love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues, and greetings in the markets, and to be called of men, 'Rabbi, Rabbi.' But be ye not called Rabbi: for one is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren....But ye that is greatest among you shall be your servant....

“Woe unto you lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered....

“Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in....

“For ye devour widows' houses and for a pretense make long prayer.... for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves.... for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cumin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith...

*“Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel....O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee....*

*“Murmur not among yourselves. It is written in the prophets, 'and they shall all be taught of God'... How can ye believe, which receive honour one of another, and seek not the honour that cometh from God only?...*

*“Is it not written in your law, I said, 'Ye are gods?' If he called them gods, unto whom the word of God came, and the scripture cannot be broken, say ye of him, whom the Father hath sanctified, and sent into the world, 'thou blasphemest; because I said I am the son of God?'...*

*“Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me....*

*Responding to their accusation, “ I have not a devil, but I honour my Father, and ye do dishonour me....Why do you not understand my speech? Even because ye cannot hear my word. Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him.... Why go ye about to kill me?”*

Speaking to his disciples, Jesus prophesied how their stand for Christ would be received in life's unfolding drama :

“Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil....

“Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you,, bless them that curse you and pray them that despitefully use you...For if ye love them which love you, what thank have ye?...

“If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own....Remember the word that I said unto you, 'the servant is not greater than his lord.' If they have persecuted me, they will persecute you....And ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning....

“ They shall put you out of the synagogues, yea, the time cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service.”



Carl Heinrich Bloch, *Sermon on the Mount*

# A Rescue Mission

Long before Jesus' Gallilean mission, Earth had already become so polluted by fallen influences that the planet could no longer be spiritually and physically sustained. This is where the story of Sanat Kumara and 144,000 volunteers from Venus comes in. To save Earth, these high souls chose to follow their guru in exile from a planet of beauty and love, described by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow in his poem, *The Evening Star*.

Lo! in the painted oriel of the West,  
Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,  
Like a fair lady at her casement, shines  
The evening star, the star of love and rest!  
Ad then anon she doth herself divest  
Of all her radiant garments, and reclines  
Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,

With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.

O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus!

My morning and my evening star of love!

My best and gentlest lady! even thus,

As that fair planet in the sky above,

Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,

And from thy darkened window fades the light.

The teachings of the ascended masters explain that life unfolds on Venus on the fifth level of the etheric plane. The book, *Dweller on Two Planets*, by Phylos the Tibetan, gives a poignant description of life on Venus at this etheric vibrational frequency.

The mission of the 144,000 was to embody, like Jesus, in earth's densest conditions again and again to challenge darkness, to bring forth light, to expose the fallen ones and to ensoul divine awareness. Wayshowers of Christ, these ones came to reignite the spiritual flame in the hearts of mankind, rekindling the connection to innate divinity, so that through free will mankind might once again, in the words of Moses, "Choose life, not death."

The sacrifice of the 144,000 was immense. Their story is recorded in books by the I AM Movement, Agni Yoga, Werner Schroeder, Charles Leadbeater and Mark and Elizabeth Clare Prophet.

The forerunners of this group built the retreat of Shamballa on an island in the Gobi Sea (now the Gobi desert between Mongolia and China.)



Picture of Shamballa by Marius Michael George  
and picture of Sanat Kumara by Marius Michael George



# The Great Guru

Sanat Kumara is a manifestation of God, a spiritual being of great light. He is known as the Ancient of Days, the Eternal Youth, the Regent Lord of the World and ruler of Shamballa. He is also one of seven holy kumaras referenced in sacred scriptures.

Sanat Kumara is the bearer of fire. Leading the armies of heaven, he takes up serpents in order to bring peace. He represents the Rose Cross and the Ruby Cross. His emblems are the Flying Eagle (the elevated glyph of Scorpio) and the Yule Log, which symbolizes the rekindling of the threefold flame in the heart of man. In some cultures, he is associated with the symbol of the fish, with the water of life and with the Pleiades.

Sanat Kumara teaches a path of sacrifice, service, selflessness and surrender that leads to permanent reunion with God. His presence can be felt while playing the music *Finlandia* by Sibelius, which anchors such a flame of freedom that it was banned. *Wien, Wien nur du Allein*, is the

keynote of his twin flame, Lady Master Venus.

During the time Finland was an autonomic Grand Duchy of Russia, Tsar Nikolai II started a period of oppression 1899, trying to make the Finnish people Russians, with very little success. He forbid *Finlandia*, because it was lifting the spirit of nationhood in Finland and was a symbol of independence movement. The period lasted until the independence at 1917, and was called “*sortovuodet*,” the years of repression.

References to Sanat Kumara are found throughout the world. References to Shamballa are found in Eastern texts and traditions in geographical proximity to the Gobi Desert. References to the 144,000 are found in the Bible as well as in Native American tradition.

# *Sanat Kumara in the Finnish Tradition*

Sanat Kumara appears in the Finnish tradition as Vainamoinen. The word “Kumara” in Finnish means one who is bowing or stooped, and this is often associated with being aged. The story of the quest for fire is reflected in the Finnish national epic, *The Kalevala*, which may be thousands of years old and charts the story of Vainamoinen, whose name signifies ancient wisdom.

Vainamoinen is depicted as a Father figure, like in this painting by Johan Blackstadius. Vainamoinen is a god of songs and poetry, and is bearer of the hidden mysteries. He is a sage, a singer and a wizard who spent so much time in his mother's womb that he was born an old man.

Vainamoinen is sometimes said to be the source of the world's creation. The most popular stories about him describe his great adventures and alchemical powers. Like Orpheus, he visits the

underworld and comes back alive. Vainamoinen is said to possess a powerful and magical voice.



# Sanat Kumara in the Native American Tradition

Sanat Kumara's presence has been recognized in the Native American tradition as Wakan Tanka, the Great Spirit. In the *Song of Hiawatha*, Longfellow also refers to Gitche Manito (manitou) the mighty, the creator of the nations, a paternal figure who looks upon his children with pity and compassion, urging them to stop their feuding.



I am weary of your quarrels,  
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,  
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,  
Of your wranglings and dissensions;  
All your strength is in your union,  
All your danger is in discord;  
Therefore be at peace henceforward,  
And as brothers live together.

Another Native American tradition, *The Legend of the White Buffalo Woman*, speaks of a great eagle who swoops out of the sky to save a young woman during the great deluge at the end of the Old World. Through the marriage of the Woman of the Earth and the Eagle of the Sky, a nation is born again. This is akin to the reference made in chapter twelve of the book of Revelation, “And to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place, where she is nourished for a time, and times, and half a time, from the face of the serpent. And the serpent cast out of his mouth water as a flood after the woman, that he might cause her to be carried away of the flood.”

The story “Scarface,” published in the *Book of Virtues*, speaks of a native brave who travels to the land of the Sun Lord, and is accompanied by a youth whose name is Morning Star. Many native stories actually refer to the morning star.

We also find in the Hopi tradition, the gathering of 144,000 “rainbow warriors” or “sundancers” who will unite the earth. At that time, people will have their choice to accept or reject the Creator's plan for peace on earth.





# Sanat Kumara in Zoroastrianism

In ancient Persia, Sanat Kumara was revered as Ahura Mazda who appeared to Zarathustra in the presence of six other beings of light, undoubtedly his brother kumaras. It is said that in their presence, Zarathustra did not see his own shadow upon the earth, owing to their great light.

Ahura Mazda means “Wise Lord.” Zarathustra recognized Ahura Mazda as the one true God, the creator of the universe, and went on to create a spiritual tradition based on keeping the flame. Even today, devotees of zoroastrianism use fire upon their altar in remembrance. The encounters and teachings of Ahura Mazda with Zarathustra and with Yima, the good shepherd and first mortal with whom Ahura Mazda conversed, are recorded in the *Zend Avesta*. Here, Ahura Mazda is described as having seven emanations. These seven emanations are the

Amesha Spentas, or “bounteous immortals.” Yima and Zarathustra most often invoke Spenta Armaiti, described through qualities of divine wisdom, devotion, piety, benevolence, right-mindedness, peace, love, and service.

Zoroastrian scholars consider Spenta Armaiti to embody the virtues of loving-kindness and the serenity that comes with enlightenment. He embodies “universal bountiful tranquility,” which is not only personal peace, but also includes loving peace among communities and nations.

Spenta Armaiti implies love without expectation of reciprocity; dutifulness without contemplation of reward; and the consciousness of the universal brotherhood of man.

Ahura Mazda teaches mankind through his emanations, the laws of sacrifice and service, how to honor the four elements and how to cast out Angra Mainyu, the evil one, by the power of the spoken word. In so doing, mankind will achieve prosperity and peace.

Ahura Mazda speaks: “Say aloud those words in the Gathas that are to be said twice: ‘I drive away Angra Mainyu from this house, from this borough, from this town, from this land; from the very body of man

defiled by the dead, from the very body of woman defiled by the dead; from the master of this house, from the lord of the borough, from the lord of the town, from the lord of the land; from the lord of the whole world of Righteousness.”

In the Prayer for Helpers, the supplicant calls: “And now in these Thy dispensations, O Ahura Mazda! Do Thou wisely act for us, and with abundance with Thy bounty and Thy tenderness as touching us; and grant that reward which Thou hast appointed to our souls, O Ahura Mazda! Of this do Thou Thyself bestow upon us for this world and the spiritual; and now as part thereof do Thou grant that we may attain fellowship with Thee, and Thy Righteousness for all duration.”





# *Sanat Kumara in Hinduism*

In Sanskrit, the language of the Vedas, Sanat Kumara means “eternal, beautiful youth.” The seed syllable “Ra” also means flame or sacred fire. Other references to Sanat Kumara are “Jagan-Natha,” for Lord of the World, “Kartikeya” the warrior, also known as “Murugan.”

Sanat Kumara is a son of Brahma, the one supreme God, and brother of Ganesha. He is Skanda, son of Shiva and Parvati, God of War and commander in chief of the divine army of the gods. Son of the Pleiades, he is born to slay Taraka, the demon of ignorance. He is also known as Guha, which means cave, because he lives in the cave of the heart..

*The Ramayan of Valkimi* is an Indian epic based on oral traditions passed down centuries before Christ. Canto VIII, entitled “Sumantra's speech,” mentions Sanat Kumara by that name. We read:

Hear, Sire, a tale of days gone by.

To many a sage in time of old,



Sanatkumár, the saint, foretold  
How from thine ancient line, O King,  
A son, when years came round, should spring....  
To him no mortal shall be known  
Except his holy sire alone.  
Still by those laws shall he abide  
Which lives of youthful Bráhmans guide,  
Obedient to the strictest rule  
That forms the young ascetic's school:  
And all the wondering world shall hear  
Of his stern life and penance drear;  
His care to nurse the holy fire  
And do the bidding of his sire....  
He, at the Offering of the Steed,  
The flames with holy oil shall feed...  
I have repeated, Sire, thus far,  
The words of old Sanatkumár,  
In order as he spoke them then  
amid the crowd of holy men.



# *Sanat Kumara in Buddhism*

Sanat Kumara is Dipankara, the lamp lighting buddha and the buddha of fixed light. He is said to predate the historical buddha in a world cycle long past. He is sometimes equated with Adibuddha, the original Buddha to whom Gautama pledged himself.

Legend shares that in the life prior to Gautama, Dipankara needed to cross a rivelet and the soul of Gautama placed his body down so that Dipankara could cross over and upon him. Yes, “like a bridge over troubled water, I will lay me down.”

The kingdom of Shamballa plays a central role in Tibetan Buddhism. Sacred Tibetan texts speak of Shamballa as “a mystical kingdom hidden behind snow peaks somewhere north of Tibet. There a line of enlightened kings is supposed to be guarding the most secret

teachings of Buddhism for a time when all truth in the world outside is lost in war and the lust for power and wealth.

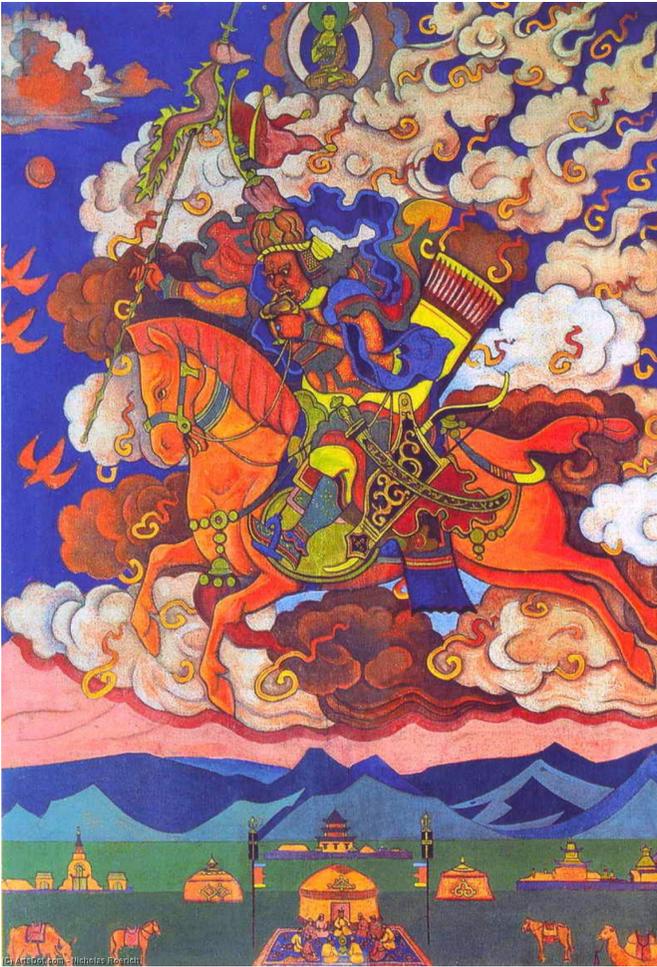


*Song of Shamballa by Nicholas Roerich*

Then, according to prophecy, a future King of Shambhala will come out with a great army to destroy the forces of evil and bring in a golden age. Under his enlightened rule, the world will become, at last, a place of peace and plenty, filled with the riches of wisdom and compassion.”

Shamballa is better known in the West as Shangri-la, made

famous through the 1930s' book and movie, *Lost Horizon*. This theme of Shambhalla was taken up in many of the beautiful paintings of Russian painter Nicholas Roerich, who also wrote a book by that name.



King of Shambhala by Nicholas Roerich



## *Sanat Kumara in Islam*

Sanat Kumara is referenced in the Koran, in Rumi's poetry and in other Islamic work as El Khidr. Speaking of El Khdir, the Prophet Mohammed says, "I have seen my Lord in the most beautiful of forms." El Khdir preserves and maintains the "Reality of the Golden Chain" by training prophets and mystics to come to understand that, "Above every knower, there is a greater knower." He is the benign presence of divine wisdom as imparted by the Divine himself through direct revelation. He makes sudden appearances to succor people in times of need and is hidden initiator to those who walk the mystical path. As spiritual head of the divinely instituted hierarchy of saints, he rules over "the Men of the Unseen" (*rijalu'l-ghayb*)—exalted saints and angels who transfer divine science, Theosophia, down through the ages.

It is believed that the Muslim veneration of El Khdir (*Al Khizr*) was initially adopted from Indian Sufis as a manifestation of the

Hindu God Skanda, son of Shiva. At a shrine on the Indus near Bakhar, El Khdir is worshipped by both Hindus and Muslims who set afloat in a pond or river a little boat which bears a lighted lamp.

In both Moslem and Hindu art, El Khdir is depicted as the figure of an aged man in a green coat carried on top of the water by a fish which conveys him over the river of life. This may also relate back to the vesica pisces, a form resembling an Egyptian hieroglyph depicted as the “place between” where Christ steps out, with a mathematical ratio described by the Pythagorians as the “measure of the fish.”



The name El Khdir means “the green one,” and “eternal youth” who found immortality by drinking the Water of Life, the water of eternal youth. According to the Book of Prophets, Mohammed said that El Khdir became known as such because he once sat on a barren white land which then turned luxuriantly green with vegetation.



El Khdir is referenced as the companion and teacher of Moses, Joshua, and many other mystics and saints. He is associated with Hermes and Enoch, and with the ancient schools of the prophets attended by Elijah, Elisha and Samuel. These are described in the *Apocalypse of Elias*, a

most sacred Essene apocryphal text that Jesus, Mary, John the Baptist and Joseph are said to have studied. He is also associated with the Jewish legend of the “Wandering Jew.”

Moses finds El Khdir where the two seas, or oceans, meet, which has been interpreted as perfect knowledge joining the exoteric and esoteric. The fish of wisdom, which was dead, comes alive in the presence of El Khdir and disappears in a ‘parting of the sea.’



A similar event takes place with Dhulqarnein (also known as Iskandar—related to Skanda), historically interpreted as Alexander the

Great. Here, Dhulqarnein and El Khdir journey through the land of darkness to the ends of the earth to find the water of life. When they find this water, El Khdir partakes of it and both marvel at how the water of life revives the fish.

To seal mankind from the forces of Gog and Magog ravaging the land, El Kdhir asks Dhulqarnein to build a rampart that will stay up until the trumpet sounds for the final judgment, when the great harvest of souls takes place.

El Khdir can also be found in Kahf, the cave of revelation, where Moses meets him. Interestingly, Mount Qaf, where the water of life flows, is home of the Huma Bird, the Persian equivalent to the Phoenix who rises from the ashes.

In *Jung and the 18th Sura*, Carl Jung writes, “El Khdir may well be the symbol of the self. His qualities symbolize him as such; he is said to have been born in a cave, i.e. in darkness. He is the long lived one who continually renews himself, like Elijah. He is analogous to the second Adam. He is a counselor, a Paraclete, Brother Khdir. [...] Khdir symbolizes not only a higher wisdom but also a way of acting.”

The intercession of El Kdhir is considered a great honor by many Sufis. The prayer below to be given before sleep fifteen times invokes his presence so he can appear in a dream and advise the supplicator.

Bismillah hir Rahman nir Raheem;  
Bismillah hir Rahman nir Raheem  
Bismillahi al Amaan al Amaan;  
Ya Hanaan al Amaan al Amaan;  
Ya Manaan al Amaan al Amaan;  
Ya da Yaan al Amaan al Amaan;  
Ya subhan al Amaan al Amaan;  
Ya burhaan al Amaan al Amaan;  
Min fitna tiz zAmaani wa jafaa;  
Il ikhwani wa shar rish shaitan;  
Wa zulmis sultan be fadhlika;  
Ya Raheem Ya Rahman;  
Ya zul Jalaali wal ikraam;  
Wa sall Allahu ala khairi khaliqi;  
hi Muhammadin wa alihi

Wa as haabi hi ajmaeen bi Rahmatika;

Ya Arham ar Rahimeen;

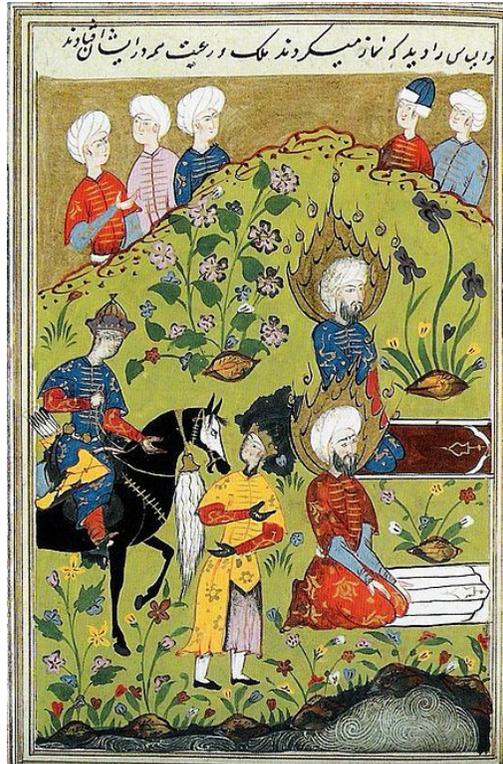
Wa sall Allahu ala Khairi;

Khaliqi Hi Muhammadin;

Wa alihi wa as Haabi;

Hi Ajmaeen bi Rahmatika;

Ya Arham Ar Rahimeen





The Holy Grail by Arthur Rackham

# Sanat Kumara in the European Traditions

Some chivalry references in Europe trace their way back to Sanat Kumara. Medieval knights who formed the Order of the Garter adapted much of their underground mystical ritual from their sojourn to Persian and Arabic lands, and from their reverence for El Khdir. Saint George, patron saint of Great Britain, has also been associated with El Khdir as the dragon slayer who may ultimately slay the dragon in the *Book of Revelation*.

There may be a connection between Sanat Kumara and the Hermetic green lion, whose seven chakras are stars like the Pleiades and whose blood brings transmutation. And there is undoubtedly a connection between Sanat Kumara and the grail legends. We also know from the teachings of the Ascended Masters that Sanat Kumara, through the intercession of Jesus, was the guru of Saint Patrick.



# *Sanat Kumara in Judaism and Christianity*

Sanat Kumara is the presence of the Flying Eagle, recorded by John and by the Prophet Ezekiel. He is the Presence of the Lamb in the book of Revelation who stands with the 144,000 for the descent of the New Jerusalem.

“And I looked, and, lo, a Lamb stood on the mount Sion, and with him an hundred forty and four thousand, having his Father's name written in their foreheads. And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps: And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the elders: and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth.”

“Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads. And I heard the number of them which were sealed: and there were sealed an hundred and forty and four thousand of all the tribes of the children of Israel.

“The 144,000 people stood before the throne, the four living creatures and the elders; they were singing a new song, which only they could learn.



“And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and

God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

“I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son.”



Sanat Kumara is the Ancient of Days in the Book of Daniel. “I beheld till the thrones were cast down, and the Ancient of Days did sit, whose garment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like the pure wool: his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him: thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him: the judgment was set, and the books were opened.”

He is invoked throughout the Old Testament as “The Lord Thy God,” who delivers the ten commandments and the Pentateuch, the first five books of the Old Testament, to Moses. He watches over the exodus and diaspora of the twelve tribes of Israel until they reunite again, as prophesied in Revelation. When you search through the Old Testament for “the Lord thy God,” you begin to see a clear picture of the divine edicts brought forth through Sanat Kumara, referenced by the prophets Jeremiah, Isaiah, Hosea, Amos and Zephaniah. Below are some excerpts: “Behold, the LORD thy God hath set the land before thee: go up and possess it, as the LORD God of thy fathers hath said unto thee; fear not, neither be discouraged.

“For the LORD thy God hath blessed thee in all the works of thy

hand: he knoweth thy walking through this great wilderness: these forty years the LORD thy God hath been with thee; thou hast lacked nothing.



“But thou shalt remember the LORD thy God: for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth, that he may establish his covenant which he sware unto thy fathers, as it is this day. And it shall be, if thou do at all forget the LORD thy God, and walk after other gods, and serve them, and worship them, I testify against you this day that ye shall surely perish. Understand therefore this day, that the LORD thy God is he which goeth over before thee; as a consuming fire he shall destroy them, and he shall

bring them down before thy face: so shalt thou drive them out, and destroy them quickly, as the LORD hath said unto thee.

“Understand therefore, that the LORD thy God giveth thee not this good land to possess it for thy righteousness; for thou art a stiffnecked people. Remember, and forget not, how thou provokedst the LORD thy God to wrath in the wilderness: from the day that thou didst depart out of the land of Egypt, until ye came unto this place, ye have been rebellious against the LORD.

“And now, Israel, what doth the LORD thy God require of thee, but to fear the LORD thy God, to walk in all his ways, and to love him, and to serve the LORD thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul.

“Thou shalt fear the LORD thy God; him shalt thou serve, and to him shalt thou cleave, and swear by his name. He is thy praise, and he is thy God, that hath done for thee these great and terrible things, which thine eyes have seen. Thy fathers went down into Egypt with threescore and ten persons; and now the LORD thy God hath made thee as the stars of heaven for multitude. Therefore thou shalt love and his judgments, and his commandments, alway.

*“For thou art an holy people unto the LORD thy God, and the LORD hath chosen thee to be a peculiar people unto himself, above all the nations that are upon the earth.”*

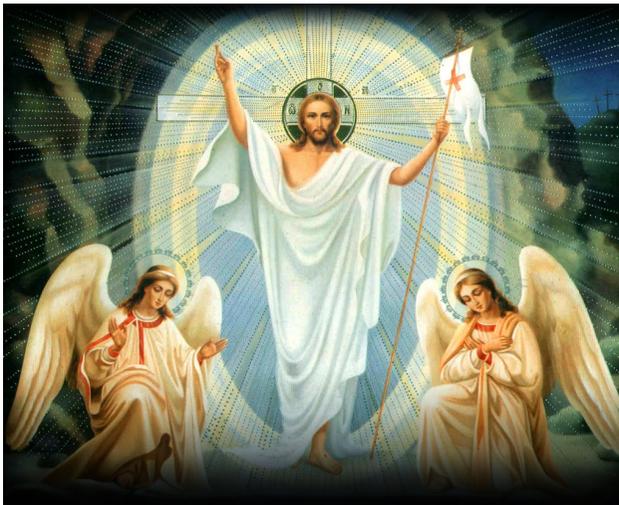


In the New Testament, Jesus quotes “The Lord thy God” when he is tempted by Satan in the wilderness:

“Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God. Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.”

And ultimately, when he gives us the first commandment:

“And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment.”



# *Sanat Kumara in Theosophy, the Bridge to Freedom and The I AM Movement*

Since the late 1800s, a number of spiritual movements have mentioned Sanat Kumara in their writings. These include books by HP Blavatsky, the I AM Movement, the Bridge to Freedom, Werner Shroeder, Leadbeater and Annie Besant.

Below is a beautiful description of Sanat Kumara, taken from the book, *The Masters and the Path*, by C.W. Leadbeater, written in 1925.

"Our world is governed by a Spiritual King—one of the Lords of the Flame Who came long ago from Venus. He is called by the Hindus, Sanat Kumara, the last word being a title meaning Prince or Ruler. He is often spoken of as the One Initiator, the One without a Second, the Eternal Youth of Sixteen Summers; and sometimes he is called the Lord of the World. He is the Supreme Ruler; in His hand and within His actual aura

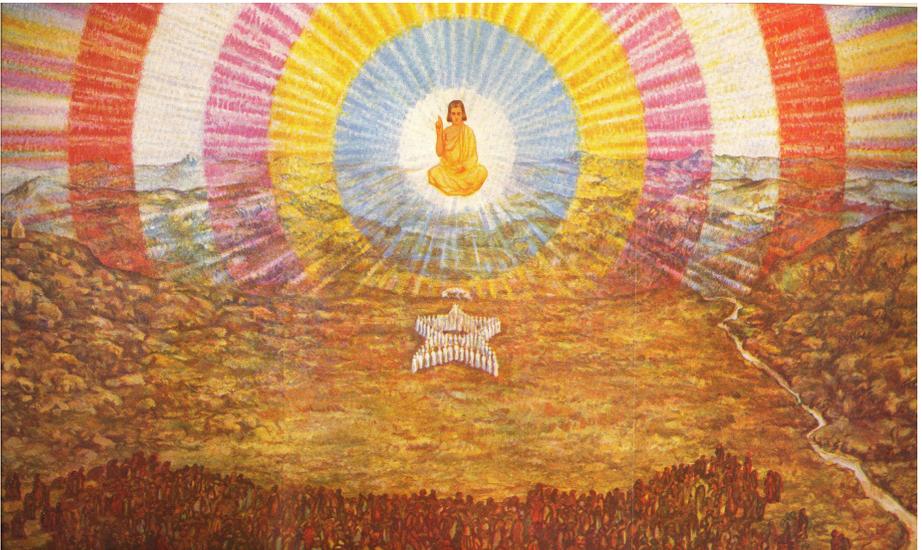
lies the whole of His planet. He represents the Logos, as far as this world is concerned, and directs the whole of its evolution—not that of humanity alone, but also the evolution of the Devas, the nature-spirits, and all other creatures connected with the earth. He is, of course, entirely distinct from the great Entity called the Spirit of the Earth, who uses our world as a physical body.

“In his mind He holds the whole plan of evolution at some high level of which we know nothing; He is the force which drives the whole world-machine, the embodiment of the Divine Will on this planet, and strength, courage, decision, perseverance and all similar characteristics, when they show themselves down here in the lives of men, are reflections of him.

“His consciousness is of so extended a nature that it comprehends at once all the life on our globe in His hands are the powers of cyclic destruction for He wields Fohat in its highest forms and can deal directly with cosmic forces outside our chain. His work is probably usually connected with humanity en masse rather than with individuals, but when He does influence any single person we are told that it is through Atma and not through Ego that His influence is brought to bear.

“At a certain point in the progress of an aspirant on the Path he is formerly presented to the Lord of the World, and those who have thus met Him face to face speak of Him as in appearance a handsome youth, dignified, benignant beyond all description, yet with such a mien of omniscient, inscrutable majesty conveying such a sense of restless power that some have found themselves unable to bear His gaze, and have veiled their faces in awe. Thus, for example, did our great Founder, Madame Blavatsky. One who has had this experience can never forget it, not can he ever thereafter doubt that, however terrible the sin and sorrow on earth may be, all things are somehow working together for the eventual good of all, and humanity is being steadily guided towards its final goal.

*Celebration of Wesak, from *The Masters and the Path**





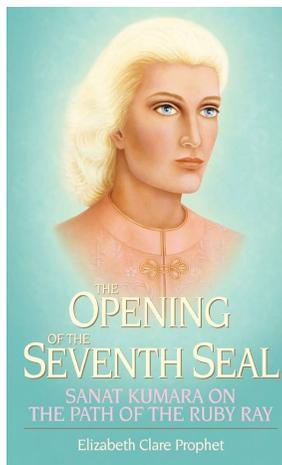
ALBEREGNO, Jacobello Vision of St. John the Evangelist

# Sanat Kumara in The Summit Lighthouse

Mark and Elizabeth Clare Prophet gave many teachings about Sanat Kumara, and dictations by Sanat Kumara through the Summit Lighthouse. The book, *Sanat Kumara on the Path of the Ruby Ray: The Opening of the Seventh Seal*, published in 1979 is a treasury of teachings dictated by Sanat Kumara for his disciples, that we will study in chapters that follow.

A beautiful quote from one of Sanat Kumara's dictations, one of many: “ Lo, it is the entire Spirit of the Great White Brotherhood, and the full diapason of the Holy Spirit. Lo, a single voice of the Person of the Holy Spirit--one Person, one Office, one Voice fulfilled in the infinite harpers harping with their harps. One Person, one Office, one Voice of a great thunder that resound from heart to heart to heart in the infinity of Selfhood that God Almighty, the Lord who is Lord, has multiplied for the

sounding of the sound of the universal thunder of the Word. One Person, one Office, one Voice of the Mother out of the many souls swimming in the waters of the Cosmic Sea.



We are before the great white throne. We are singing a new song, my beloved. We stand with the Lamb---behold, I and my Father are one--- before the four beasts and the four and twenty elders. And no man could learn the sacred mystery of that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from the earth. It is the infinite son sung by the infinite manifestation of the godhead.” (Pearl of Wisdom Vol. 22, no. 28, published by The Summit Lighthouse)

# *Sanat Kumara and the Music of the Spheres*

Composer Dorothy Lee Fulton, Messenger of Music, has received hundreds of songs from Mother Mary dedicated to ascended masters, angels and cosmic beings. Several of these songs are devoted to Sanat Kumara, Lady Master Venus and the Ruby Ray path. The words, excerpted below, paint a beautiful description of the mission of the Ancient of Days. The music is for deep soul healing and for contact with the etheric octaves.

The songs, “Lovely Lady Venus” and “Sanat Kumara,” describes these hierarchs of Light:

“Twin flames emerging in love's golden glow, sacred fire  
converging in heavenly flow.

“O Holy Rose Cross, blest Ancient of Days, thy holy radiance our  
consciousness raise. O come, holy green fires of Venus we pray, anchor the

Light rays of Emerald fire!

“Great Cosmic Beings of the Pleiades, beings of love's healing flame, bring upon Terra love's sweet melody

“Leading us back to Shamballa, harp strings of Hesper now ring.”

The song, “Sanat Kumara Calls Become the Christ,” charts the initiations of the Ruby Ray:

“Worthy is the Lamb, Lord God Almighty....Thou art worthy to take the book, open the seals thereof. For thou wast slain and hast redeemed us unto God, by thy blood out of each kindred, tongue and nation, and hast made us unto our God—Kings and Priests.

“Lo! I, the Ancient of Days, do stand before you in the person of Lord Gautama Buddha, in the person of Lord Maitreya, Lord Jesus Christ, the two witnesses, the Flying Eagle.

“Lo! I AM here in the fullness of the Word made flesh. Behold, a door is open into Heaven. Behold, the Lion, the Calf, behold the Man, the two witnesses, the Flying Eagle Sanat Kumara, blessed Kumaras.

“Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was and is and is to come. Our spirits rise with the magnet of the Great Central Sun into shafts of Light to the center of the One. Behold! A door in heaven is open, and in

the midst and round about the throne, four beasts full of eyes before, behind, around each one, full of eyes within. And they rest not by day or by night saying, 'Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty,' filled with the Christ and infused with the Light of the Ruby Ray.

“I initiate you, my beloved, into the spiritual body of God, one with my heart. Soon, you shall start to embody four faces of Christ.

“Show forth, my beloved, the face of the Lion Lord Maitreya, great baptiser of water and fire. Sacrifice self, slay the beast of selflessness, false humility, sense of unworthiness, enter into the baptism of the Lord.

“Show forth, my Beloved, the face of the Calf, beloved Lord Gautama Buddha, archetype of the Christ crucified. Through service your soul shall slay the beast of self love. Enter into the crucifixion of the Lord.

“Show forth, my beloved, the face of a man, Beloved Lord Jesus Christ, Living Savior, I AM THAT I AM. Surrender the Self, slay the beast of selfishness, enter into the resurrection of the son of man.

“Show forth, my beloved, the face of the Flying Eagle, beloved Sanat Kumara, great regenerator of water and earth through selflessness, slay the beast of selfish idolatry. Enter into the ascension of the Flying Eagle.

The song, "Decree Ruby Ray," pronounces Sanat Kumara's judgment on the fallen ones and their consciousness, to be spoken and sung out loud by lightbearers worldwide:

"The decree goes forth: Thus far and no farther! Either the earth is to be destroyed by the infamy of the fallen ones, else they must have the instantaneous return by the Ruby Ray of that which they have sent forth.

"Sanat Kumara has stretched forth his hand, the Lord God Almighty shall reveal himself.

"Pow'r of the Judgment of the Lord God Almighty has gone forth from the Great White Throne and Him that sat upon it. The Lord of the vineyard has spoken: The Light of the Ruby Ray is come into the very core of hate and hate creation. By the pow'r of Elohim, the pow'r of El Shaddai, the pow'r of El Elyon, the pow'r of the I AM THAT I AM! They are bound and turned back! Lo! It is done! The Ruby Ray is driven into the very core of darkness that has used them. By the power of YOD HE VAU HE, it is done! There is descending that quickening laser beam Ruby Ray judgment of the fallen ones who would destroy the earth, destroy the holy ones. They shall not stand! They shall be turned back!

"Everywhere in the heart of the earth the Ruby Ray is come

everywhere. Lo! Elohim! Lo! Elohim! Lo! Elohim! I claim the mantle, the opportunity, the day of sacrifice, the day of surrender to the Ruby Ray. Therefore the Word is gone forth: they are bound in the name I AM THAT I AM, the pow'r of YOD HE VAU HE, the pow'r of Elohim, El Elyon, Shaddai. They are bound and turned back by the light of the Ruby Ray.”

And the song, Lord Maitreya, calls home the 144,000.

“From Sanat Kumara the call goes forth.... Gautama Buddha, Lord Maitreya Jesus Christ and the angelic band. Sound the sound of the seven trumpets to the hundred and forty four thousand who are with the Lamb.

“Come up higher, thus saith the Lord.

“Blessing and honor and glory and pow'r be unto him that sitteth on the Throne and unto the Lamb forever more. Great initiator! Great Loving One!

“To Christ magnificence, Christ resurrection, Christ healing pow'r, Christ ascension: holiness of sacred fire awaken the sleeping flame!

“We bow before the Light of a world to come, of a Sun to be, of a City Foursquare appearing on the horizon of being.



## *Sanat Kumara's Prayer*

Sanat Kumara would like to help you in your life and concerning all matters pertaining to world affairs. He cannot do so, however, unless you ask him to because you have free will. The short prayer below is one you can give every day, or even several times a day, to invoke the presence of Sanat Kumara into your life. Say it out loud to access the power of the spoken word.

In the name I AM THAT I AM, in the name Brahman, I call to Sanat Kumara and to the legions of the thirteen archangels to take command of:

- all harm directed against the youth of the world including abortion, drugs, sugar, alcohol, nicotine, rock and rap music and all misuses of the sacred fire
- all engines of war and terrorism including nuclear, chemical and biological warfare

- all harmful weather conditions including\_\_\_\_\_
- all negative trends impacting our nation including attacks on life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, freedom of religion, freedom of assembly, freedom of association and freedom of expression
- all manipulations of our economy, energy system, money system and the supply of the lightbearers
- the following situations in my personal, family and community life\_\_\_\_\_

Let these calls be answered according to God's Will. Amen.



# Sanat Kumara in Archangel Michael's Rosary

Archangel Michael's Rosary for Armageddon, dictated to Elizabeth Clare Prophet, begins with the words, "O Light of the Ancient of Days, send us now the luminous Presence of thy son Archangel Michael."

The Rosary invokes the intercession of nine heavenly choirs and octaves of light. In *The Fruits of the Tree of Life*, Bulgarian mystic Omraam Mikhael Aivanov, charts these heavenly choirs on each of the Sephirot, according to ancient Kabbalistic tradition. What we find is a direct correlation as we follow Archangel Michael's Rosary, where each descending choir and octave creates the Lightning Flash seen by the Ancient Kabbalists.

We begin with the Seraphim at the level of Keter in our tree of life. Archangel Michael's light and intercession descends through our tree of

life as the “Lightning Flash” seen by the ancient Kabbalists. The Lightning Flash passes through the choirs of Cherubim, Thrones, Dominions, Powers, Virtues, Principalities, Archangels and Angels.

Saint Michael the Archangel, defend us in Armageddon. Be our protection against the wickedness and snares of the devil. May God rebuke him, we humbly pray, and do thou O Prince of the Heavenly Host, by the Power of God, bind the forces of death and hell, the seed of Satan and all evil spirits who wander about the world for the ruin of souls. Cast out the dark ones and their darkness, the evildoers and their evil words and works, cause, effect, record and memory into the lake of sacred fire prepared for the devil and his angels. In the name of the Father, and of the Mother, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.”

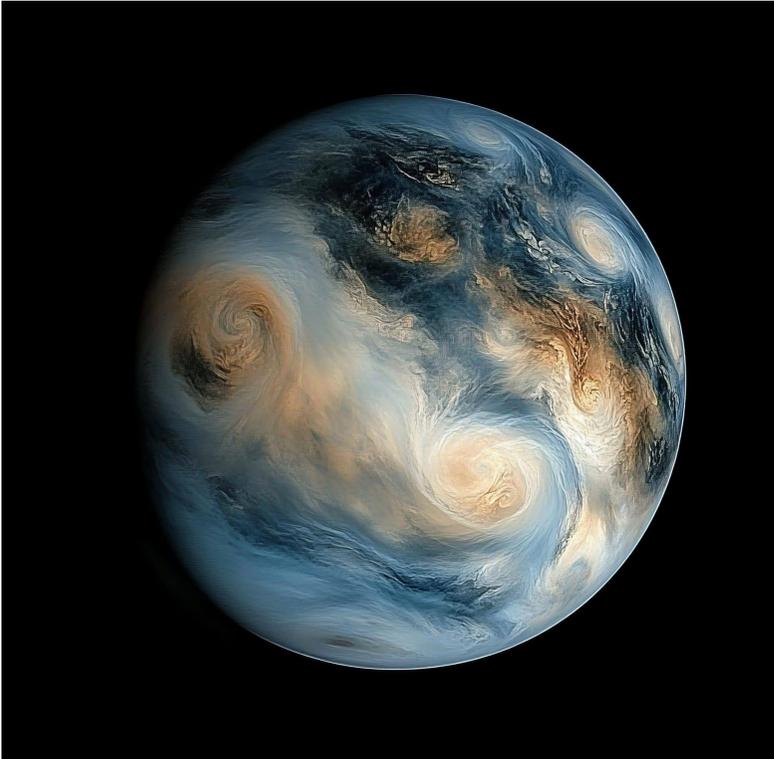
—From the Pope's Prayer in Archangel Michael's Rosary



Archangel Michael's Rosary

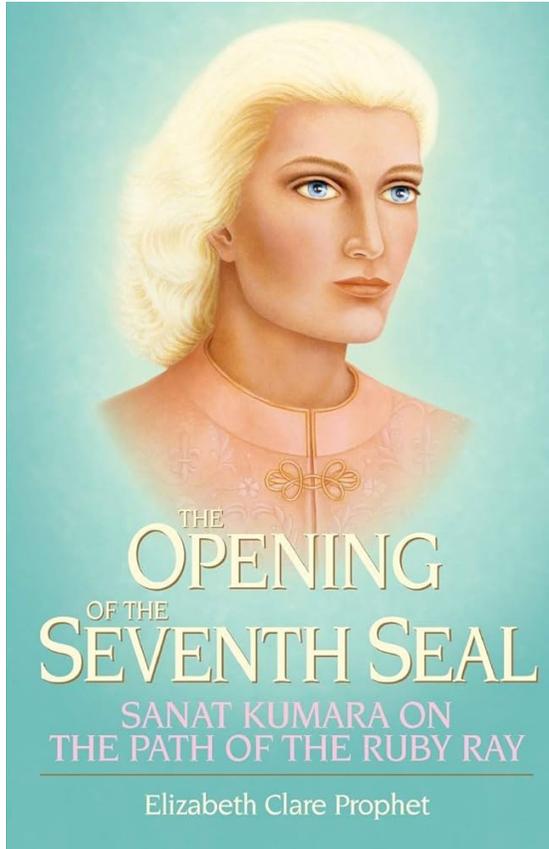
Venus is our Twin Star





*Clearest picture of the planet Venus, Earth's twin sphere*

*The Earth is the Lord's*



*and the Fullness Thereof*

*Initiations for  
Ancient Adepts  
and Modern Mystics*

Based on the book,  
*Sanat Kumara on the Path of the Ruby Ray:  
The Opening of the Seventh Seal*



*To Those Who Seek Reunion With God  
In Service To Mankind*

The teaching you are about to read is an advanced mystery school teaching that you can assimilate bit by bit for spiritual acceleration and reunion with God. Given by Sanat Kumara through his messenger, Elizabeth Clare Prophet, it outlines a path of sacrifice, surrender, selflessness and service that leads to permanent soul integration with God and that all saints, adepts and mystics, East and West, have walked.

An initiation is a test given by a master. At the discretion of the master, initiations may be given a number of times or postponed until further readiness. Each test passed clears the way to anchor more light and to advance in spiritual attainment.

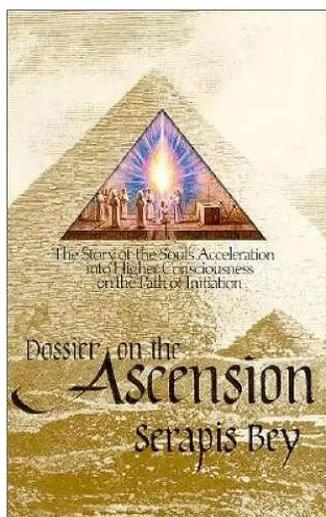
The Ruby Ray initiations described below are an ever-transcending spiral:

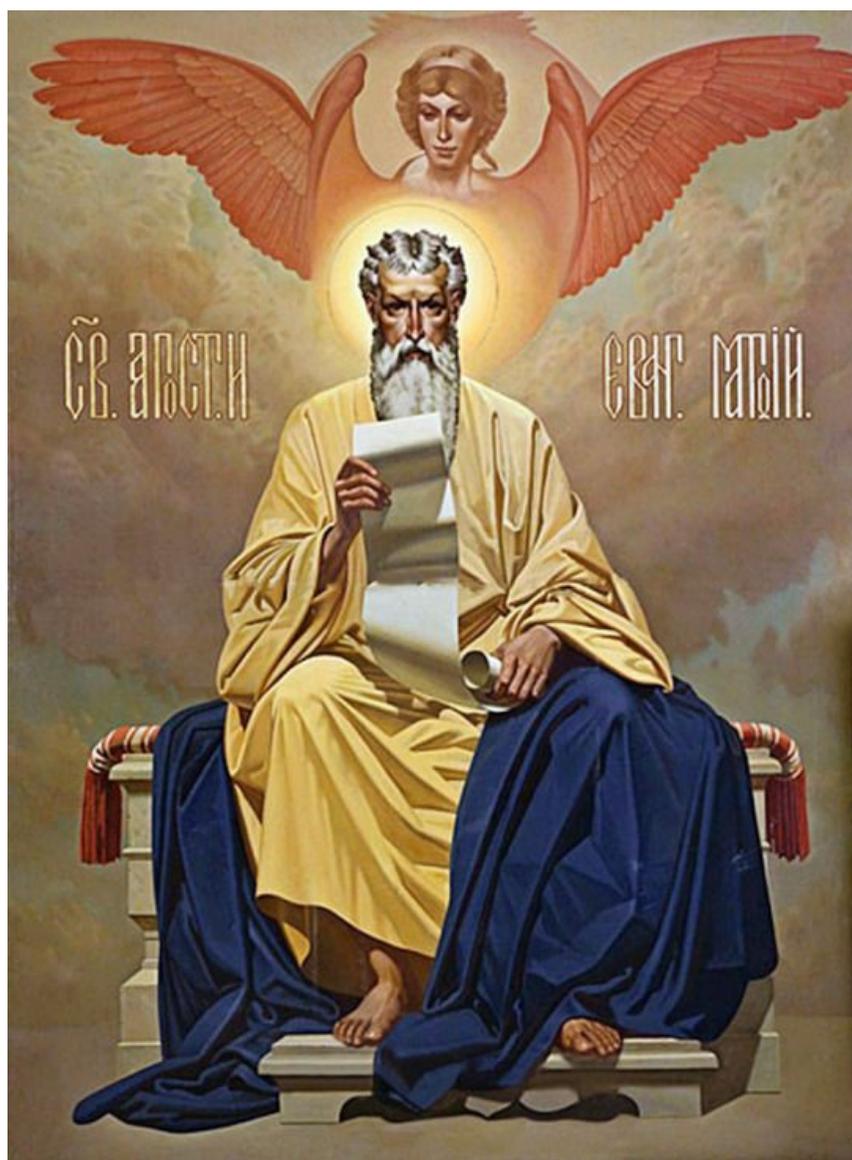
- The initiations in Spirit that help us to become the Christ incarnate
- The initiations in Matter where we “work the works of Him that sent us”
- The initiations of the Saints who follow the Lamb and anchor the Divine Word

The initiations are sponsored through four spiritual offices described in the books of Ezekiel and Revelation as the Lion, the Man, the

Calf and the Flying Eagle. These four offices anchor the energies of fire, air, water and earth through the signs of Leo, Aquarius, Taurus and Scorpio into our etheric, mental, emotional and physical bodies.

The book explains: “The Four Cosmic Forces sustain the vision of God as universal awareness of the Creator within the creation. They are perpetually stepping down the light of Solar Logoi, cosmic messengers of Alpha and Omega positioned in the flaming yods of the galaxies. They render the light, the energy of the Word, intelligible to electrons in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. They deliver the initiations of the Father, the Son, the Holy Spirit, and the Mother to souls making their way to the Great Pyramid of Life.”





# *The Initiations of the Word in Spirit*

Four masters in the heaven world step down the great light of the four cosmic forces into an energy that we work with on Earth. They are Lord Maitreya, Gautama Buddha, Jesus Christ and Sanat Kumara.

Lord Maitreya occupies the office of the Lion as the Father. He demonstrates the path of sacrifice through the mastery of the memory, or etheric body. Lord Jesus occupies the office of the Man as the Son. He demonstrates the path of surrender through the mastery of the mind, or mental body. Lord Sanat Kumara occupies the office of the Eagle as the Mother. He demonstrates the path of selflessness through the mastery of desire, or emotional body. Lord Gautama Buddha occupies the office of the Calf as the Holy Spirit. He demonstrates the path of service through the mastery of the physical body.

These four masters help us to become the Christ incarnate through four initiations, the "initiations foursquare." Each initiation contains the blueprint of the City Foursquare, described in the Book of Revelation. If you chart the initiations in the order they are given, the pathway of energy is like the lightning flash described in Kabbalah that brings the light of Ein Sof, the ineffable God, into the world of form (see above chart). This is the New Jerusalem coming out of heaven, also described by John in Revelation.

*Lord Maitreya Initiates Us  
on the Path of Sacrifice  
Through the Office of the Lion*



The first initiation is the initiation of sacrifice that comes on the North Gate, through the office of the Lion, occupied by Lord Maitreya (p.123). Lord Maitreya initiates us in the etheric/fire quadrant. He teaches the command of the sacred fire in heaven and in earth. He sets the

blueprint for the initiations that will follow and imparts the spiritual fire we need to move forward.

The book describes: “When the lion roars, the fire of First Cause proceeds out of his mouth with the force of the fiery baptism.” Lord Maitreya opens the sacred mysteries of the heart under the hierarchy of Leo. He facilitates the divine interchange between Father and Son, where the son declares, “I and my Father are one,” and the father replies, “This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased.”

To receive the initiation of the Lion, you must be willing to sacrifice all self-indulgence. You must be willing to eat the book described in Revelation as “sweet in the mouth and bitter in the belly.” This means you must be ready to study and assimilate spiritual teachings that, by and by, will lead you to forsake your human agendas and set your course towards oneness with God.

What is the message of the little book? To slay all self-indulgence, to embody the four cosmic forces, to become the fullness of Christ in the footsteps of Jesus and to impart this awareness to others so they might do likewise.

Sanat Kumara explains that the little book is sweet in the mouth and bitter in the belly because the word of God, when it is given, is received joyfully and eagerly by his sons and daughters. Once they realize, however, that they must go through a painful process of purging in order to achieve a complete transformation of consciousness, they experience the seeming bitterness of sacrifice, surrender, selflessness, and service.

To seek union with Maitreya, you may not challenge the Law of the Father. You must stop playing Russian roulette with spiritual self-annihilation. You must forsake the misuses of the sacred fire in all of your energy centers so you can receive the initiations of the Tree of Life.

Receiving baptism from Lord Maitreya is an inner initiation that requires right choosing. It activates the yellow ray of wisdom and illumination that is focused in the crown chakra. Then, you will begin to teach the mastery of the soul wedded to Christ in the etheric memory body.

Sanat Kumara explains that Maitreya's spiritual office is opposed by forces of evil described in the Book of Revelation as the dragon. The

dragon is personified through the seed of Lucifer (the son of the morning who fell, described in Isaiah), the watchers and their soulless creation.

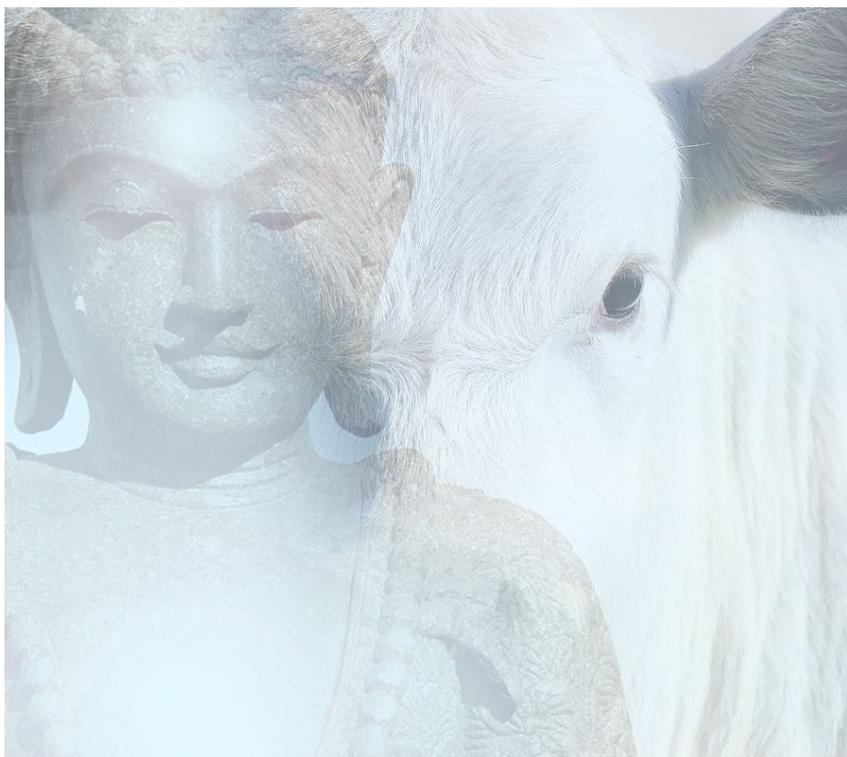
## *Prayer of Sacrifice*

O Beloved Maitreya, thou Lion of God, I ask in the name of God I AM THAT I AM and in the name of Jesus Christ: help me to shed my human ego. Help me to let go of that which I have held dear—my name, my fame, my wants, my human ambition, my pride, my resentments, and any sense of unworthiness or false humility. Help me to sacrifice for a greater cause, for my permanent reunion with God. Help me to assimilate the teachings that are sweet in the mouth and bitter in the belly. Help me to overcome. Help me to sustain the fervor to always keep on keeping on, no matter what the test. Flood my crown chakra now with the wisdom of God that I might know better, do better and come home.

Through your emissary Archangel Jofiel, cast out the carnal mind of Lucifer, all luciferian seeds, clones and carbon copies within and without. Bind the watchers and their godless, soulless creation. This which

I call forth for myself, I call forth for every lightbearer on this planet. Let it  
be done according to God's Holy Will. Om. Amen

*Lord Gautama Buddha Initiates  
Us on the Path of Service  
Through the Office of the Calf*



The next initiation is an initiation of service, brought to us on the West Gate through Gautama Buddha (p. 124). It comes through the Calf, which Sanat Kumara explains is the archetype of the Christ crucified. This initiation is physical, in that it requires we take up our burdens and balance our karma in a physical way.

To receive this initiation, we must be willing to be crucified—spiritually, mentally, emotionally, and in some cases physically—in order to balance our personal karma and to carry an increment of world karma, as Jesus did.

The crucifixion is the death of indulgent human self-love so the Divine Ego can arise. It is an alchemy of self-transcendence whereby “this mortal shall put on immortality and this corruptible shall put on incorruption,” as the apostle Paul explained. By balancing our karma and holding the balance for the weight of the world, we also render great service to life.

To advance on the path of reunion with God, we must be willing to forsake selfishness and to experience suffering and persecution. We affirm with the apostle Paul, “I die daily,” and rejoice in the promise of the

resurrection described by John: “Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.”

The initiation of the West Gate is an initiation of love. It activates the pink ray of God’s love, focused in the heart chakra. As the love fire of our heart expands, so does our ability to render service in the earth.

Sanat Kumara explains that the spiritual office of Gautama Buddha is opposed by forces of evil described in the Book of Revelation as the false prophet and his false hierarchy of false prophets.

## *Prayer of Service*

Beloved Lord Gautama Buddha, in the name of God I AM THAT I AM and in the name of Jesus Christ, help me to drink the full cup, as Jesus did. No matter what difficulties, persecutions, or pain may come my way, help me to keep my eye on the goal. Help me to bear my cross and rejoice in knowing that I serve my brothers and sisters and lighten

their load. Help me to be obedient to the law of return, to be faithful to the end of cycles when all debts have been paid. Expand the love of my heart day by day that I might serve all life free, and especially those who are nearest to me.

Through your emissary Archangel Uzziel, cast out the consciousness of the false prophet in the microcosm and in the macrocosm, that would jeer at the Christ crucified and at the promise of the resurrection. This which I call forth for myself, I call forth for every lightbearer on this planet. Let it be done according to God's Holy Will.  
Om. Amen

*Lord Jesus Initiates Us on the  
Path of Surrender Through the  
Office of the Man*



The third initiation is an initiation of surrender through the Office of the Man occupied by Jesus (p.125). The Man represents the

wayshower, the living Saviour who saves our soul in the resurrection.

The initiation of the man occupies the mental plane and requires us to make a conscious choice. Here, we must be willing to surrender our ego dramas and embrace the resurrection through which we become Sons and Daughters of God.

There comes a point on the spiritual path when, having experienced the crucifixion, we must come down from the cross. We must surrender our affronts, the *via dolorosa* (path of sorrows), and our identification with spiritual, mental, emotional or physical duress. We must be willing to let the old man die and be born again, resurrected as a new creature in Christ. We must understand the words of Jesus recorded by John, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." When we stop identifying with our suffering, we can bring forth this fruit.

The initiation of the East Gate is an initiation of power that comes after we have anchored a certain increment of wisdom and love through the previous two initiations. It activates the blue ray of God's power, focused in the throat chakra. True spiritual power is having the wisdom to love. It comes to us when we are resurrected in Christ and go forth as a

mighty harvester speaking the Word of God for deliverance.

Sanat Kumara explains the spiritual office of Jesus is opposed by forces of evil described in the Book of Revelation as Satan, the Antichrist, the original murderer and his murder, personified through the false hierarchy of antichrists and the seed of Satan. During his Palestinian ministry, it was Satan who tempted Jesus after forty days in the wilderness and again in the garden of Gethsemane.

## *Prayer of Surrender*

In the name of God I AM THAT I AM, my own Holy Christ Self, Beloved Lord Jesus, help me to surrender my identification with pain, suffering, victimization and any and all resentment or anger at God that I have held on to through a false sense of injustice. Grant me faith. Strip me of the fear of dying as I lay down my lesser self. Walk with me into the tomb of matter, the chrysalis, so that I might emerge as the butterfly, as a new creature in Christ, my own resurrected Self. Then may I go forth to deliver the Word, to bring home the harvest empowered by your grace.

Through your emissary Archangel Zadkiel, consume the seeds of Satan and the consciousness of the antichrist that would murder the divine manchild aborning within my heart and soul. This which I call forth for myself, I call forth for every lightbearer on this planet. Let it be done according to God's Holy Will. Om. Amen

*Sanat Kumara Initiates Us on the  
Path of Selflessness Through the  
Office of the Flying Eagle*



The final initiation is an initiation of selflessness brought to us by Sanat Kumara through the office of the Flying Eagle (p. 126). The Flying

Eagle is the vision of the Woman united with the Holy Spirit, teaching her children self-effacement, selflessness and soul mastery.

This initiation marks our union with God. It occupies the emotional quadrant of our being and demands that we purge our subconscious of all desires that are less than the desiring to be God.

The intent set forth in the first initiation comes full circle. Having let go of all human wanting and pride, we become filled with the Spirit of God. We repeat the words taught by Jesus to Saint Catherine of Siena, “Thou the all, I the nothing,” and become vessels of our higher self and of the Holy Spirit.

To receive this initiation of selflessness, you must be willing to slay self-idolatry and self-love and follow the Flying Eagle at ascension’s gate. Only by lightening your load of human substance can you partake with the saints who have ascended in light.

The initiation of the South Gate is an initiation of purity. It activates the white ray of God’s purity, the Shekinah glory in the base of the spine chakra. The more we are purified, the more our emotional body becomes filled with a great desiring to be God.

Sanat Kumara explains that his spiritual office is opposed by forces of evil described in the Book of Revelation as the Great Whore and the scarlet colored beast, full of names of blasphemy. These are personified through false pastors who feed on the light of their followers, leading the children of God astray by warping the divine Word and by promoting a personality cult. The imposters represent the anti-church and the anti-apostles, under the false hierarchy office of the Adversary of the Ancient of Days and his hierarchy of adversaries drunken with the light of the saints and the martyrs of Jesus.

## *Prayer of Selflessness*

In the name I AM THAT I AM, in the name of Jesus Christ, Beloved Lord Sanat Kumara, thou Flying Eagle at Ascension's Gates, help me to follow you. Grant me the purity of soul that I need to reach the pinnacle of being. Help me to cast all lesser desires into the flame, all pride of position, all fears and blames. Intensify the white fire in my base of the spine chakra, elevating my soul on the shaft of Mother Light up the tree of

life, imbued with the Shekinah glory. I run to you, to my union with God and I forsake all else, that I might receive the crown of Life.

Through your emissary Archangel Uriel, help me to cast out all superconscious, conscious, subconscious and unconscious craving to be superior to others. Root out from my consciousness the lusts of the Great Whore and most especially my vulnerability to pride, which goeth before the fall. Help me to die daily to my human ego, to stop reinforcing the agendas of my human personality. Grant me humility and an ever-increasing momentum in glorifying God. This which I call forth for myself, I call forth for every lightbearer on this planet. Let it be done according to God's Holy Will. Om. Amen

The Initiations of the Word in Spirit: The New Jerusalem

**Maitreya  
North Gate**

Earth  
Physical  
Unconscious  
Calf  
Gautama  
Taurus  
Service  
Love  
Holy Spirit

Fire  
Ethereal  
Superconscious  
Lion  
Maitreya  
Leo  
Sacrifice  
Wisdom  
Father

**Gautama  
West Gate**

Water  
Emotional  
Subconscious  
Eagle/Woman  
Sanat Kumara  
Scorpio  
Selflessness  
Purity  
Mother

Air  
Mental  
Conscious  
Man  
Jesus  
Aquarius  
Surrender  
Power  
Son

**Jesus  
East Gate**

**Sanat Kumara  
South Gate**



# *The Initiations of the Word in Matter*

Each of these four masters also initiate us in the Matter spheres. This is where the Word becomes the Work, as we demonstrate our mastery in daily service to life. The Word of Spirit is anchored in Matter through action, and the New Jerusalem descending out of Heaven becomes the City Foursquare.

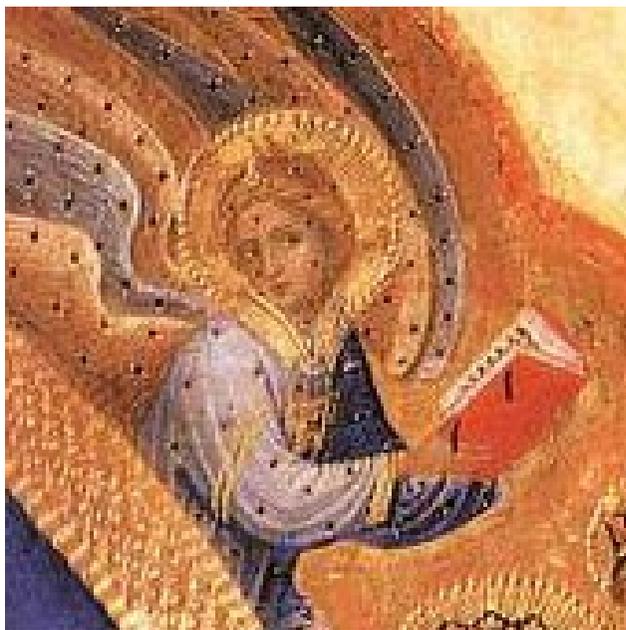
The four gates are still guarded by the offices of the lion, the calf, the man and the flying eagle. In matter however, they are occupied by the souls of devotees who are grouped into four categories:

- (1) the saints on the North gate
- (2) the great multitude on the West Gate
- (3) the two witnesses held by the prophets, messengers and Christed ones on the East Gate

(4) the Woman clothed with the Sun and her children, who keep the vigil at the mystery school on the South Gate.

The four initiations in matter are four stages in Christhood and "initiations of the Lamb" that reflect the initiations in spirit and fulfill the hermetic maxim, "as above so below." Now, the south gate is at the top and the north gate is at the bottom (see chart above). If you were to fold up both spheres through the middle, they would be congruent. The sequence of initiations in matter cycles back up. Now it is light below, in matter, ascending back to light above, in spirit.

*The Initiation of the Man in Matter  
Is to Become  
Sons and Daughters of God.  
The Work Is  
Witnessing Unto Christ*



This first initiation is delivered through the office of the Man by Jesus (p. 202). It is the initiation of the Two Witnesses brought to the Messengers, Prophets and Christed Ones.

Here, the son of man becomes the Son or Daughter of God by sacrificing human personality and by balancing world karma (paying for the sins of the world.)

In the Office of the Man in Matter, the flame of power is anchored as truth, healing and God vision through the third eye chakra into the mental quadrant.

This initiation requires a conscious choice from Sons and Daughters of God, willing to speak the truth and to challenge embodied evil. They must witness to Christ within Jesus and within themselves before the fallen ones, and be persecuted for righteousness sake, for sitting under their own vine and fig tree.

Sanat Kumara explains that this spiritual office is opposed by forces of evil described in the Book of Revelation as Serpent and his seed, the original liar and his lie, personified through false Christs and false prophets in church and state, who are liars, spoilers and false witnesses.

## *Prayer for Divine Sonship*

In the name of God I AM THAT I AM and my own Holy Christ Self, Beloved Jesus, I call to you to help me to walk in your footsteps as a Son or Daughter of God. Grant me the courage to sacrifice my human personality, to be the Good Shepherd and to witness to the truth. Help me to endure unto the end of personal and planetary karma, that I may receive the crown of life.

Through your emissary Archangel Michael, expose the truth. Rebuke the lie of Serpent and all tactics of divide and conquer, Gog and Magog, and spiritual compromise that attack the vision of the prophet Micah—each man under his own vine and fig tree. I now forsake the tree of the knowledge of good and evil for I have had enough rounds experimenting in time and space. I would climb the rungs of my tree of life and come home. This which I call forth for myself, I call forth for every lightbearer on this planet. Let it be done according to God's Holy Will.  
Om. Amen

*The Initiation of the Lion in Matter  
Is Baptism.  
The Work Is Ministration*



The second initiation of the saints given by the Father to the children, and sons and daughters of God is baptism (p. 203). Baptism downloads the etheric blueprint of the mission of the saints. It physically delivers the fire of the Lion to those who would purify their motives and desires. Like Jesus, baptized by John in the river Jordan, we become vessels of the Lamb, instruments of the Christ consciousness.

Through the Office of the Lion in Matter, the flame of wisdom is anchored as ministration and service in the solar plexus chakra. The saints fulfill the initiations of the bride of Christ and minister to the body of God upon earth. They are the living church and have the white cube in their hearts. They follow His commandment, “Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.”

Sanat Kumara explains that this spiritual office is opposed by forces of evil described in the Book of Revelation as the Accuser of the Brethren, the laggards and betrayers, Abaddon, his fallen angels and the devils and beasts out of the bottomless pit that make war with the Lamb and his chosen and faithful.

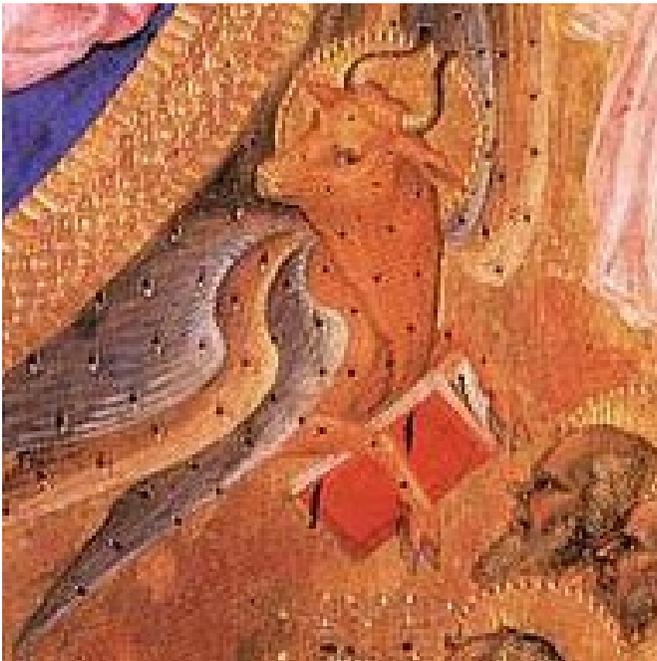
## *Prayer for Baptism*

In the name of God I AM THAT I AM, in the name of Jesus Christ, Beloved Lord Maitreya, baptize me, I pray, with the Fire of the Lion. I would be one with thee. I would serve and minister to others in the footsteps of my Lord and Savior. I would be the beloved Son or Daughter in whom you are well pleased.

Through your emissary Archangel Chamuel, cast out the laggard consciousness of Abaddon and the accuser of the brethren from the body of God on Earth. Help me to champion the Lamb and his chosen and faithful as I bow to the Light of God ensconced in the hearts of my brothers and sisters. This which I call forth for myself, I call forth for every lightbearer on this planet. Let it be done according to God's Holy Will. Om.  
Amen

*The Initiation of the Calf in Matter  
is the Transfiguration.*

*The Work is Community  
Building and Outreach*



The third initiation is delivered through the Office of the Calf by Gautama Buddha (p.204). It is the initiation of the transfiguration described in the New Testament, “His face did shine as the sun and his garments became glistening, exceeding white; so as no fuller on earth can white them.” There is a cosmic interchange between spirit and matter whereby the lead of human consciousness is transmuted into the gold of the Spirit. This occurs through the action of the Holy Spirit known as the violet flame of freedom.

In the Office of the Calf in matter, divine love is anchored as forgiveness in the physical plane, through the seat of the soul chakra. It is an alchemy of the seventh ray.

The activities of the disciples on the west gate represent a worldwide movement in higher consciousness. This is the gate of the future where the great harvest will take place. Those who receive the initiations of the Calf walk with the Holy Spirit. They come into unity to build true community and brotherhood. Sealed by the love of the Holy Spirit, they bear the hatred of the carnal mind pitted against the circle of their oneness.

The initiates of the Calf intensify the flame of love. They are filled with the joy of the living Christ and share his intimacy with the Father, as Jesus did. Unto them is given the science of the spoken word, “that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.” They serve all life and become good shepherds to the great multitude, who patiently and faithfully await their own deliverance.

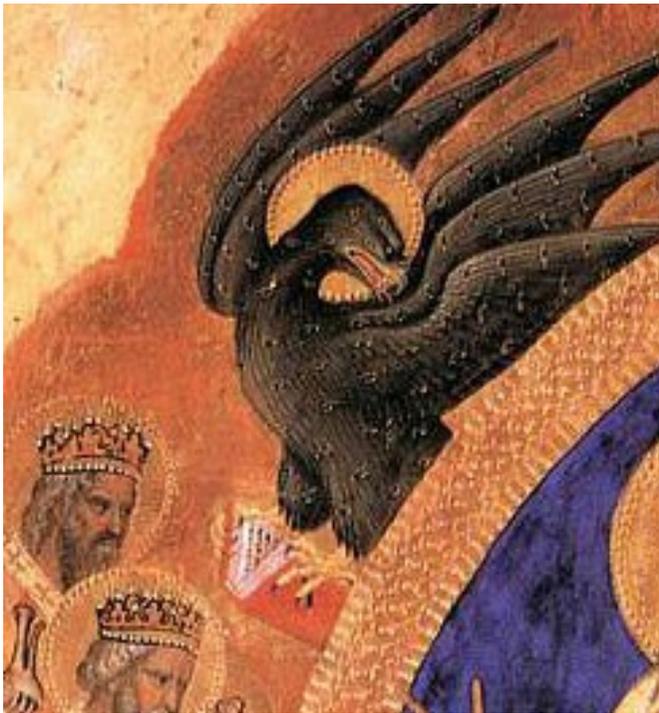
Sanat Kumara explains that this spiritual office is opposed by forces of evil described in the Book of Revelation as the beasts out of the sea and out of the earth, the dragon who gave them their power, seat and great authority, the one named blasphemy and his number 666. The attack comes through archdeceivers who steal the abundance of the lightbearers, especially within the international banking system, communism supported by capitalism, and the creation of a one world government and economy.

## *Prayer for Transfiguration*

In the name of God I AM THAT I AM, in the name of Jesus, Beloved Gautama Buddha, I call to thee for the transfiguration, the scarlet stain transmuted into thy essence white. Charge me with the fire of the Holy Spirit. Purge my carnal mind and deliver me. Send me as the Good Shepherd. Anoint me for greater service. Consume in me all that would resist true Brotherhood.

Through your emissary Archangel Raphael, cast out all forces of evil that oppose the advent of the Community of the Holy Spirit and my place in it, through attacks on my supply and my rightful abundance as I work to fulfill my spiritual purpose. This which I call forth for myself, I call forth for every lightbearer on this planet. Let it be done according to God's Holy Will. Om. Amen.

*The Initiations of the Flying Eagle  
in Matter are the Crucifixion, the  
Resurrection and the Ascension.  
The Work is Integration and  
Oneness with God*



Through the Office of the Flying Eagle in Matter, the fires of purity crystallize into the flame of integration burning in the secret chamber of the heart (p. 206). The initiations of this South gate become the portal between heaven and earth, where the Woman clothed with the Sun and her chelas pass through the crucifixion, the resurrection, and the ascension.

These final initiations lead to permanent reunion with God, having, like Jesus, overcome the world and all that is less than God desire. The Mother Light and Kundalini fire become the vehicle for the ascension through the eighth ray of oneness with God.

The initiations of the eighth ray are difficult and sift the tares from the wheat in our own consciousness. When they come upon us, we are required to choose between integration and disintegration. All that is unreal within us must pass into the flame and we must give our all. As we withhold nothing from God, God withholds nothing from us and we become one.

Sanat Kumara explains that this spiritual office is opposed by forces of evil described in the book of Revelation as Jezebel and Babylon

the Great, personified through the misuse of the sexual energies, child abuse, abortion, greed, materialism, murder, false gurus, black magic and witchcraft.

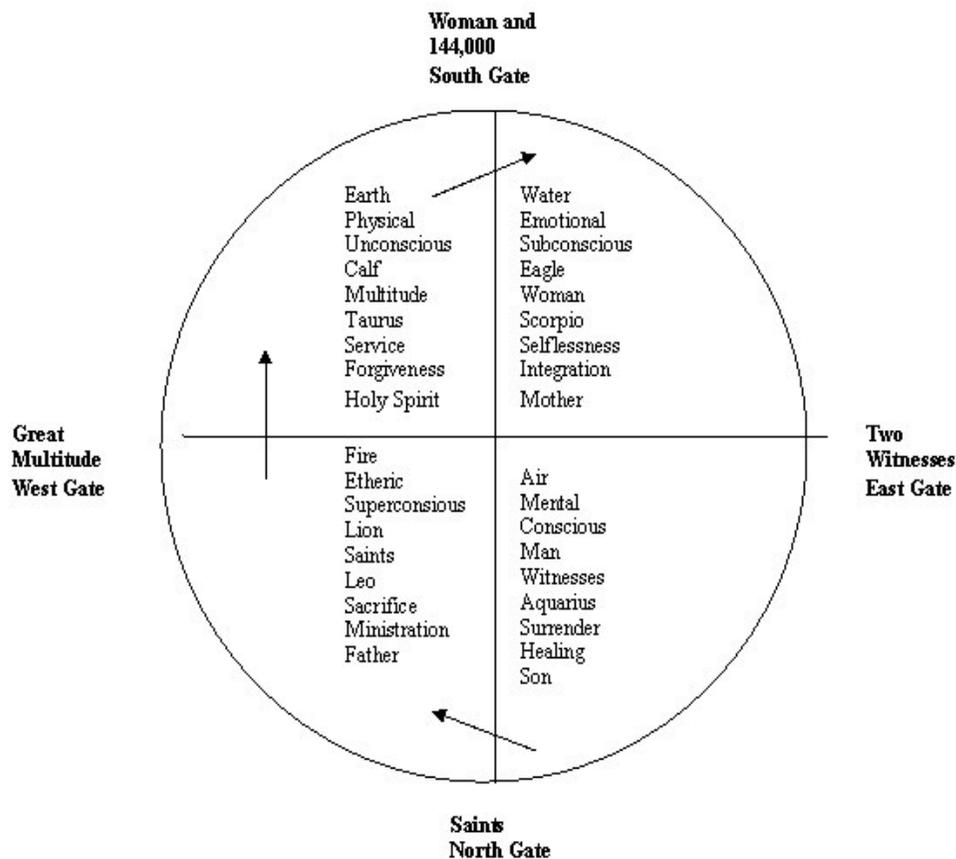
## *Prayer for Oneness*

In the name of God I AM THAT I AM, in the name of Jesus Christ, O Beloved Sanat Kumara, thou Flying Eagle at Ascension's gate, walk with me through the fourteen stations of the cross. Help me to shed all desires less than God's desiring to be God within me. Accelerate the fires of ascension's flame that I may fully integrate with my God Self.

Through your emissary Archangel Gabriel, cast out all forces of evil that oppose my oneness with God and play out on this planet as misuse of sexual energies, child abuse, abortion, greed, materialism, murder, false gurus, black magic and witchcraft. This which I call forth for myself, I call forth for every lightbearer on this planet. Let it be done according to God's Holy Will. Om. Amen.



The Initiations of the Work in Matter: City Foursquare





## *The Initiations of Fohat*

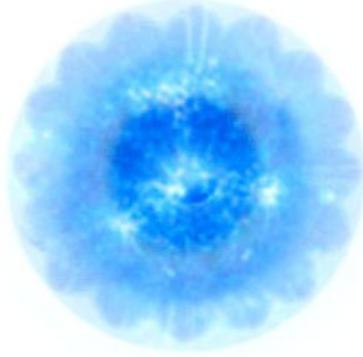
The Path of the Ruby Ray has eight initiations that pertain to the delivery of the Word of God through the Spirit of God (p. 276). These eight initiations are given by Jesus, Maitreya, Gautama Buddha and Sanat Kumara in a figure-eight flow between Spirit and Matter. By internalizing them, we are able to deliver "fohat," fire of the Word that has the power to convert, heal and save.

Passing these initiations, we become instruments of God, who is the Word, described in the West through the Gospel of John: "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God." In the East, this teaching is found in the Vedas: "In the beginning was Brahman (the Supreme God, the Father) with whom was the Word and the Word was verily the Supreme Brahman."

We embody Vach, which in Sanskrit means "sound, voice, word, mystic sound (svara), essence of spirit of the divine creative activity, vehicle of divine thought of which the Word is the manifested expression." We embody the "I AM HE" consciousness that Jesus demonstrated when the Pharisees asked him, "By what authority do you speak?"

The initiations of fohat on the four gates in Spirit are for the power of the Word, the wisdom of the Word, the love of the Word and the purity of the Word. The initiations of fohat on the four gates in Matter are for the science of the Word, the ministration of the Word, the alchemy of the Word and the integration of the Word.

# *Power of the Word*



The first initiation is the power of the Word, given to us under the Office of the Man by Jesus. It accelerates our throat chakra (above) through preaching the gospel in obedience to God's Will.

Here, you experience the interaction of the Father and the Son within your temple and you understand why Jesus said, "He that believeth on me, believeth not on me, but on him that sent me." When you speak through the Power of the Word, you know it is not your human ego talking and you can say, like the prophets of old, "The mouth of the LORD hath spoken it!"

To prepare yourself to receive this initiation, you must surrender all gossip, calumny and proud boasting.

# *Wisdom of the Word*



The second initiation is the wisdom of the Word, given to us under the Office of the Lion by Lord Maitreya. It accelerates our crown chakra .

The aspect of preaching that is focused through this initiation is the ability to reach souls, leading them away from unreality, materialism and idolatry. The light of Christ within the individual who receives the Word is quickened and a transfer of light and consciousness occurs. The role of the preacher is simply to ignite that interchange. This was demonstrated by Jesus in the raising of Lazarus when he spoke the fiat, "Lazarus come forth." Jesus released forth that quickened Lazarus'

connection to his higher self, restored the flow of sacred fire into his heart and allowed him to return to life.

Those who fail this second initiation preach to boost an ego following and bind people to themselves instead of to God.

## *Love of the Word*



The third initiation is the love of the Word, given to us under the Office of the Calf by Gautama Buddha. It accelerates our heart chakra (above) so we can exorcise evil spirits through love and the spoken word. It also pertains to discerning right from wrong and good from evil, using the wisdom of the heart. This initiation was demonstrated by Jesus when he

cast out devils, asking them first for their name.

The book gives a spiritual formula for this work known as the Ritual of Exorcism. It is recommended that this prayer, invoked in the name I AM THAT I AM through the science of the spoken word, always be given by two or more people, following prayers of protection to Archangel Michael.

## *Purity of the Word*



The fourth initiation is the purity of the Word, given to us under the Office of the Flying Eagle by Sanat Kumara. Here, we must exercise pure intent while giving the science of the spoken word, which accelerates our base-of-the-spine chakra (above). This raises the Mother Light, the

Kundalini life force and ascension coil from the base-of-the-spine to the crown chakra, nourishing the energy centers of the body.

Through this initiation, the disciples of Christ intone the word in dynamic decrees and mantras, and feel the flow of the sacred fire rushing through their temples. They understand the supreme gift of speaking with new tongues as God's word crystallizes from Spirit to matter.

## *Science and Truth of the Word*



The fifth initiation is the science and truth of the Word, given to us under the Office of the Man by Jesus. It is an initiation of truth and divine vision that accelerates the third eye chakra (above) and supports the mission of the two witnesses.

Also known as the “taking of serpents,” this initiation demands for us to witness unto Truth in order to swallow up the original lie of Serpent and all lies of fallen ones.

Taking up serpents by the tail is necessary to bring in the City Foursquare. Truth challenges the base of operation (tail) of the fallen ones. They are exposed for what they are and their venom is consumed by the sacred fire of God’s love.

## *Ministration and Service of the Word*



The sixth initiation is for the ministration and service of the Word, given to us under the Office of the Lion by Lord Maitreya, and

corresponds to the gift of healing. It accelerates the solar plexus chakra (above), “out of whose belly shall flow rivers of living water,” in support of the mission of the Saints.

This initiation can be described through the maxim, “Drink Me While I AM Drinking Thee.” Through devotion to God, one gives and receives the waters of the Word for emotional healing, purifying the desires of the body of God on earth. The light in the temple increases through this mystical interchange and the disciple becomes less subject to harm thrown his way, as it is written, “If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them.”

## *Alchemy of the Word*



The seventh initiation is for the alchemy of the Word, given to us under the Office of the Calf by Gautama Buddha. It accelerates the seat of the soul chakra (above), in support of the mission of the Great Multitude.

This initiation involves giving dynamic decrees on behalf of the great multitude, specifically invoking the violet transmuting flame of the Holy Spirit so that the light of the Rudy Ray may flow through you.

It also involves using the science of the spoken word to stand, face, and conquer the dragon who persecutes the Woman bringing forth the Manchild, the Christ Consciousness within you and within the Great Multitude.

## *Integration of the Word*

The eighth initiation is for the integration of the Word, given to us under the Office of the Flying Eagle by Sanat Kumara. It opens the secret chamber of the heart (above) in support of the mission of the woman and her children.

This initiation marks your integration with God through the

*eighth ray. It describes the “open door which no man can shut,” the nexus between heaven and earth through which the resurrection and ascension take place. In this sacred space, the soul and Christ self unite in the alchemical marriage. Here, the transition from Christhood to Buddhahood also occurs as the culmination of the eightfold path.*

*The path of integration is forged through patience and endurance, as we sincerely repent our misdeeds and manipulations of the Beloved, and mourn every moment of His absence. We must shun all ambition to receive the alchemical marriage before the time appointed by God. To achieve union with God takes tremendous determination and love, of which Jesus spoke when he admonished us to love God with all our heart, soul and mind.*



In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God,  
and the Word was God.

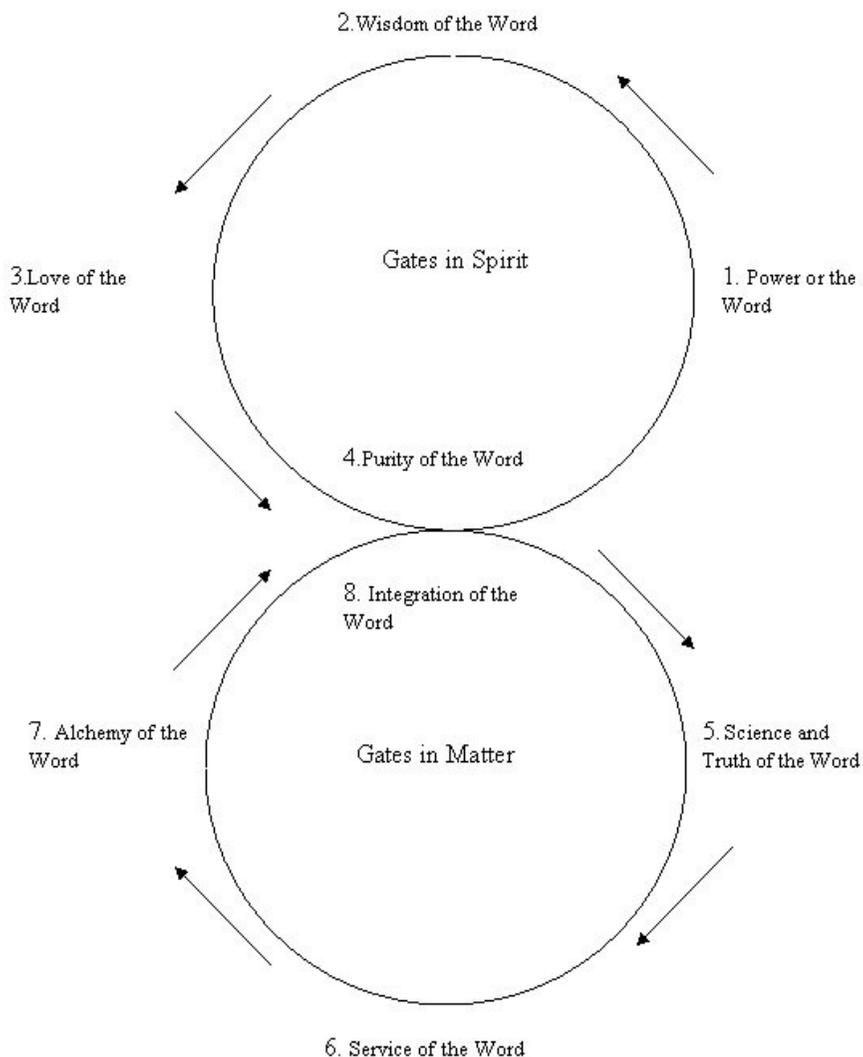
—John 1.1

Prajapati vai idam agra asit Tasya vak dvitiya asit Vag vai  
paramam Brahma "In the beginning was Prajapati (Bramh),  
with whom was the Vak or Word, and the Word was verily the  
Supreme Bramh."

—The Vedas

We are slowed down sound and light waves, a walking bundle  
We are slowed down sound and light waves, a walking bundle of  
frequencies tuned into the cosmos. We are souls dressed up in  
sacred biochemical garments and our bodies are the instruments  
through which our souls play their music.

—Albert Einstein



The Initiations of Fohat



# *Prayer to Become an Instrument of the Word*

In the name of God I AM THAT I AM, in the name of my own Christ Self, I call to Beloved Lord Maitreya, Jesus, Gautama Buddha and Sanat Kumara to help me to become the instrument of God's Word. Help me to pass all initiations that would anchor the divine fohat within me and increase my usefulness to my Holy Christ Self and sponsoring master.

Help me to surrender all gossip, calumny and proud boasting so I can preach the gospel in obedience to God's Will. Help me to overcome the desire for an ego-following, so that I can truly reach souls and ignite that divine interchange with their Christ Self. Help me to discern right from wrong and to exorcise evil through love. Help me to speak with new tongues and pure intent so the Mother Light can rise within me. Help me to take up serpents, to witness unto truth and to expose the liar and his lie. Help me to stand, face and conquer the dragon, and become an

instrument of violet flame healing. Grant me patience and endurance as I sincerely repent the misdeeds and manipulations of the past that have separated me from my Beloved.

Help me overcome all ambition to receive the alchemical marriage before the appointed time and help me to replace human ambition with tremendous spiritual determination and love. This which I call forth for myself, I call forth for every lightbearer on this planet. Let it be done according to God's Holy Will. Om. Amen.



From *The Lamentation of the Virgin* by Rohan

# *The Legend of the Ancient of Days in the Languages of the World*

Much gratitude to the Keepers of the Flame  
who helped with these translations in their native tongue,  
as on the day of Pentecost: “Now when this was noised abroad,  
the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that  
every man heard them speak in his own language.”

—Acts2:6

To become a Keeper of the Flame.

Visit [www.tsl.org](http://www.tsl.org)



I kept looking Until thrones were set up,  
And the Ancient of Days took His seat;  
His vesture was like white snow  
And the hair of His head like pure wool.  
His throne was ablaze with flames,  
Its wheels were a burning fire.

Daniell 7:9

# *The Legend of the Ancient of Days in French*

Sur une étoile distante  
Dans une époque lointaine  
Un conseil réuni  
en assemblée solennelle.  
La question sur la table  
pesait lourdement  
Que faire de la terre  
Pour les hommes quel jugement?  
Une planète ravagée  
par discorde et par guerre  
L'homme ayant oublié  
Son dessein le plus cher

L'être humain marchant même  
tristement à quatre pattes  
La lumière effacée  
de ses yeux, son visage  
"La terre sera dissoute"  
fut le décret final  
"Son énergie renvoyée  
dans l'océan primordial"  
Et moi, Sanat Kumara  
Me levant de ma chaise  
Suppliai autre sort  
Pour nos soeurs et nos frères  
"Donnons leur nouvelle chance  
Et au long fil du temps  
Engageront-ils peut être  
Divinité latente  
"Je guiderai leur chemin  
En tant qu' humble messager  
De votre miséricorde

Si vous me l'accordez.”  
“Mon fils,” dit l'ancien,  
“Tu connais bien la loi  
Exilé sur la terre  
Sera ton test de foi  
“A convaincre ce peuple  
La flamme qui chauffe ton cœur  
Sera ton seul recours  
Pour changer leurs brutes mœurs  
“Pour nos frères égarés  
Voici plus doux destin:  
Grâce à toi concédons-leur  
Nouveau plan divin.”  
Agenouillé en recueil  
Devant l'immense trône blanc  
Et donnant grâce à Dieu  
Fut béni puissamment  
“Dorénavant ton nom  
Sera l'ancien des jours

Vénéré sur la terre  
Comme l'esprit de l'amour  
"Célébré, adoré  
Pour ta jeunesse éternelle  
Ta parole communique  
Vérité fraternelle  
"Nom Je Suis Qui Je Suis  
Est l'agneau incarné  
Emissaire de l'esprit  
Présence du coffre sacré"  
Sur mes épaules descendit  
Un manteau de lumière  
Gloire, honneur et sagesse  
Fraternité sans frontières.

"Adieu, cher conseil  
Je retourne chez moi  
Où ma Vénus m'attend  
Avec frères Kumaras."  
Les anges messagers

M'avaient déjà précédé  
La décision du conseil  
Dorénavant annoncée.

Ma fille Méta accourut  
Au plus vite m'embrasser  
"Père, ton courage si dévoué  
nous a beaucoup marqué."

Jusqu'à l'aube nous avons  
Joyeusement célébré  
La dispense généreuse  
Qui nous fut accordée.

Une douleur muette  
N'était point ignorée  
Séparation éminente  
Avec nos bien aimés.

Jusqu'à nos retrouvailles  
Et mission accomplie  
Longs siècles s'écouleraient

Pour victoire établie  
Lumière du crépuscule  
Descendit gentiment  
Et sur l'horizon brilla  
Terre et firmament

Vers nos montagnes verdoyantes  
J'ai pu apercevoir  
Une émeute bouleversante  
Que je ne pus prévoir  
Enfants de ma patrie  
Cent quarante quatre mille au juste  
Approchant notre palais  
Avec conviction robuste!

J'entends encore l'hymne  
Qui les accompagnait  
Ode à la joie sacrée  
Plus jamais oubliée.  
Devant notre balcon,

Is se sont arrêtés  
L'un deux se rapprocha  
Pour nous adresser.  
Leur guide fidèle  
Était mon fils aimé  
Sa loyauté sublime  
Ne peut être surpassée.  
“Mon père,” me dit-il  
“Nous avons tous appris  
De ton sacrifice imminent  
Et nous nous sommes dit:  
“Préparons le chemin  
Nous sommes tous responsables  
Partageons le fardeau  
Car nous en sommes capables.  
“Pour libérer nos frères  
D’instinct fort animal;  
Nous descendrons sur terre  
Pour combattre le mal.”

Ses paroles chargées  
De dévouement profond  
Nous laissèrent marqués  
par beaucoup d'émotion.  
Sur nos joues s'écoulèrent  
Larmes vives de joie  
Consolation effective  
Pour Vénus et pour moi.  
J'appelai d'entre eux  
Cent quarante quatre d'abord  
Pour partir à l'avant  
Et tester notre sort  
Le voile se referma  
Le paradis envolé  
Vêtus de chair humaine  
Is se sont embarqués.  
Démunis de richesses  
Furent leurs incarnations  
Dans des caves et cabanes

Ils sont nés simplement.  
Ils grandirent entourés  
De familles humaines  
L'âme chargée d'un désir  
Qui les surprenait même.

Une image éthérique  
Ne pouvait s'effacer  
Une cité magnifique  
Pour aller séjourner.  
Le jour de leur départ  
S'annonça simplement  
Parcourir l'horizon  
Sans savoir justement.  
Coeurs brûlants de passion,  
Continuant jour et nuit  
Suivant une intuition  
Qui ne pouvait être déduite  
Des quatre coins du monde  
Les pèlerins arrivèrent

Traversant terres et mers  
Hautes montagnes et rivières.  
Sur les bords du Gobi  
Ils se sont retrouvés  
Pour accomplirent la tâche  
Qu'ils devaient surmonter.  
L'un d'entre eux se leva  
Pour décrire une vision  
Qui résonnait en tous  
Comme un souvenir profond.  
"Une ville resplendissante  
Nous pouvons ériger  
Avec bâtiments célestes  
Dans cette région sacrée.  
"Sur l'île verte devant nous  
Sept temples se lèveront  
Enceinte du feu sacré  
Témoins de notre mission.  
"Un pont magnifique

Sera priorité  
Et ces eaux bleu saphir  
Nous pourrons traverser.”  
“Avec un marbre ivoire  
Orné d’or et d’argent  
Nous sculpterons des anges  
Comme mémoire d’antan.  
A la sueur de leur front  
Ils commencèrent leur devoir  
Qui ne serait terminé que  
Nf cents ans plus tard.  
Les attaques sauvages  
De collines adjacentes  
Détruisaient tout progrès  
Et testaient toute patience.  
Déterminés et constants  
Toujours fixés sur leur but  
Ils renouvelèrent leurs efforts  
Sans être trop déçus.

Sur le sommet de l'île  
Le grand temple fut bâti  
L'arrivée de Sanat Kumara  
Bientôt pressentie.  
Douze marches de marbre  
En ascension vers le trône  
Qui était protégé  
Par l'é�incelant dôme.  
La porte d'or massive  
Scintillait sur la mer  
Comme miroir gigantesque  
Accueil extraordinaire.  
Une file d'arbres majestueux  
Décorait le parcours  
Parsemé de fleurs rares  
Et fontaines alentour.  
Un nom fut choisi  
Pour nouveau lieu sacré  
Cité de Shamballa

A Vénus consacrée  
Quel festin de lumière!  
Tous les temples furent prêts  
Tous les autels garnis  
Des plus somptueux bouquets.  
Le nom Sanat Kumara  
Résonnant dans leur âme  
Nouvelle joie trépidante  
A l'attente de la flamme.  
Le régent dit adieu  
A son âme jumelle  
Et sans autre mot même  
Ascendit dans le ciel.  
Les habitants de Vénus  
Vinrent rendre humble hommage  
Avec chants glorieux  
Pour un meilleur présage  
Puis à leur étonnement  
Il disparut de leur yeux

La seule trace restante  
Une comète de feu.  
Son arrivée sur la terre  
Fut à couper le souffle  
Annonçant l'avènement  
D'ancienne prophétie douce  
Oiseaux cessèrent leur chant  
Vagues calmées sur la mer  
Toute nature en silence  
Pour ce jour de priere.  
La puissance de ses pas  
Touchant lentement le sol  
Majesté vivifiante  
Fardeau humain s'envole.  
Sa paix et son espoir  
Rafraichirent nos esprits  
Nouveau respect du Pere  
Dans nos coeurs a jailli.

Les rires des enfants  
Pelèrent de loin et pres  
Comme clochers réjouissants  
Sonnent des plus hauts sommets  
Les pèlerins rendirent grace  
A leur nouveau regent  
S'agenouillant sur place  
Furent benis tendrement  
Sur l'autel principal  
Source d'alliance éternelle  
De sa voix remarquable  
Invoquant flamme immortelle.  
Feux rose, bleu et jaune  
Symboles de l'infini  
Amour, sagesse, puissance  
Qui ne peuvent être détruits  
Chaque plume incandescente  
Relache mille fils brillants  
Formant une toile mystique

Liant tous ses enfants.  
La crise fut passée  
La planète soutenue  
Redemption calculée  
Pour un age d'or futur.  
Car la fin du recit  
Est à toi de créer  
Or tu discerneras  
Ses profondes vérités.  
Ferme les yeux, tache de voir  
La flame trine dans ton coeur  
Ancrée profondément  
Comme divine lueur  
S'épanouissant à mesure  
Que tu trouves ta mission  
Elle te guide et t'inspire  
Jusqu'à ton ascension.

# *The Legend of the Ancient of Days in Italian*

Tanto tempo fa  
Su una stella lontana  
Un gran consiglio si riuni'  
In assemblea solenne.  
La questione pesava fortemente  
Nella mente d'ognuno—  
Qual'era il fato della terra,  
Che fare dell' umanita.  
Il planeta era oppresso  
Da discordia e guerre  
Gli uomini avevano dimenticato  
Lo scopo della vita.

Avevano persino cominciato  
Ad andare a carponi  
Nei loro occhi e nelle loro anime  
Di dio la grande luce piu' non splendeva.

“La terra dovra' svanire”  
Il cosmico conciglio decreto'  
“La sua energia rinviata  
Al grande oceano primordiale.”

Io, Sanat Kumara  
Dalla sedia mi alzai  
E un' altra opportunita' invocai  
Per coloro che vivevano colà.

“Diamo loro un'altra occasione  
E puo' darsi che col tempo  
Gli uomini si ricorderanno  
Che una volta erano divini.

“La via loro mostrero'  
In prima linea sarò

Alla terra porterò compassione  
Se voi cambierete le vostra opinione.

“Figlio mio,” disse un anziano,

“La legge’ei ben conosci—

Alla terra sarai legato

Finche’ le tue schiere non cresceranno.

“La sua gente per riconquistare

La fiamma del tuo cuore

Deve ispirarla all’ amore

E la stella della liberta’ diventare.

“Nuovi inizi questi s ono

Per I figli degli uomini

Per merito tuo concediamo loro

Un piano divino nuovo.”

Don gratitudine m’ inginocchiai

Davanti al grande trono blanco

Dove l’innominabile mi benedisse

E verso casa poi mi diressi.

“Figlio mio, ti chiameranno

Il vegliardo

Al grande spirito in te

Dai gloria e ringraziamento.

“In tutto il cosmo sei conosciuto

Per la tua eternal giovinezza

Che ora le tua parole risuonino

Come una fontana di verita.’

“Ti conacro con lo spirito

Io sono colui che sono,

L’arca dell’ alleanza

E l’agnello incarnate.”

Sulle mie spalle discese

Un manto di luce

Potere, Gloria e onore

Saggezza, forza e amore.

Al consiglio dissi addio

E alla mia stella ritornai

Dove la mia amata Venus  
Con I sacri Kumaras mi aspettava.  
Messaggeri alati avevano annunciato  
Del consilio cosmico la decisione  
All terra era stata accordata  
Una nuova dispensazione.  
Nostra figlia Meta mi diede  
Un benvenuto con un bacio.  
“Padre, ti ringraziamo,” ella disse  
“Per il tuo coraggio e la tua fede.”  
Quella sera ci rallegrammo  
Con un gran ballo,  
Ma erano colmi i nostri cuori  
D’infinita tristezza.  
La sofferenza della separazione  
Non pote’ essere ignorata  
Mentre pensavamo al nostri cari  
Che ci sareberro mancati.

Molti eoni sarebbero passati  
Prima d'incontrarci di nuovo  
La nostra missione compiuta  
La nostra vittoria ottenuta.  
Il crepuscolo discese su di noi  
Come un manto di pace,  
E sull'orizzonte brillo'  
La terra e il firmamento.  
Poi verso le montagne guardai  
E con mia sorpresa,  
I miei occhi colsero una spirale  
Di luce che in alto oscillava.  
Erano le anime dei figli—  
Cento quaranta quattor mila  
Che con gioiosa compassione  
Al nostro palazzo s'avvicinavano.  
Riecheggia ancora in quelle valli  
L'inno della fratellanza  
Ode alla gioia sacra

Mai dimenticata.  
Il nostre balcone raggiunsero,  
Si fermarono ei loro occhi alzarono,  
Avanti si fecero e a me si rivolsero  
Sotto i cieli viola.  
Riconocei nel loro capo  
Il figlio mio amato  
La cui leale costanza  
Da nessuno fu mai eguagliata.  
Egli disse, "Padre mio,  
Della tua difficile situazione abbiamo udito,  
Non ti abbandoneremo,  
La tua battaglia com batteremo.  
"La via preparemo  
A custodir la fiamma ti aiuteremo  
Amore e luce diffonderemo  
A nome tuo parleremo.  
"Al tuo fianco saremo  
Quando nella lotta entrerai,

Sulla terra prima noi andremo  
E a bada il male terremo.”  
Così commovente era il loro amore  
Il loro servizio così raro  
Grandemente commossi eravamo  
Dalle loro vivificanti preghiere.  
I cento quaranta quattro  
Di loro demandai  
I precursori di diventare  
In questa epopea non ancora raccontata.  
Il velo era ora calato  
E il mondo celeste indietro lasciato  
In corpi di carne vestiti  
Nacquero da esseri umani.  
Ne' castelli, ne' palazzo  
La loro casa in terra sarebbe stata  
Piuttosto baracche, caverna e capanne  
Umili focolari in pietra scolpiti.

Forti divennero e crebbero  
Come i loro congiunti  
Ma spesso le loro anime siagitavano  
Con un bisogno impellente di trascendere.  
Era una meomria interiore e profunda  
Che non poteva essere cancellata  
Una cite' magnifica  
Che or il loro destino sarebbe stato.  
Venne il giorno della loro partenza  
Amici e famiglia indietro lasciati  
Per orizzonti azzuri sarebber salpati  
Alla ricerca di posti sacri.  
Cuori traboccanti di passione  
Giorno e notte proseguendo  
Solo l'intuizione a guidarli  
Verso il luogo designato.  
Dai Quattro lati della terra  
Questi grandi pellegrini arrivarono  
Possenti guerrieri dello spirito

Terre, mari e cieli attravez sarrono.

Il mare dei Gobi era il luogo

Che il destino aleva assegnato

Affinche' il sublime scopo

Da questi uomini venisse realizzato.

I pellegrini avevano raggiunto

La loro ultima destinazione

Poi si fece avanti uno di loro

Per raccontare di una visione.

“Una blanca citta' splendente

Dobbiamo noi costruire

Che ci ricordi venere

E i suoi architetti divini.

“Su di un' isola verde e lussureggiante

Sette temple erigeremo

Dal fuoco sacro circondati

Testimoni della nostra missione.

“Un magnifico ponte

Il nostre primo lavoro sara'

Sopra acque blu zaffiro  
Dove tutti possono passar.  
“In puru blanco marmot intagliati  
Con l'oro piu' fino ornate  
Dolci cherubini ni scolpiremo  
Memorie di tempi lontani.”  
Col sudore della fronte  
Il loro compito iniziarono  
Rocce, pietre e metallic trasportarono  
E novecento anni passarono.  
Dalle colline circostanti  
Orde selvage attaccarono  
Distruggendo cio' che era statto eretto  
Il fine cosmico ora rallentato.  
Determinati e costanti  
I pellegrini il loro ritmo mantenerro  
Dall macerie risollevandosi  
Alberi al loro posto piantarono.

Sulla cima dell' isola  
Il grande tempio fu innalzato  
Dove i piedi di Sanat Kumara  
Un giorno avrebbero camminato.  
Dodici scalini di marmot  
Al trono porta vano  
All perfezione incorniciato  
Da un' alta cupola dorata.  
Una porta d'oro massiccio  
Scintillante nei raggi del sole  
Come uno specchio gigantesco  
Per dare il benvenuto ad ognuno.  
Alti alberi fiancheggiavano il sentier  
Che all'entrata conduce  
Laghi risplendenti, fontane d'arcobaleno  
Prati fioriti dai vivaci colori.  
Un nome fu scelto  
Per il nuovo sacro luogo  
Citta' di Shamballa

A Venere consacrato.  
Il lavoro era completato  
Gli altari decorate  
Con fiori delicate  
Raccolti tra quelli piu' profumati.  
Sanat Kumara sarebbe ora arrivato  
Perche' il tempo era riunto  
Di partire per la terra  
Col suo seguito devoto.  
Dalla sua anima gemella s'accomiato'  
Con un abbraccio commovente  
E su espero s'inalzo  
Nello spazio stellare.  
Le anime che si riunirono  
Dolci inni si lode offrirono  
Egli tutte le benedi  
Con uno sguardo amore vole.  
Poi con loro sorpersa  
Sanat Kumara spari'

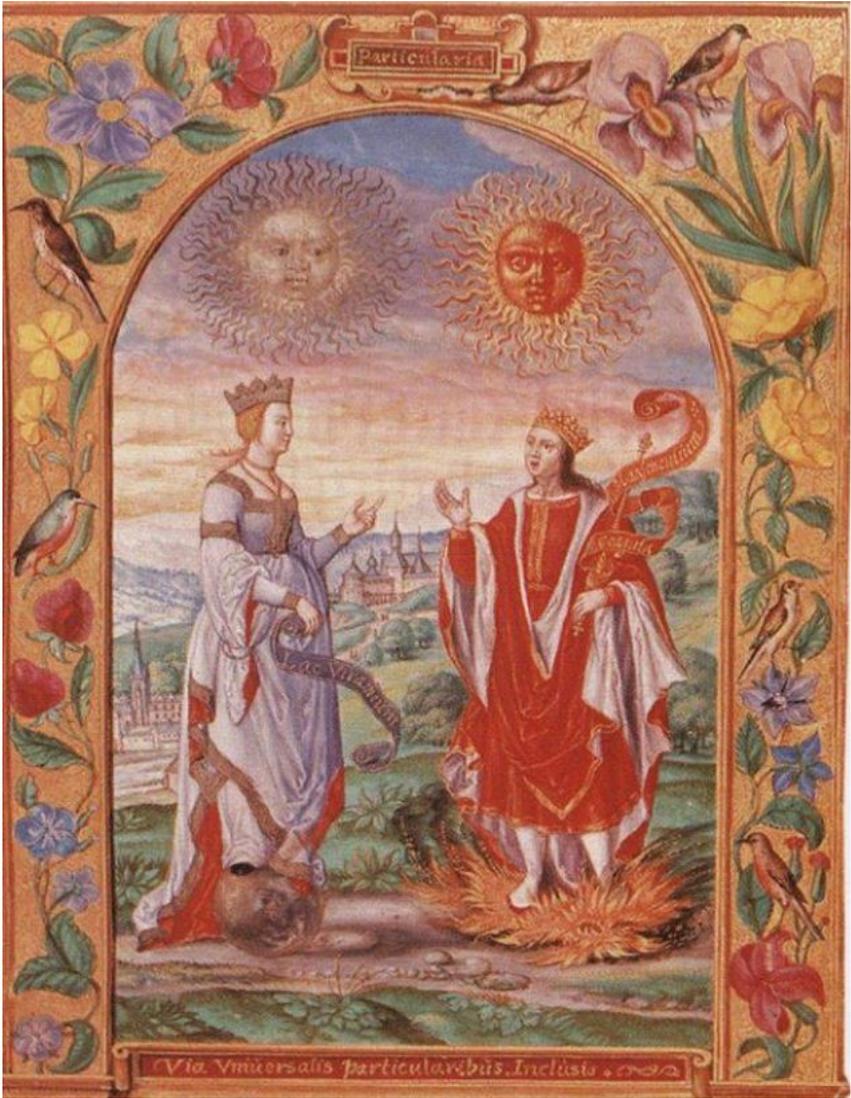
In una brillante scia di luce  
Come la coda di una cometa.  
A Shamballa i pellegrini  
Con fiato sospeso aspettarono  
Del loro signore l'apparire  
Che alla terra riposo avrebbe dato.  
Gli uccelli di cantare cessarono  
Le onde del mare si fermarono  
E tutta la natura silente divenne  
In questo giorno importante.  
Lenti e maestosi  
I suoi piedi toccarono la terra  
Poi tutta la vita senti ' la sua presenza  
Benche' non si udisse alcun suono.  
Grande pace, speranza e conforto  
Ogni anima turbata si placò  
Non append ail suo grande spirito  
I boschi, i laghi e le colline tocco'.

Fiori appassiti e pendenti  
Con forza nuova I loro steli alza rono  
E le risa dei bambini  
Un' altra volta ancora si udirono.  
I pellegrini gioivano  
Affaticati piu' non erano  
In ringraziamento s'inginocchiarono  
E il loro signore onorarono.  
Poi sull' altare  
Il vegliardo  
Con un fiat potente  
Una flamma abbagliante invoco'.  
Triplice ed immortale  
Blu, gialla, e rosa  
Fonte di potere, saggezza e amore  
Vita rinnoata e preziosa.  
Da ogni piuma brillante  
Lampeggiavano fili di filigrana  
Per i cuori di ognuno unire

In una mistica trama.  
La crisi era finite  
Il pianeta salvato  
E la terra riscattata  
Per una nuova era dorata.  
Ora e' vostra da creare  
La fine di questa storia  
Mentre nell' anima cercate  
Le chiavi che porta no alla vittoria  
Chiudete gli occhi e cercate di vedere  
La grande flamma triplice  
Ancorata nel profondo del cuore  
Che e' il vostro diritto spirituale.  
Vibrante e resplendente  
Cresce e gira rapidamente  
E vi aiuta a trovare la missione  
Che puo' portare alla vostra ascensione.



*Ancient of Days from the church Chiesa San Ferdinando in Napoli*



# *The Legend of the Ancient of Days in Spanish*

Hace muchísimo tiempo,  
En una estrella distante,  
Un gran consejo se reunió  
En asamblea solemne.  
El asunto pesaba lo suyo  
En el pensamiento de la Hermandad—  
De la Tierra y su destino,  
Qué hacer con la humanidad.  
Estaba el planeta cargado  
De conflicto y discordia  
Los seres humanos habían olvidado  
El propósito de la vida.

Caminaban incluso a gatas,  
A esto el hombre llegaba.  
Y en sus ojos y en sus almas  
La gran luz de Dios ya no brillaba.

“La Tierra será disuelta”,  
Decretó el consejo cósmico  
“Su energía devuelta  
Al gran océano originario”.

Yo, Sanat Kumara,  
Me levanté de mi asiento  
Y quiso Dios que invocara  
Oportunidad de aquellos que asistían al evento.

Démosles una dispensación  
Y quizá con el tiempo  
Recordarán que en su corazón  
Dios puso su aliento  
Les mostraré el sendero  
A Terra llevaré compasión

Y seré el mensajero  
Si ustedes cambiasen de opinión”.

“Hijo mío”, dijo un anciano,  
“La Ley tú bien conoces—  
A Terra estarás vinculado  
Hasta que aumenten sus graduaciones.

Para su gente recuperar  
En tu corazón la llama  
Tendrá que inspirarles a amar  
Y a ser la Estrella de la Libertad.

Nuevos comienzos son estos  
Para los niños del hombre  
Por tu gracia les concedemos  
Un plan divino reciente”.

Con gratitud me arrodillé  
Ante el Gran Trono Blanco  
Donde me bendijo el Innombrable  
Mientras hacia casa emprendía el regreso.

“Hijo mío, te llamarán a ti

El Anciano de Días,

Al Gran Espíritu en ti

Da gloria y alabanzas.

En todo el cosmos te diste a conocer

Por tu eterna juventud.

Que ahora pueda tu Palabra nacer

Como una fuente de verdad.

Te unjo con el espíritu

EL YO SOY EL QUE YO SOY

Con el arca de la alianza

Y el Cordero encarnado.”

Sobre mis hombros descendió

Un manto de luz

Poder, gloria y honor

Amor, sabiduría y fuerza.

Al Consejo dirigí mi despedida

Y a mi estrella retornaba

Donde mi Venus hermosa  
Con los Santos Kumaras esperaba.  
Mensajeros alados habían anunciado  
Del consejo cósmico la decisión:  
Que a la Tierra se había concedido  
Una nueva dispensación.  
Ya en el hogar nuestra hija Meta  
Con un beso vino a recibirme:  
“Padre, agradecidas te damos la bienvenida  
Por tu coraje y por tu fe”.  
Aunque esa noche nos regocijamos  
Con un gran baile de bienvenida  
Nuestros corazones estaban abrumados  
Por una tristeza de cierta medida.  
El dolor de la separación  
No podía ser eclipsado  
Mientras teníamos en consideración  
A los seres queridos que serían añorados.

Muchos eones tendrían cabida  
Antes de reunimos de nuevo,  
Nuestra misión cumplida  
Nuestra victoria a mano.

Un manto de paz deslizó  
Sobre nosotros el crepúsculo,  
Nuestra gemela estrella suavemente centelleó  
Con un etéreo intervalo.

Hacia las montañas, entonces, miré  
Y, para sorpresa mía,  
Una espiral en mis ojos capté  
De luz rondando allí arriba.

Eran las almas de mis hijos—  
A palacio acercándose  
Ciento cuarenta y cuatro mil vástagos  
Llenos de compasión alegre.

El himno de la hermandad  
A través de estos valles, todavía,

Resuena con claridad:  
La Oda del solsticio a la Alegría.  
Ellos alcanzaron nuestro balcón,  
Se detuvieron, levantaron la vista.  
Luego, para dirigirse a mí se adelantaron  
Bajo los cielos de amatista.  
Vi en su líder  
A mi hijo amado  
Cuyo ánimo constante y fiel  
Era por nadie igualado.  
Él dijo, "Padre Nuestro querido,  
No te fallaremos.  
De tu difícil situación hemos sabido,  
Lucharemos lo mejor que podamos.  
El camino prepararemos  
Y a cuidar la llama vamos a ayudar  
Luz y amor esparciremos  
Porque en tu nombre hemos de hablar.  
Estaremos a tu lado

Cuando entres en la batalla;  
A la Tierra iremos primero  
Para mantener la oscuridad a raya”.

Su amor tan conmovedor  
Su servicio tan poco común  
Impresionados por su candor  
Por su vivificante oración.

Mi dama y yo y estos ciento  
cuarenta y cuatro mil  
De alegría llorábamos a un tiempo;  
Y los ángeles nos brindaban su presencia gentil

A ciento cuarenta y cuatro, entonces,  
De entre todos ellos dirigí mi llamada  
Para convertirse en nuestros precursores  
En esta épica nunca antes contada.

Ahora, el velo se había corrido  
El mundo celestial quedaba atrás  
En cuerpos de carne vestidos

Eran nacidos de la humanidad.  
Ni palacios ni fortalezas  
Serían su hogar en la Tierra.  
Antes chozas, cuevas y cabañas  
Humildes hogares de piedra.  
Ellos crecían fuertes y maduraban  
En las maneras de sus parientes  
Aunque sus almas a menudo se avivaban  
Con un impulso de trascender los límites.  
Era una memoria interna profunda  
Que no podía ser borrada  
Una magnífica ciudad  
Que ahora podría ser su morada.  
Llegó el día en que se decidieron  
A zarpar hacia el horizonte azulado,  
Amigos y familia atrás dejaron,  
Y a buscar también el suelo sagrado.  
De pasión los corazones rebosantes,

Noche y día presionando,  
Sólo la intuición para guiarles  
Al emplazamiento fijado.  
De la Tierra desde los cuatro rincones  
Llegaron estos grandes peregrinos,  
Cruzando cielos, tierras y mares  
Estos poderosos del espíritu guerreros.  
El Mar de Gobi era el lugar  
Que el Destino había asignado  
Para que estos hombres pudieran lograr  
Un sublime llamado.  
Los peregrinos habían alcanzado  
Su destino final.  
Uno de ellos estaba adelantado  
Para de una visión hablar:  
“Una ciudad blanca resplandeciente  
Es para que nosotros la erijamos,  
Que a Venus recuerde  
Y a los divinos arquitectos.

En una exuberante isla verde,  
Serán nuestra proeza siete templos.  
El fuego sagrado concentrándose  
En retiros de alabastro.  
Un puente hermoso  
Nuestra primera tarea será,  
Sobre aguas de azul zafiro  
Por donde otros puedan pasar.  
Diseñados con mármol blanco puro  
Con incrustaciones del oro más fino,  
Revestido con grabados de dulces querubines  
Recuerdos de días antiguos”.  
Con el sudor de su frente  
La tarea iniciando  
Acarrearon rocas, piedras y metal;  
Pasaron novecientos años.  
Desde las vecinas colinas de abajo  
Hordas salvajes atacarían  
Para destruir lo que fue construido.

El objetivo cósmico ahora se retrasaría.  
Constantes y determinados  
Los peregrinos mantuvieron su ritmo  
Levantándose de los escombros  
Plantando los árboles en su sitio.  
En lo alto de la isla  
El templo principal fue levantado  
Donde los benditos pies de Sanat Kumara  
Un día serían posados.  
Doce escalones de mármol  
Conduciendo al trono  
Que estaba enmarcado con perfección  
Por una cúpula alta de resplandeciente dorado.  
Una puerta maciza de oro  
En el sol reluciendo rayos  
Como un descomunal espejo  
Para dar la bienvenida a todos.  
Altos árboles perfilaban el sendero  
Que conducía hasta la entrada

Y que fuentes de arco iris y estanques reflejaba,  
Parquets florales vibrantes.  
Un espacio sagrado se creó  
Donde la hermandad brillara  
Por los constructores Shambala se llamó  
Para que el hogar les recordara.  
Las tareas completadas  
Los altares engalanados  
Con flores delicadas  
De los más fragrantés florecimientos.  
Sanat Kumara vendría ahora  
Porque el tiempo se había agotado.  
Para marchar hacia la Tierra  
Con su ferviente séquito  
De su dama se despidió  
En un abrazo conmovedor  
Y sobre Hesperus se elevó  
Hacia el espacio exterior.

Las almas reunidas  
Ofrecieron dulces cánticos de alabanza  
Y él los bendijo sinceramente  
Con una cariñosa mirada.  
Entonces, para sorpresa de ellos  
Entre una estela  
De luz brillante desapareció  
Como la enorme cola de un cometa.  
En Shambala los constructores  
Aguardaban sin respirar  
A que su señor apareciese  
Para así a la Tierra un descanso dar.  
Los pájaros aminoraron su canto  
Los mares suspendieron su cadencia  
Y toda la naturaleza enmudeció  
En esta histórica secuencia.  
Sus pies tocaron la tierra  
Lenta y majestuosamente

Entonces, toda la vida sintió su presencia

Aunque no hubo sonido patente.

Paz renovada, esperanza y consuelo.

Se aquietaron las almas preocupadas

Y su Gran Espíritu desplegaba el vuelo

Por bosques, lagos y colinas.

Las flores marchitas inclinadas

Con fuerza nueva sus cabezas levantaban,

Y otra vez fueron escuchadas

Las risas que los niños elevaban.

Ya no estaban agotados

Sino que felices estaban,

En acción de gracias postrados,

Y a su Señor los constructores honraban.

Entonces, sobre el altar

El Anciano de Días

Invocó una deslumbrante llama

Con un poderoso fiat.

Azul, amarillo y rosa  
Fuente de poder, sabiduría y amor  
Vida renovada preciosa.  
Triple e inmortal color.

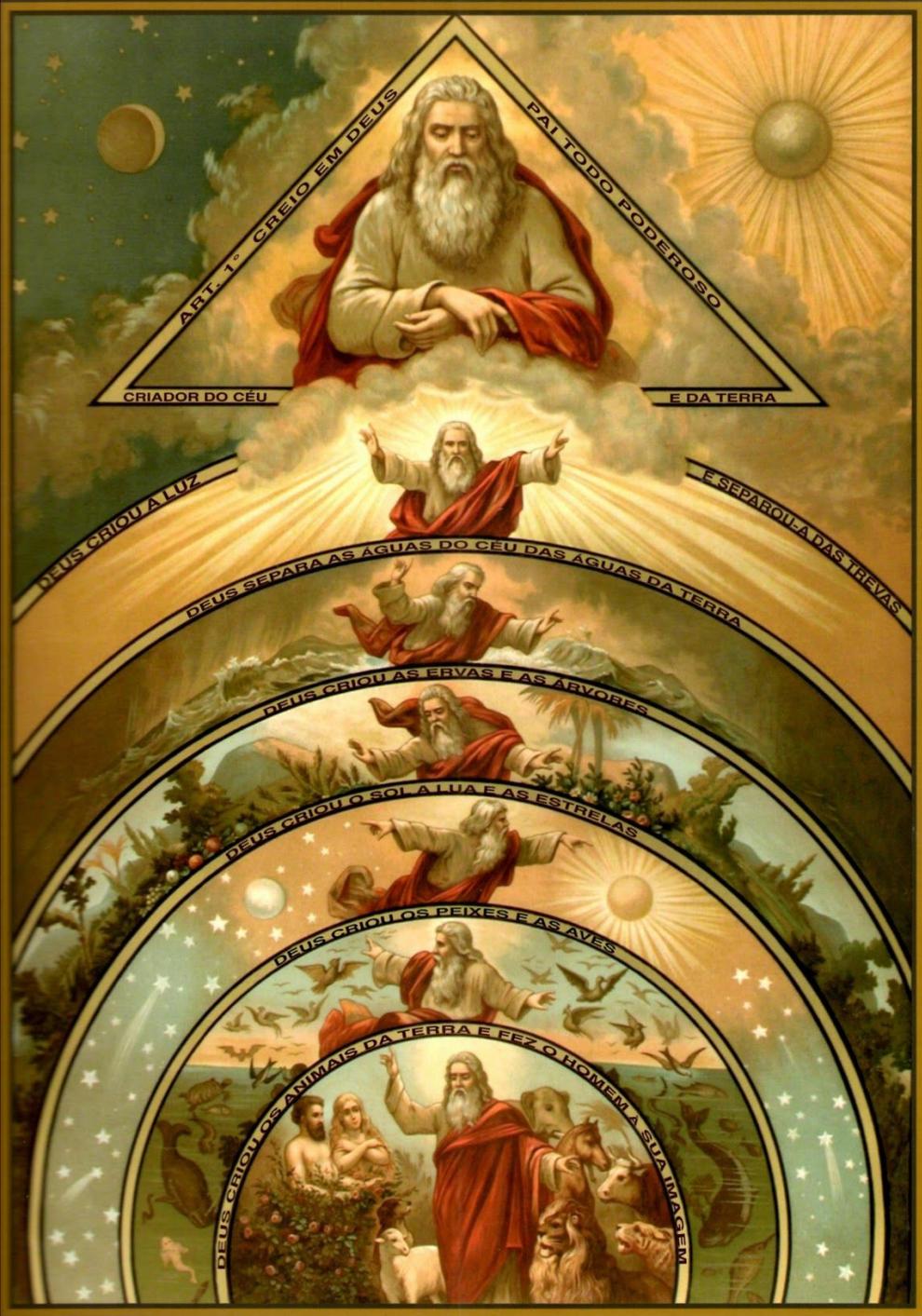
De cada pluma parpadeante  
Brillaban hebras de filigrana  
Para conectar el corazón de la gente  
En una mística red que se hilvana.

La crisis acabada  
El planeta sostenido,  
Y la Tierra redimida  
Para una nueva edad de oro.

Bien, es para que vosotros lo creéis  
El final de esta historia,  
Mientras en vuestra alma buscáis  
Las claves que contiene para la victoria.  
Cerrad vuestros ojos e intentad ver  
Vuestra poderosa llama trina

Anclada en lo profundo de vuestro ser.  
Es vuestra reivindicación legítima.  
Pulsante, resplandeciente  
Ayudándoos a encontrar vuestra misión  
Gira y crece  
Para que también podáis hacer la ascensión.





# *The Legend of the Ancient of Days in Portuguese*

Há muito tempo atrás  
Numa estrela distante  
Reuniu-se solenemente  
Um grande conselho.  
Uma pergunta pesava  
Na mente de todos —  
O destino da Terra,  
E o que fazer da humanidade.  
O planeta estava assolado  
Pela discórdia e contenda,  
As pessoas haviam esquecido  
O propósito da vida.  
Haviam até começado

A andar de quatro,  
Em seus olhos e almas não brilhava mais  
A grande luz de Deus.  
“A Terra há que ser dissolvida,”  
Decretou o conselho cósmico,  
“E sua energia retornar  
Para o grande oceano original.”  
Então eu, Sanat Kumara  
Levantei-me do meu assento  
E supliquei por uma Oportunidade  
Àqueles que estavam presentes:  
“Peço-lhes para dar-lhes uma chance  
Pois, talvez com o tempo,  
Eles se lembrarão  
De que um dia eram divinos.  
“Mostrarei a eles o caminho,  
Serei a linha de frente  
Concedendo à Terra misericórdia,  
Se agora a minha idéia for aceita.”

“Meu Filho,” disse um ancião,  
“Você conhece bem a lei —  
Ficará preso à Terra  
Até engrossarem suas fileiras.  
“Para trazê-los de volta,  
A chama do seu coração  
Precisará inspirá-los a amar, a ponto  
De se tornarem a Estrela da Liberdade.  
“Haverá um novo começo  
Para os filhos da humanidade,  
Por sua graça concederemos  
A eles um novo plano divino.”  
Ajoelhei-me muito grato  
Perante o Grande Trono Branco  
Onde o Ser Sem Nome abençoou-me  
Quando parti de volta para casa:  
“Meu filho, eles o chamarão  
De Ancião de Dias,  
Louva e glorifica em si

O Grande Espírito de Deus.  
“Você é conhecido por todos  
no cosmo como juventude eterna  
Que sua Palavra seja agora  
Como uma fonte de verdade.  
“Eu o unjo com o Espírito  
O EU SOU O QUE EU SOU,  
A arca da aliança  
E o Cordeiro encarnado.”  
Sobre meus ombros desceu então  
Um manto de luz poderoso  
Poder, glória e honra  
Amor, sabedoria e poder.  
Despedi-me do conselho  
E voltei à minha estrela  
Onde a linda Vênus aguardava  
Com os Santos Kumaras.  
Mensageiros alados haviam anunciado  
A decisão do conselho cósmico:

A Terra receberia agora  
Uma nova dispensação.  
Nossa filha Meta recebeu-me  
Em casa com um beijo.  
“Pai, somos tão gratos,  
Por sua coragem e fé.”  
À noite comemoramos  
Num grande baile e recepção,  
Mas nossos corações pesavam  
Com uma certa tristeza.  
A dor da separação que vinha  
Não podia ser apagada  
Ao pensarmos nos seres queridos  
Que certamente fariam tanta falta.  
Muitos éons se passariam  
Antes de nos vermos de novo  
Com a missão cumprida  
E a vitória alcançada.  
A noite lançou sobre nós

Um cobertor de paz,  
Nossa estrela gêmea piscou  
gentilmente com etéreo silêncio.  
Olhei então as montanhas  
E para minha surpresa,  
Vi uma grande espiral  
De luz flutuando abaixo.  
Eram as almas dos meus filhos —  
Cento e quarenta e quatro mil  
Aproximando-se do nosso palácio  
Com alegre dedicação  
O hino da fraternidade  
Que ecoava ao longe  
Ainda soa nesses vales:  
A Ode à Alegria no Solstício.  
Chegaram ao nosso balcão,  
Pararam, olhando para o alto,  
Adiantaram-se para falar-me  
Sob o céu de cor violeta.

Vi que seu líder  
Era o meu filho amado  
Cuja leal constância  
A ninguém se comparava.  
“Nosso Pai,” ele disse,  
“Soubemos de sua promessa.  
Não o abandonaremos sozinho,  
Travaremos a boa luta.  
“Iremos preparar o caminho,  
Ajudaremos a cuidar da chama,  
Espalharemos amor e luz  
Ensinaremos em seu nome.  
“Estaremos ao seu lado  
Quando começar a lutar;  
Iremos à Terra na frente,  
Para o mal afastar.”  
Seu amor era tão tocante  
Seu serviço tão precioso  
Ficamos mudos, sem palavras

Com tanta *dedicação*.  
Os cento e quarenta e quatro mil,  
    minha esposa e eu  
choramos juntos *de alegria*;  
    E mais *legiões de anjos*.  
Então *separei dentre eles*  
Cento e quarenta e quatro  
    Para serem os *batedores*  
    Na *aventura gigantesca*.  
    O véu *havia sido afastado*  
O mundo *celeste deixado para trás*  
    Vestidos em *corpos de carne*  
Eles *nasceram entre a humanidade*.  
    Nem *castelo nem palácio*  
    Seriam sua *morada na Terra*  
    Mas *barraco, cavernas e palhoças*  
Moradas *humildes talhadas na pedra*.  
    Ficaram *fortes e maduros*  
    Como os seus *parentes*

Mas suas almas ansiavam sempre,  
O desejo de transcender.  
Era a lembrança profunda  
Que não podia se apagar  
De uma cidade magnífica  
Que seria seu destino.  
Chegou o dia da partida —  
Deixaram amigos e família,  
Navegaram horizontes azuis  
Buscando a terra santa.  
Com corações cheios de paixão,  
Buscaram dia e noite,  
Só a intuição a guiá-los  
Para o local apontado.  
Dos quatro cantos da Terra  
Chegaram esses peregrinos  
Guerreiros do espírito poderosos  
Atravessaram terras, mares e céus.  
O Mar de Gobi era o local

Que o destino havia escolhido  
Para esses homens cumprir  
Seu propósito sublime.  
Os peregrinos chegaram  
Ao seu destino final  
Um deles se apresentou  
Para falar de uma visão:  
“Um resplendor de brancura  
É a cidade que vamos criar  
Reminiscencia de Vênus  
E seus arquitetos divinos.  
“Numa ilha verdejante  
Construíram sete templos  
Focos do fogo sagrado  
Em retiros de alabastro.  
“Uma maravilhosa ponte  
Será a primeira tarefa  
Sobre as águas azul safira  
Para que outros atravessem.

“Feita de mármore branco  
Incrustada com ouro mais fino,  
Com imagens de querubins talhadas  
Memórias de dias passados.”  
Com o suor de suas fronteiras  
Iniciaram a tarefa  
Arrastaram rochas, pedras e metal;  
Novecentos anos passaram.  
Descendo das encostas vizinhas  
Hordas de selvagens atacavam  
Para destruir o que construíram  
E a meta cósmica atrasar.  
Determinados e constantes  
Mantiveram o seu passo  
Recuperando os destroços  
Plantando neles jardins.  
No ponto mais alto da ilha  
Construíram o templo central  
Onde os pés santos de Sanat Kumara

Um dia pisariam.  
Doze degraus de mármore  
Levavam ao trono  
Encabeçado com perfeição  
Por um alto domo enfeitado.  
Uma porta de ouro maciço  
Refletia os raios do sol  
Que como um espelho gigante  
Recebia cada pessoa.  
Altas árvores ladeavam o caminho  
Que levava ao portão  
Espelhos d'água, fontes coloridas  
Jardins de cores vibrantes.  
Um local sagrado foi criado  
Onde a fraternidade brilhava,  
Eles a chamaram Shamballa  
Para lembrarem-se de casa.  
A tarefa estava completa  
Os altares ataviados

Com flores delicadas  
Colhidas nos lindos jardins.  
  
Sanat Kumara viria agora  
Pois o tempo era curto  
Para partir para a Terra  
Com sua corte fiel.  
Despediu-se de sua senhora  
Num abraço pungente  
E partiram de Hesperus  
Para o espaço estelar.  
As almas que se reuniram  
Cantaram hinos de louvor  
Ele abençoou-as sinceramente  
Com seu olhar de amor.  
Para a surpresa de todos  
Num brilhante fecho de luz  
Ele desapareceu  
Como a cauda de um cometa gigante.  
Em Shamballa, os construtores

Aguardavam com a respiração suspensa

Seu Senhor aparecer

E dar descanso à Terra.

Os pássaros pararam de cantar

Os mares pararam as ondas

Toda a natureza calou

Nesse dia assombroso.

Lento e magestoso então

Seus pés tocaram o solo,

E toda a vida sentiu sua presença

Embora não houvesse um ruído.

Paz, esperança e conforto

Calaram fundo em cada alma

Conforme seu Grande Espírito percorria

Florestas, lagos e colinas.

Flores cansadas e murchas

Novamente se levantaram,

E a risada das crianças

Foi ouvida novamente.

Os construtores estavam felizes

Terminaram sua labuta

Ajoelharam dando graças

para louvar seu Senhor.

Então, sobre o altar principal

O Senhor Ancião de Dias

Num poderoso fiat

Invocou a chama brilhante.

A chama trina imortal,

Rosa, Amarelo e Azul

Fonte de amor, saber e poder

Renovou a vida preciosa.

De cada pluma acesa

Brilhavam fios de luz

Unido todos os corações

Numa rede mística.

A crise terminara

O planeta foi salvo,

A Terra redimida

Para uma era de ouro.  
O final dessa história  
Você deve escolher  
Ao buscar na sua alma  
As chaves que ela traz.  
Feche os olhos, procure ver  
Sua poderosa chama trina  
Ancorada no fundo do coração  
Sua proclamação espiritual.  
Pulsando, brilhando  
Ela gira e aumenta  
Ajudando a descobrir sua missão  
Para você poder ascender.

# *The Legend of the Ancient of Days in German*

Vor langer Zeit  
Traf sich ein maechtiger Rat  
Auf einem fernen Stern  
In ernster Ansammlung.  
Eine Frage lastete schwer  
Auf den Geist aller—  
Es war das Schicksal der Erde,  
Was man mit der Menschheit machen sollte.

Der Planet war belastet  
Mit Uneinigkeit und Zwietracht  
Die menschlichen Wesen hatten  
Den Zweck des Lebens vergessen.

Sie hatten sogar begonnen  
Auf allen Vieren zu gehen  
In ihren Augen und Seelen  
Leuchtete Gottes gewaltiges Licht nimmer mehr.

“Die Erde muss aufgelöst werden”  
Verordnete der kosmische Rat  
“Ihre Energie zurueckgegeben  
An den gewaltigen urspruenglichen See.”

Ich, Sanat Kumara  
Erhob mich von meinem Stuhl  
Und flehte die Anwesenden  
Um neue Gelegenheit an.  
“Lasst uns ihnen eine Chance geben  
Und vielleicht mit der Zeit  
Werden Diese sich daran erinnern  
Dass sie einst goettlich waren.

“Ich werde ihnen den Weg weisen  
Ich werde an der Spitze sein

Und Terra Barmherzigkeit bringen  
Wenn Ihr Eure Meinung aendert.”

“Mein Sohn,” sprach einer der Alten,  
“Du kennst das Gesetz wohl —  
Du wirst an Terra gebunden sein  
Bis Deine Mannschaft zunimmt.

“Um ihre Menschen zurueckzugewinnen  
Muss die Flamme in Deinem Herzen  
Sie zur Liebe inspirieren  
Und Freiheits Stern werden.

“Dies sind neue Anfaenge  
Fuer die Menschenkinder  
Durch Deine Gnade gewaehren wir ihnen  
Einen frischen goettlichen Plan.”

Ich kniete dankbar  
Vor dem Grossen Weissen Thron  
Wo mich der Namenlose segnete  
Als ich mich auf den Weg nach hause machte.

“My Sohn, sie werden Dich  
Den Alten der Tage nennen  
Dem maechtigen Geist in Dir  
Gib Ehre und Lob.

Du bist im Kosmos bekannt  
Fuer Deine ewige Jugendlichkeit  
Moege Dein Wort jetzt hervorquellen  
Wie ein Brunnen der Wahrheit.

Ich salbe Dich mit Geist  
Dem ICH BIN DER ICH BIN,  
Der Bundeslade  
Und dem verkoerperten Lamm.”

Auf meine Schultern fiel  
Ein Mantel aus Licht  
Staerke, Herrlichkeit und Ehre  
Liebe, Weisheit und Macht.

Ich nahm vom Rat Abschied  
Und kehrte zu meinem Stern zurueck

Wo die schoene Venus wartete  
Mit den Heiligen Kumaras.  
Befluegelte Boten hatten  
Die Entscheidung des kosmischen Rates verkuendet:  
Dass der Erde jetzt  
Eine neue Erlassung gewaehrt worden war.  
Unsere Tochter Meta empfing mich  
Daheim mit einem Kuss.  
"Vater, wir sind dankbar," sprach sie  
Fuer Deinen Mut und Glauben."  
Obwohl wir uns diese Nacht freuten  
Bei einem grossen Empfangsball,  
Waren unsere Herzen belastet  
Mit einem Mass der Traurigkeit.  
Der Scheidungsschmerz  
Konnte nicht in den Schatten gestellt werden  
Als wir an diejenigen dachten die wir liebten  
Die wir sicherlich vermissen wuerden.

Viele Ewigkeiten wuerden vergehen  
Bis wir uns wieder treffen wuerden  
Unsere Aufgabe erfuehlt  
Unser Sieg greifbar.

Die Daemmerung sank auf uns hernieder  
Eine Decke der Ruhe,  
Unser Zwillingstern glitzerte  
Mit aetherischem Stillstand.

Dann blickte ich auf die Berge  
Und zu meiner Ueberraschung,  
Fiel mir eine Spirale aus Licht ins Auge  
Die nahe bei schwebte.

Es waren die Seelen meiner Kinder—  
Ein hundert und vier und vierzig tausend  
Die sich unserem Palast naeherten  
Mit froehlicher Barmherzigkeit.

Die Hymne der Bruederschaft  
Die unten widerhallte

Schallt noch durch diese Taeler:  
Sonnenwende Ode an die Freude.  
Sie reichten nach unserem Balkon,  
Hielten an, erhoben ihre Augen,  
Dann traten hervor um mich anzusprechen  
Unter violettem Himmel.  
Ich sah in ihrem Fuehrer  
Meinen beliebten Sohn  
Mit dessen loyale Unerschuetterlichkeit  
Niemand konkurieren konnte.  
“Unser Vater,” sprach er,  
“Wir haben von Deiner Not erfahren.  
Wir werden Dich nicht enttaeuschen,  
Wir werden den guten Kampf wagen.  
“Wir werden den Weg vorbereiten  
Wir werden helfen die Flamme zu hueten  
Wir werden Liebe und Licht verbreiten  
Wir werden in Deinem Namen sprechen.

“Wir werden Dir zur Seite stehen  
Wenn Du in den Kampf eingehst;  
Wir werden als Erste zur Erde gehen,  
Um das Boese in Schach zu halten.”

Ihre Liebe war so ruehrend  
Ihr Dienst so eine Seltenheit  
Wir waren ueber Woerter hinaus bewegt  
Von ihrem lebensspendenden Gebet.

Diese hundert vier und vierzig  
Tausend, meine Dame und ich  
Weinten zusammen vor Freude:  
Engelheere standen nebenher.

Dann rief ich aus ihrer Menge  
Hundert vier und vierzig hervor  
Um die Vorlaeufer zu werden  
In diesem ungezaehlten Epos.

Der Schleier war jetzt zugezogen  
Die himmlische Welt war zurueckgelassen

In Koerper aus Fleisch gekleidet  
Waren sie aus der Menschheit geboren.  
  
Weder Schloss oder Palast  
Wuerde ihr Heim auf Erden sein  
Sondern Schuppen, Hoehlen und Huetten  
Bescheidene Herde aus Stein gemeisselt.  
  
Sie nahmen an Kraft zu und wurden reif  
In den Wegen ihrer Angehoerigen  
Jedoch regten sich ihre Seelen oefters,  
Mit einem Verlangen nach Hinausschreiten.  
  
Es war ein tiefes inneres sich Erinnerns  
Das nicht ausgeloescht werden konnte  
Eine praechtige Stadt  
Die jetzt ihr Los war.  
  
Es kam ein Tag wo sie aufbrachen—  
Freunde und Familie zurueckgelassen,  
Um nach blaue Horizonte abzufahren,  
Und heiligen Boden zu suchen.

Mit Herzen voller Leidenschaft,  
Drangen sie vorwaerts bei Tag und Nacht,  
Mit nur Intuition um sie zu der ernannten Stelle  
Zu lenken.

Von den vier Ecken der Erde  
Kamen diese maechtigen Pilger an  
Gewaltige Krieger des Geistes  
Die Laender, Meere und Himmel ueberquerten.

Der Gobi See war die Stelle  
Die das Schicksal ernannt hatte  
Damit diese Menschen ihren erhabenen  
Zweck erfuellen konnten.

Die Pilger hatten  
Ihr Endziel erreicht  
Dann trat einer von ihnen hervor  
Um von einer Vision zu sprechen:

“Es ist unsere Aufgabe  
eine praechtige weisse Stadt zu bauen

Die an Venus und  
Himmlische Architekten erinnert.  
“Auf einer ueppigen, gruenen Insel  
Sind sieben Tempel die heiliges Feuer  
In alabasterne Zufluchtsoerter konzentrieren  
Unsere Aufforderung.  
“Eine schoene Bruecke  
Wird unsere erste Aufgabe sein  
Ueber Saphirblaue Waesser  
Wo andere voruebergehen koennen.  
Aus echtem weissen Marmor  
Das mit dem feinsten Gold gepraegt ist  
Mit lieblichen gegeschnitzten Cherubs ausgekleidet.  
Erinnerungen an alte Zeiten.”  
Im Schweisse ihrer Angesichte  
Leiteten sie die Aufgabe ein  
Sie schleppten Felsen, Steine und Metall;  
Neun hundert Jahre vergingen.

Von den angrenzenden Bergen  
Griffen wilde Horden an  
Um was gebaut war zu zerstoeren.  
Kosmische Ziele jetzt zurueckgeworfen.

Entschlossen und standhaft  
Hielten die Pilger ihr Tempo ein  
Erhoben sich von den Truemmern  
Pflanzten Baeume an ihrer Stelle.

Auf der Spitze der Insel  
War der Haupttempel errichtet  
Wo Sanat Kumaras  
Heilige Fuesse eines Tages streifen wuerden.

Zwoelf Marmorstufen  
Fuehrten zu dem Thron  
Der mit Vollkommenheit von einer hohen  
Vergoldeten Kuppel eingerahmt war.

Eine massive goldene Tuer  
Die Strahlen in die Sonne schimmerte

Wie ein riesiger Spiegel  
Um alle Willkommen zu heissen.  
Hohe Baeume liefen den Weg entlang  
Der zum Tor,  
Spiegelnde Teiche, Regenbogenspringbrunnen,  
Lebhafte gebluemte Parketts fuehrte.  
Ein heiliger Platz war erschaffen  
Wo die Bruederschaft strahlte  
Die Baumeister nannten es Shamballa  
Um sie an zu hause zu erinnern.  
Die Aufgabe war beendet  
Die Altare waren mit  
Zarten Blumen gepflegt  
Die von den hoechst duftenden Blueten gepflueckt waren.  
Sanat Kumara wuerde jetzt kommen  
Denn die Zeit war knapp  
Um sich auf den Weg zur Erde zu machen  
Mit seinem treuen Hof.

Er verabschiedete sich von seiner Dame  
In einer schmerzhaften Umarmung  
Und stieg hinauf ueber Hesperus  
In den Raum der Sterne.

Die Seelen die sich versammelten  
Gaben liebliche Loblieder her  
Und er segnete sie ehrlich  
Mit liebevollem Blick.

Dann zu ihrem Erstaunen  
Verschwand er  
Inmitten einer hell leuchtenden Lichtspur  
Wie der riesige Schwanz eines Kometen.

In Shamballa warteten die Baumeister  
Voller Spannung  
Auf dass ihr Herr erschien  
Um der Erde eine Ruhepause zu geben.  
Die Voegel verstummten ihr Gesang  
Die Meere hoerten auf zu schwanken

Und die ganze Natur wurde still  
An diesem bedeutsamen Tag.  
Langsam und majestaetisch  
Beruehrten seine Fuesse den Boden  
Dann spuerte alles Lebende seine Gegenwart  
Obwohl es keinen Ton gab.  
Neuer Friede, Hoffnung und Trost  
Beruhigte jede bekuemmerte Seele  
Als sein Maechtiger Geist ueber  
Wald, Seen und Huegel gleitete.  
Vertrocknete Blumen die herunterhingen  
Hoben mit neuer Kraft ihre Koepfe,  
Und das Lachen der Kinder  
War wieder zu hoeren.  
Die Baumeister freuten sich  
Sie waren nicht mehr abgespannt  
Und knieten in Danksagung  
Um ihren Herrn zu ehren.

Dann rief auf dem Altar  
Der Alte der Tage  
Mit einem kraeftigen Machtspruch  
Eine blendende Flamme hervor.  
  
Dreifach und ewig,  
Rosa, Gelb und Blau  
Quelle der Liebe, Weisheit, Kraft  
Kostbares Leben erneuert.  
  
Von jedem flackernden Streifen  
Funkelten Filigranfaeden  
Um alle Herzen  
In einem mystischen Gewebe zu verbinden.  
  
Die Krise war vorbei  
Der Planet war erhalten,  
Und die Erde war erloest  
Fuer ein neues goldenes Zeitalter.  
  
Nun musst Du  
Das Ende dieser Geschichte hervorbringen

Wahrend Du Deine Seele durchsuchst  
Fuer die Schluessel die sie enthaelt.  
Schliesse Deine Augen, versuche  
Deine maechtige dreifache Flamme zu sehen  
Die tief in Deinem Herzen verankert ist  
Es ist Dein geistiges Anrecht.  
Pulsierend, lodernd  
Waechst sie und wirbelt herum  
Und hilft Dir Deine Aufgabe zu finden  
Damit Du auch aufsteigen kannst.





# *The Legend of the Ancient of Days in Norwegian*

For lenge siden  
På en stjerne så fjern  
Samlet ett stort Råd seg  
I høytidelighet.

Spørsmålet veiet tungt  
I alles tanker –  
Jordens fremtid,  
Og menneskene der.

Planeten var tynget av  
Konflikt og uenighet,  
Livets mening  
Hadde menneskene glemt.

De var til og med  
Begynt å gå på alle fire.  
I deres øyne og deres sjel  
Hadde Guds sterke Lys sluttet å skinne.

”Jorden må opphøre,”  
Talte det Kosmiske Råd  
”Hennes energi returneres  
Til den Store Primal Sjø.”

Jeg, Sanat Kumara,  
Reiste meg fra min stol  
Og ba for Muligheten  
Fra Dem som stod rundt meg:

”La oss gi dem en sjanse  
Og kanskje med tiden  
Vil menneskene huske:  
De er himmelske vesen.”

”Jeg vil vise dem veien  
Jeg vil stå i første rad

Å bringe nåde til Terra,  
Om Dere endrer Deres plan.”

”Min Sønn,” sa en Eldre,  
”Du kjenner Loven godt –  
Du vil bli bundet til Terra  
Til oppdraget er fullført!”

”For å vinne tilbake hennes folk  
Må ditt Hjertes Flamme  
Inspirere dem til å Elske  
Og bli Frihetens Stjerne.”

”Dette er en ny start  
For menneskebarna  
Ved din Nåde gir vi dem  
En ny himmelsk plan.”

Jeg knelte takknemlig  
Foran den Store Hvite Trone  
Hvor den Navnløse Ene velsignet meg  
Idet jeg dro hjem.

”Min Sønn, de vil kalle deg

Den Eldgamle av Dage

De gir din Store Ånd

Takksigelser og lovsang.”

”Du er velkjent i kosmos

For din evige ungdom

Må ditt Ord nå fare frem

Som en sannhetsfontene.”

”Jeg velsigner deg ved Ånden;

JEG ER DEN JEG ER,

Paktkisten,

Og det Inkarnerte Lammet

Mine skuldrer ble omkranset

Av en kappe med Lys

Kraft, storhet og ære,

Kjærlighet, visdom og mektighet.

Jeg tok farvel med Rådet

Og returnerte til min stjerne

Hvor min skjønnne Venus ventet

Med de Hellige Kumaraer.

Bevingede Budbringere hadde fortalt

Det Kosmiske Råds avgjørelse:

Jorden var blitt gitt

En ny dispensasjon

Vår datter Meta

Tok meg imot med ett kyss.

”Far, vi er takknemlige,” sa hun

”For ditt mot og din tro.”

Selv om vi jublet den natt

Med et høytidelig ball

Var våre hjerter tunget

Med tristhet.

Smerten ved atskillelse

Kunne ikke overses

Når vi tenkte på våre kjære,

Og savnet etter dem.

Årtier vil svinne  
Før vi møtes igjen  
Vårt oppdrag utført  
Vår seier oppnådd.

Skumringen senket seg  
Ett teppe av fred,  
Tvillingstjernen vår glimtet  
I en overjordisk pause  
Da kikket jeg mot fjellene  
Ovrraskelsen var stor  
Mitt øye fanget en spiral  
Av lys som kom nærmere.

Det var mine barns sjeler  
Hundre Førte Fire Tusen  
Som nærmet seg vårt slott  
I gledesfyllt medfølelse  
Broderskapets sang  
Ekkoet lød nedenfra

Fremdeles høres den i dalen

Solens Ode til Gleden.

De nådde balkongen,  
Stoppet, løftet sitt blikk,  
Steg så frem for å tale med meg  
Under en fiolett himmel.

Jeg så i deres leder

Min elskede sønn

Hans lojale stødighet

Var få forunt.

”Vår Far,” sa han,

”Vi har hørt om din bønn.

Vi vil ikke skuffe Deg,

Vi vil kjempe det godes kamp.”

”Vi vil forberede veien

Vi vil verne om Flammen

Vi vil spre kjærighet og lys

Vi vil snakke ved ditt Navn.”

”Vi vil stå ved Din side  
Når Du i kampen går  
Vi vil først gå til Jorden  
For å holde ondskapen vekk.”

Deres kjærlighet var så rørende.

Deres tjeneste så sjelden.

Vi var rørt mer enn ord kan uttrykke

Av deres livgivende bønn.

Disse Hundre Førte Fire Tusen,

min Frue og jeg

Gråt sammen i glede.

Engleskarer stod ved.

Da kalte jeg fra blant dem

Hundre Førte Fire

Som skulle gå foran

I dette ufortalte epos.

Sløret ble nå trukket for

Himmelverdnene tilbakelatt.

Iført kropper av kjøtt  
De ble som mennesket født

Verken slott eller palass  
Skulle bli deres hjem på Jord.  
Heller skur, huler og hytter,  
Ydmyke ildsted gjort av stein.

De vokste i styrke og modenhet  
På slektenes vis.

Men deres sjeler lengtet,  
Med ønske om forandring.

Det var et dypt indre minne  
Det kunne ei viskes bort  
En strålende by  
Som nå ville bli deres skjebne.

En dag seilte de av gårde –  
Forlot venner og familie,  
Mot en blå horisont  
Hellig grunn de søkte

Hjerter fylt av lidenskap,  
De sto på dag som natt,  
Kun intuisjon styrte dem  
Mot det utpekte sted.  
Fra Jordens fire hjørner  
Ankom disse store pilegrimer  
Mektige krigere i ånden  
Krysset land, sjø og himler.  
Gobi Sjøen var stedet  
Skjebnen hadde bestemt  
At disse kunne fullføre  
Sin himmelske plan.  
Pilegrimene hadde nådd  
Deres bestemmelsessted  
Da én blant dem steg frem  
En visjon han talte om.  
"En strålende hvit by  
Må bygges av oss

For å minne om Venus og  
Himmelske arkitekter.”

”På en frodig grønn øy  
Syv templer blir vårt verk  
Hvor den Hellige Ild brenner  
I alabaster krukker.”

”En vakker bro  
Er vår første oppgave  
Over safirblått vann  
Slik at andre kommer fram.”

”Gjort av ekte hvit marmor  
Innlagt er det fineste gull  
Langs kanten skjønne cheruber  
Minner fra tidligere tider.”

Ved pannens svette  
Ble oppgaven innledet  
De halte på stein og metall  
Ni hundre år gikk.

Ned fra naboåsene  
Gikk ville horder til angrep  
Ødela det som var bygget,  
Kosmisk mål tilbakesatt.

Bestemt og konstant  
Sto pilegrimene på  
Løftet seg ut av ruinene  
Plantet trær på dets sted.

Øverst på øyen  
Ble hovedtemplet reist  
Hvor Sanat Kumaras  
Velsignede føtter en dag skulle stå.

Tolv marmor trapper  
Ledet mot Tronen  
Den var perfekt innrammet  
Av en høy gullkuppel.

En massiv gulldør,  
Glitrende stråler i solen

Som et gigantisk speil,

Hilset hver og en.

Høye trær omgav veien

Som ledet opp mot porten

Vannrefleks og regnbuefontener

Strålende blomsterparkett.

Ett hellig sted ble skapt

Hvor Brorskapet skinte

De kalte det Shamballa

Det minnet dem om Hjem.

Oppdraget var utført,

Altrene var pyntet

Med de skjønneste blomster

Fra planter som duftet.

Sanat Kumara vil komme nå

Tiden var knapp.

Reiste til Jorden

Med sitt oppofrende hoff.

Han tok farvel med sin Frue  
I en rørende omfavnelse  
Og steg over Hesperus  
Inn i det stjernefylte rom.  
Sjelene som var samlet  
Hyllet og roste,  
Og Han velsignet dem oppriktig  
Med et kjærlig blikk.  
Så til deres overraskelse  
Midt i en strålende lyssti  
Han forsvant  
Lik en komets enorme hale.  
I Shamballa ventet folk  
Spent på Herren deres  
Som var på vei  
For å gi Jorden fred.  
Fuglesangen stilnet  
Sjøene falt til ro

Naturen ble lydløs  
På denne dag så stor.  
  
Sakte og majestetisk  
Tok føttene hans bakken  
Alt liv følte hans nærvær  
Selv om ingen lyd ble hørt.

Ny fred, håp og trøst  
Enhver byrdet sjel falt til ro  
Idet hans Store Sjel la seg  
Over sjø, berg og skog  
  
Visne blomster som hang  
Med ny styrke hevet de hodet,  
Og barnas latter  
Kunne igjen høres.

De byggende var glade  
De var ikke lenger slitne  
Og knelte i takk,  
For å ære sin Herre.

Den Eldgamle av Dage  
Med en mektig bønn  
Ba om en strålende Flamme  
På alteret så skjønn.  
Trefoldig og udødelig  
Rosa, Gul og Blå  
Kilde til Kjærlighet, Visdom og Kraft  
Fornyer liv så dyrebart.  
Fra hvert flakkende Flammeblad  
Skjød filigri tråder frem  
Som forener hvert Hjerte  
I en mystisk vev  
Krisen var over  
Planeten opprettholdt,  
Og Jorden innfridd  
Til en ny Gyllen Tid.  
Enden av historien  
Er det du selv som må skape,  
Mens du søker i sjelen

Etter nøklene den bærer.  
Lukk dine øyne, prøv å se  
Din Trefoldige Flamme  
Dypt forankret i hjertet  
Det er din åndelige arv.  
Pulserende Flamme  
Den sirkulerer og spinner  
Hjelper deg til ditt mål  
Slik at du òg kan oppstige.



Savaoph, the Ancient of Days by Viktor Vasnetsov



# *The Legend of the Ancient of Days in Swedish*

För länge sedan  
På en avlägsen stjärna  
Samlades ett högtstående råd  
Under allvarlig förberedelse.  
Frågan vägde tungt  
I allas medvetande –  
Det gällde jordens öde,  
Vad som skulle hända med mänskligheten.  
Planeten var nedtyngd  
Av missämja och stridigheter  
Människor hade glömt bort  
Meningen med livet.

De hade till och med börjat  
Gå på alla fyra  
I deras ögon och själar  
Strålade ej längre Guds stora ljus.

”Jorden måste upplösas”  
Dekreterade det kosmiska rådet,  
”Hennes energi återsändas  
Till ursprungets källa.”

Jag, Sanat Kumara  
Reste mig från min stol  
Och åkallade en annan möjlighet  
Från dem som var där:

”Låt oss ge dem en chans  
Så kanske med tiden  
De kommer ihåg  
Att de en gång var gudomliga.

”Jag skall visa dem vägen  
Jag skall utgöra fronten

Och bringa nåd till Terra  
Om ni skulle kunna ändra eder.  
"Min Son," sade en äldste,  
"Du känner väl till lagen –  
Du kommer att vara bunden till Terra  
Tills dina led växer."  
"För att vinna tillbaka hennes folk  
Måste flamman i ditt hjärta  
Inspirera dem att älska  
Och bli Frihetens Stjärna.  
"Detta är en ny begynnelse  
För mänsklighetens barn  
Genom din grace tillerkänner vi dem  
En ny gudomlig plan."  
Jag knäböjde tacksamt  
Framför den Stora Vita Tronen  
Där den Namnlöse välsignade mig  
Inför min resa hem.

”Min Son, de kommer att kalla dig

Den Gamle av Dagar

Och prisa och lovsjunga

Den Store Anden inom dig.

”Du är känd i hela kosmos

För din eviga ungdom

Må ditt Ord nu forsa fram

Likt en fontän av sanning.

”Jag helgar dig med ande

JAG ÄR DEN JAG ÄR,

Förbundsarken

Och det förkroppsligade Lammet.”

En mantel av ljus

Föll ner på mina axlar

Makt, salighet och ära

Kärlek, vishet och kraft.

Jag sade adjö till rådet

Och återvände till min stjärna

Där sköna Venus väntade  
Med Heliga Kumaras.  
Bevingade budbärare hade tillkännagivit  
Kosmiska rådets beslut:  
Att Jorden nu fått löfte om  
En ny dispensation.  
Vår dotter Meta hälsade  
Mig välkommen hem med en kyss.  
”Fader, vi är tacksamma” sade hon  
”För ditt mod och din tro.”  
Fast vi gladdes den natten  
På en storartad bal,  
Var våra hjärta fyllda  
Med ett visst mått av sorg.  
Avskedets smärta  
Kunde inte förträngas  
När vi tänkte på de kära  
Vi alldeles säkert skulle sakna.

Många tidevarv skulle förflyta

Tills vi träffades igen

Vår mission var slutförd

Vår seger i hand.

Gryningsljuset omslöt oss

En pläd av frid,

Vår tvillingstjärna blinkade stilla

av eterisk lättnad.

Sedan vände jag blicken mot bergen

Och till min förvåning

Fick jag syn på en spiral

Av ljus som svävade nära.

Det var mina barns själar –

Etthundrafyrtiofyra tusen

Närmade sig vårt palats

I glädjefylld medkänsla.

Brödraskapets triumfsång

Som ekade underifrån

Klingar fortfarande klar i dessa dalar

Solståndets 'Ode to Joy'.

De sträckte sig efter vår balkong,

Stannade, lyfte sin blick

Sedan steg de fram och tilltalade mig

Under violetta skyar.

Jag såg i deras ledare

Min älskade son

Vars orubbliga lojalitet

Inte överträffades av någon.

"Vår Fader," sade han,

"Vi har hört talas om ditt dilemma

Vi kommer inte att svika dig

Vi kommer att slåss för den goda sakens skull.

"Vi kommer att bana väg

Vi kommer att hjälpa till med att vårda flamman

Vi kommer att sprida kärlek och ljus

Vi kommer att tala i ditt namn.

”Vi kommer att stå vid din sida  
När du begynner striden;  
Vi kommer att åka före till Jorden,  
För att hålla stånd mot ondskan.”

Deras kärlek var så rörande  
Deras tjänande så ovanlig  
Vi rördes till tårar  
Av deras livgivande bön.

Dessa hundrafyrtiofyra  
Tusen, mitt hjärtas dam och jag  
Grät tillsammans av glädje;  
Änglalegioner redo att hjälpa.

Då kallade jag de  
Hundrafyrtiofyra av dem  
Som skulle komma att bli vår förtrupp  
I detta oberättade epos.  
Slöjan hade nu dragits för  
Den himmelska världen lämnats bakom

Iklädda kroppar av kött och blod

Föddes de av mänskligheten.

Varken slott eller palats

Skulle utgöra deras jordiska boning

Snarare kojor, grottor och hyddor

Oansenliga härdar skulpterade i sten.

De växte sig starka och fullbordade

Förvärvandet av sina släkters vanor

Men i deras själar väcktes ofta till liv,

En trängtan att resa sig över detta

Det var ett djupt inre minne

Som inte kunde suddas ut

En magnifik stad

Som nu skulle bli deras öde.

Så kom den dag då de gav sig av –

Vänner och familj lämnade kvar,

För att segla mot blå horisonter

I sökandet efter helig mark.

Hjärtan svämmande över med passion,  
Framåtsträvande dag och natt  
Med intuitionen som enda ledstjärna  
Mot den överenskomna platsen.

Från Jordens fyra hörn  
Anlände dessa nobla pilgrimer  
Mäktiga krigare i anden  
Korsande land, hav och skyar.

Gobisjön var den plats  
Som ödet utsett  
Åt dessa män för fullbordan  
Av deras ädla syfte.

Pilgrimerna hade nått  
Sin slutgiltiga destination  
Då en av dem trädde fram  
För att beskriva en vision.

”En skimrande vit stad  
Skall uppföras av oss

Erinrande om Venus  
Och gudomliga arkitekter.”

”På en yppigt grönskande ö  
Sju tempel vår prestation  
Fokuserande helig eld  
I alabaster retreat.

”En vacker bro  
Blir vår första uppgift  
Över safirblå vatten  
Där andra kan passera.”

”Formad i ren vit marmor  
Ådrad med finaste guld  
Kantad med skulpterade ljuva keruber  
Minnen från forna dagar.”  
I sitt anletes svett  
Begynnande arbetet  
Släpade de klippblock, stenar och metall;  
Niohundra år förflöt.

Ned från angränsande kullar  
Skulle attackerande horder av vildar komma  
För att förstöra vad som byggts upp  
Kosmiskt mål nu fördröjt.  
Beslutsamma och ståndaktiga  
Höll pilgrimerna sitt tempo  
Lyfter upp från stenskärvorna  
Planterar träd i dess ställe.  
Uppe på toppen av ön  
Var det viktigaste templet rest  
Där Sanat Kumaras  
Heliga fötter en dag skulle vandra.  
Tolv trappsteg i marmor  
Leder upp till tronen  
Inramad med fulländning  
Av en hög förgylld dom.  
En massiv gulddörr  
Skimrar och strålar i solen

Som en gigantisk spegel  
För att välkomna var och en.  
  
Höga träd kantade vägen  
Som leder upp till porten  
Återspeglade pooler, regnbågsfontäner  
Vibrerande blomstersängar.  
En helig plats hade skapats  
Där broderskap utstrålades  
Byggarna kallade den Shamballa  
För att påminna dem om sitt hem.  
  
Uppgiften var slutförd  
Altarna var utsmyckade  
Med späda blommor  
Plockade från de blommor som var mest väldoftande.  
  
Sanat Kumara skulle komma nu  
För tiden hade nästan runnit ut  
  
Avresa till Jorden  
Med sitt hängivna hov.

Han sade farväl till sitt hjärtas dam

I en smärtfylld omfamning

Och uppsteg över Hesperus

Uti Stjärnerymden.

De själar som samlades

Bjöd på ljuva lovsånger

Och han välsignade dem uppriktigt

Med tillgiven blick.

Då han till deras förvåning

Försvann mitt i ett

Strålande ljusspår

Likt den vidsträckta svansen på en komet.

Shamballa väntade

Byggarna med återhållen andedräkt

På att deras Herre skulle återvända

För att ge Jorden lite vila.

Fåglarnas sång tystande

Haven slutade gunga

Och hela naturen tystnade

Denna monumentala dag.

Sakta och majestätiskt

Nuddade hans fötter vid marken

Då kände allt liv hans närvaro

Trots att det inte hördes ett ljud.

Ny frid, hopp och tröst

Stillade varje orolig själ

När hans Store Ande svepte

Över skogar, sjöar och berg.

Visnande blommor som hängde

Reste sina huvuden med nyfunnen styrka

Och skratten från barn kunde

Höras igen.

Byggarna var lyckliga

De var inte längre modlösa

De knäböjde i tacksamhet

För att hedra sin Herre.

Sedan åkallade  
Den Gamle av Dagar  
Med en kraftfull befallning bildandet av  
En bländande flamma på altaret.  
  
Trefaldig och odödlig  
Rosa, gul och blå  
Källa för kärlek, visdom och kraft  
Förnyande dyrbart liv.  
  
Från varje flämtande plym  
Framträdde filligramstrådar  
För att sammanbinda allas hjärtan  
I en mystisk väv.  
  
Krisen var över  
Planeten bars upp,  
Och jorden var räddad  
För en ny gyllene tidsålder.  
  
Slutet på denna berättelse  
Är det du som skall skapa

När du söker i din själ

Efter de nycklar den har.

Slut dina ögon och försök att se

Din mäktiga trefaldiga flamma

Förankrad djupt i ditt hjärta

Den är ditt andliga arv.

Pulserande, lysande

Växer och spinner den

Och hjälper dig hitta din livsuppgift

Så du också kan göra din himmelsfärd.



Damian, The Ancient of Days

# *The Legend of the Ancient of Days in Finnish*

Kauan kauan sitten  
kaukaisella tahdella  
kokoontui mahtava neuvosto.  
Jokaisella mielessään raskas kysymys—  
kysymys maapallon kohtalosta,  
kuinka menetellä ihmiskunnan kanssa.  
Planeetalla vallitsi epäsopu ja riita  
Ihmiset olivat unohtaneet  
elämän tarkoituksen.  
He olivat menneet niin alas,  
että kulkivat nelinkontin.

Jumalan suuri valo oli sammunut  
heidan silmistään ja sieluistaan.

Kosminen neuvosto maarasi  
maapallon havitettavaksi  
ja maan voimakentan palautettavaksi  
suureen alkumereen.

Mina, Sanat Kumara istuimeltani nousin,  
lasnaolevilta mahdollisuutta anoin:  
“Mahdollisuus heille antakaamme,  
he ehkä aikojen saatossa alkavat muistaa  
kerran Jumaluutta olleensa.”

“Mina naytan heille tien,  
Etunenassa kuljen.  
Maahan armon tuon.  
Jospa mielenne muuttaisitte.”

“Poikani”, eras vanhimmista virkkoi,  
“lain hyvin tunnet—

maahan sidottu olet,  
kunnes joukkosi siellä kasvaa.

Jotta voittaisit maan ihmiset takaisin valoon,  
taytyy sydamesi liekin heita inspiroida  
rakastamaan ja muuttamaan maan  
vapauden tahdeksi.

Tama olkoon uusi alku ihmislapsille.  
Armollisuutesi tahden myonnamme heille  
Tuoreen Jumalallisen suunnitelman.”

Polvistuin kiittollisena  
Suuren Valkoisen Valtaistuimen edessa  
missa Suuri Nimeton minut siunasi  
kun lahdin kotiani kohti.

“Poikani, he kutsuvat sinua “Paivien Vanhimmaksi”  
ja kiittavat ja ylistavat Suurta Henkea sinussa.

Sinun ikuinen nuoruutesi tunnetaan  
maailmankaikkeuden aaria myoten.  
Sanasi nyt pulputkoon

kuin totuuden lahde.

Voitelen sinut Mina Olen Lasnaolon,  
Liiton Arkin ja ruumiistuneen Karitsan Hengella.”

Valo, voima, valta ja kunnia,  
rakkaus, viisaus ja mahti  
laskeutuivat hartioilleni manttelin tavoin.

Neuvoston hyvästelin  
Ja palasin tahdelleni  
Missa Venus minua odotti Pyhien Viisaiden kanssa

Siivekkaat lahettilaat olivat jo ilmoittaneet  
Kosmisen Neuvoston päätöksen,  
että maalle oli myönnetty uusi armonaika.

Tyttaremmen Meta suudelmin  
toivotti minut tervetulleeksi kotiin.

Hän virkkoi:

“Isa, kiitämme sinua rohkeudestasi ja uskostasi.”

Vaikka sina iltana  
suuressa juhlassa riemuitsimme,

sydamissamme painoi surullisuus.  
Silla rakkaitamme tulisimme ikavoimaan.  
Aikakausia kuluisi  
ennenkuin kohtaisimme jalleen,  
tehtavamme voittoisasti suoritettuumme.  
Hamaran tullessa  
rauha yllemme laskeutui  
ja kaksoistahtemme ystavallisesti tuikki.  
Vuorille katseeni nousi,  
ja suuri oli hammastykseni  
kun valon pyörteen lahestyvan nain  
Lasteni sielut,  
sata neljakymmentä neljä tuhatta kaikkiaan,  
lahestyivat palatsiamme  
iloa ja myötätuntoa sateillen.  
Veljeskunnan savelma  
joka ympärillä kaikui  
Yha vielä kirkaasti soi  
kaannekohdan Oodia Ilolle.

Parvekkeellemme he laskeutuivat,  
katsoivat ympärilleen,  
lahestyivät minua, puhutellakseen  
violetin taivaan alla.  
Heidan johtajansa  
omaksi pojakseni tunnistin  
eika hanen vahvaa uskollisuuttaan  
horjuttanut kukaan.  
“Meidan Isamme”, han sanoi,  
“Tehtavastasi olemme kuulleet, taistelemme rinnallasi,  
emmeka sinua jata.  
Tien valmistamme  
ja liekin palavana pidamme,  
Rakkautta ja valoa levitamme  
ja nimeasi julistamme.  
Taistelussa rinnallasi seisomme  
Maahan ensimmäisinä laskeudumme  
ja pahuuden aisoissa pidamme.”

Heidan rakkautensa oli niin herkistavaa  
palvelunsa niin harvoin koettua,  
etta aivan mykistyimme  
heidan elaman antavasta rukouksestaan.  
Nama sata neljakymmentanelja tuhatta  
Lady Venus ja mina  
Ilosta itkimme enkelilegioonien ymparoimina.

Kutsuin sitten heidan joukostaan  
Sata neljakymmenta nelja  
Edellakavijoiksi tahan  
kirjoittamattomaan eepokseen.

Verho oli nyt syrjaan vedetty  
Taivasmaailma taakse jatetty.  
He syntyivat lihallisiin kehoihin  
Ihmiskunnan keskuuteen.

Eivat linnat eivatka palatsit  
Tulisi olemaan heidan maallisia kotejaan

Vaan tonot, luolat ja mokit  
Yksinkertaiset kiviset tulisijat.

He vahvistuivat ja varttuivat  
kanssaihmistensa keskella.  
mutta sielunsa levottomia olivat  
muutokseen halua tunsivat.

Sisaista muistoa ei pois voinut pyyhkia:

Heidan tehtavanaan oli rakentaa  
mahtava kaupunki.

Koitti paiva jolloin he lahtivat  
Ystavat ja perheen taakse jattivat  
Purjehtiakseen kohti taivaanrantaa  
Etsiakseen pyhaa maata.

Kiihkein rinnoin matkaten

Paivin ja oin

Vain intuitio oppaanaan kiiruhtivat  
Maaranpaata kohti.

Jokaiselta maan kolkalta  
Nama pyhiinvaeltajat saapuivat  
Hengen mahtavat soturit  
Maitten merten ja ilmojen halki.  
Kohtalon maaraama paikka oli Gobin Meri  
Missa tarkea tehtavansa tuli suorittaa.  
Pyhiinvaeltajat olivat  
Paamaaransa saavuttaneet.  
Eras keskuudestansa nousi  
Nakemyksestansa kertoen.  
Meidan tulee rakentaa  
Loistava valkoinen kaupunki  
Joka Venuksen Jumalallisten arkkitehtien  
Luomuksia muistuttaa.  
Kasvillisuutta pursuavalla  
viherioivalla saarella  
saavutuksemme olkoon seitseman temppele,  
jotka pyhitetaan jumalalliselle tulelle

alabasteri tyysijoissa.

Ensimmäinen tyomme olkoon kaunis silta

Safiirin sinisten vetten yli.

Puhtaasta valkoisesta marmorista muotoiltu

Hienoimmalla kullalla kirjailtu

Reunustettu suloisilla kerubeilla

Muistuttaen menneistä ajoista.

Otsansa hiessa tyohon ryhtyivät

Siirsivät kivia, lohkareita ja metallia,

siihen kului 900 vuotta.

Ympäroivilta kukkuloilta villit hyökkäsivät,

tuhotakseen mita rakennettu oli,

kosmisen paamaaran tuonnemmaksi siirtäen.

Maaratietoisina ja lakkaamatta

Pyhiinvaeltajat tyotaan jatkoivat

Raunioista nousten

Puita tilalle istuttaen.

Saaren ylimmälle kukkulalle

Nousi tärkein temppeli

Missa Sanat Kumaran pyhat jalat  
kerran tulisivat astumaan.

Kaksitoista marmoriaskelmaa  
Johti ylos valtaistuimelle  
Joka oli ymparoity korkealla kupolilla

Ja auringossa kimmelsi  
Kuin jattilaispeili  
Mahtava kultainen ovi  
Toivottaen jokaisen tervetulleeksi  
Suuret puut, kimaltavat vesialtaat,  
Sateenkaarilahteet  
Ja sateilevat kukkaistutukset  
reunustivat portille johtavaa polkua.

Luotiin pyha paikka,  
missa veljeys asui  
rakentajat sita Shamballaksi kutsuivat  
ja se muistutti heidan kotiaan.  
Työ oli valmis

Alttarit ymparoity

Hennoilla, mita ihanimmin tuoksuvilla kukkasilla.

Sanat Kumaran oli juuri maara tulla

Silla aikaa oli enaa vahan

Hanan lahtea maapallolle

uskollisen hovivakensa kanssa

Han rakkaansa hyvasteli hellasti syleillen

nousi Hesperuksen ylle

tahtienväliseen avaruuteen.

Kokoontuneet sielut

Ylistyslauluja lauloivat

Ja han heidat siunasi

Rakastavalla katseellaan.

Heidan hammastyksekseen

Kirkkaan valon keskella

Han haipyi pois

Kuin komeetan pyrsto

Rakentajat Shamballassa

Odottivat henkeään pidattaen  
Mestarinsa ilmestymistä  
Maalle levon antamaan  
Linnut laulunsa lopettivat  
Meren aallot tyntyivät  
Koko luonto hiljeni  
Tana muistorikkaana päivänä  
Hitaasti ja arvokkaasti  
hanen jalkansa maata koskettivat  
ja kaikki eläva hänen lasnaolonsa tunsi  
vaikka kaikki oli hiljaista  
Uusi rauha, toivo ja rakkaus laskeutui  
Vaikerointi hiljeni  
Kun hänen Mahtava Henkensä  
kulki yli maiden, metsien ja järvien  
Lakastuneet kukat jälleen virkosivat  
Ja lasten nauru taas raikui  
Rakentajat iloitsivat

Eivat enaa murhetta muistaneet  
Kiitollisina polvistuivat  
Herraansa kunnioittamaan

Sitten alttarin edessa  
Tietaja lanikuinen  
Mahtikaskylla  
Kutsui sateilevan liekin  
Kolminkertaisen, kuolemattoman liekin  
Vaaleanpunaisen, keltaisen ja sinisen  
Rakkauden, viisauden ja voiman lahteen  
Joka elaman uudeksi loi.

Jokaisesta vareilevasta teralehdesta  
Sukelsi esiin lankoja,  
Jotka jokaisen sydamen yhdistivat  
Mystisen verkon tavoin.

Kriisi oli ohi,  
Ja planeetta saattoi jatkaa elamaansa,

Maa oli pelastettu  
uutta kultaista aikaa varten.  
  
Nyt on teidän aikanne  
Luoda tämän tarinan loppu  
Kun sielussanne tutkitte  
Sen antamia avaimia.  
  
Sulkekaa silmanne ja yrittakaa nahda  
Oma mahtava kolminkertainen liekkiinne  
Ankkuroituna syvällä sydämessänne  
Henkisen elämänne ytimessä  
  
Sykkien, leimuten  
se kasvaa ja pyorii  
Auttaen teitä tehtävänne löytämään  
Niin että tekin voitte saavuttaa  
Ylösnousemuksen.



Ancient of Days, Monastery in Vienna

# *The Legend of the Ancient of Days in Dutch*

Een lange tijd geleden  
Op een verre ster  
Kwam een vooraanstaande raad  
In een plechtige zitting bijeen.  
De vraag woog zwaar  
In ieder's gedachten  
't Was het lot van de aarde,  
Wat te doen met 't mensdom.  
De planeet ging gebukt  
Onder onenigheid en bittere strijd

De mensheid was  
De doelstelling van het leven kwijt.  
Men bewoog zich nu voort  
Op handen en voeten  
In hun ogen en zielen  
Scheen God's grootse licht niet meer.  
"De aarde moet worden opgelost"  
Was 't vonnis van de kosmische raad  
"Haar energie moet teruggekeert  
Naar de oorspronkelijke staat".  
Ik, Sanat Kumara  
Stond op uit mijn stoel  
En riep een Mogelijkheid aan  
in een voorstel aan alle aanwezigen:  
"Laat ons hen een kans geven  
En misschien na verloop van tijd  
Zullen deze mensen zich herinneren  
Dat ze ooit goddelijk waren.

"Ik zal hen het voorbeeld geven  
Ik zal het front vormen  
En barmhartigheid naar de Aarde brengen  
Als U van gedachten verandert".

"Mijn zoon," zei een ouderling  
"Je kent de wet goed-  
Je zal aan aarde gebonden zijn  
tot je manschappen groeien.

Om de mensheid terug te winnen  
Moet de vlam in je hart  
Hen inspireren tot liefde  
En de vrijheid's-ster te worden.

"Dit is een verse start  
Voor mensheid's kinderen  
Bij uw gratie veroorloven we hen  
Een nieuw goddelijk plan."  
Uit dankbaarheid knielde ik  
Voor de Grote Witte Troon

Waar de Naamloze mij zegende

Wijl ik op weg naar huis ging.

"Mijn zoon, ze zullen je

de Oude der Dagen noemen

En glorie en lof aan je

Grote Geest toezwaaien.

Overal in het heelal sta je bekend

Om je eeuwige jeugd

Moge je Woord nu voorgaan

Als een bron van waarachtigheidheid.

Ik zelf je met de Geest,

de IK BEN DAT IK BEN,

De ark des verbonds,

En het opgenomen Lam

Op mijn schouders viel

Een mantel van licht,

Kracht, glorie en eer

Liefde, wijsheid en macht.

Ik zei de raad vaarwel  
En keerde terug naar mijn ster  
Waar schone Venus me opwachtte  
Met de Heilige Kumaras.  
Gevleugelde boodschappers hadden de  
beslissing van de kosmische raad aangekondigd:  
Dat aarde was nu  
Een nieuwe dispensatie vergund.  
Onze dochter Meta  
verwelkomde me met een kus.  
"Vader, we zijn dankbaar," zei ze  
"Voor je moed en vertrouwen."  
Alhoewel we ons die nacht amuseerden  
tijdens een grandioos, formeel bal  
Waren onze harten bezwaard  
Met een mate van smart.  
De pijn van de scheiding  
kon niet worden verborgen

Als we aan de geliefden dachten  
Die we zouden moeten missen.  
Het zou een eeuwigheid duren  
Eer we elkaar weer zouden ontmoeten  
Onze missie volbracht  
Onze overwinning nabij.  
De ochtend schemering kwam over ons  
Als een vredige deken,  
Onze tweeling ster twinkelde zachtjes  
Met een hemelse belofte van hernieuwde hoop.

Toen keek ik naar de bergen  
en tot mijn verbazing  
Ving mijn oog een nabij zwevende  
Spiraal van licht op.  
" Waren de zielen van mijn kinderen-  
Honderd-vier-en-veertig-duizend  
Zij benaderden ons paleis  
Met vreugdevol medeleven  
Het lied der broederschap,

Dat beneden weerklonk:  
De Solstitium's Ode aan Vreugde  
Resoneert nog steeds in deze valleien.

Zij bereikten ons balkon,  
Stopten, keken op,  
En traden voort om mij aan te spreken,  
Onder purperen hemel.

Ik zag in hun leider  
Mijn geliefde zoon  
Wiens trouwe standvastigheid  
Door niemand werd geevenaard.

"Onze Vader," zei hij,  
"We hebben uw benarde toestand gehoord  
We zullen U niet afvallen,  
We zullen voor het goede doel vechten.  
"We zullen de weg vrij maken  
We zullen voor de vlam zorgen  
We zullen liefde en licht verspreiden

We zullen spreken in Uw naam.

"We zullen aan Uw zijde staan

Als U de strijd in gaat

Wij zullen als eersten naar de Aarde gaan

Om het kwaad op afstand te houden."

Hun liefde was zo dierbaar

Hun dienstbaarheid van zo'n zeldzame aard

Hun leven-gevende gebed

Liet ons sprakeloos.

Deze honderd-vier-en-veertig-duizend,

Mijn dame en ik

huilden tezamen uit vreugde;

Terwijl engelen-legioenen ons bijstonden.

Daarop benoemde ik vanuit deze groep

Een honderd-en-vier-en-veertig

Tot onze voorbodes

In dit niet eerder verhaalde heldendicht.

De sluier was nu dichtgetrokken

De hemelse wereld was achter gelaten  
Met lichamen van vlees  
Werden ze door de mensheid in het leven gebracht

Noch kasteel noch palijs  
werd hun aadse behuizing  
Maar keten, holen en hutten,  
Met nederige, uit steen gebeitelde haarden.

Zij werden sterk en groeiden op  
In de gewoonten van hun verwanten  
Maar in hun ziel waren ze vaak bewogen  
Door een verlangen om dit bestaan te overtreffen.

't Was een diepe innerlijke herinnering  
Die niet kon uitgevaagd  
Van een prachtige stad  
Dat nu hun bestemming zou worden.  
De dag kwam waarop zij vertrokken-  
Vrienden en familie achterlatend,

Om hun vleugels uit te slaan

Op zoek naar heilige grond.

Met harten vol vuur,

Gingen zij voort, dag en nacht,

Met slechts hun intuïtie om hen  
naar de afgesproken plaats te leiden.

Vanuit alle winstreken

Arriveerden deze pelgrims,

Machtige spirituele strijders,

Land, zee en lucht doorkruisend.

De Zee van Gobi was

De toegewezen plaats

Voor deze mannen om hun

Sublieme voornemen te verwezenlijken.

De pelgrims hadden hun

laatste bestemming bereikt

Toen een van hen naar voren trad

Om van een visie te spreken:

Het is aan ons om  
Een schitterende witte stad te bouwen  
't zal ons aan Venus herinneren  
En de goddelijke architecten.  
"Op een weelderig, groen eiland  
Zeven tempels, onze prestatie,  
concentreerden 't heilige vuur  
in retraites van alabaster.  
"Een mooie brug  
Is onze eerste project  
Waar men kan gaan over  
saffier-blauwe wateren.  
Gevormd van zuiver wit marmer,  
Ingelegd met het fijnste goud,  
Begrensd door lieve cherubijnen,  
Gebeeldhouwde gedachtenissen van een vroegere tijd  
In het zweet des aanschijs  
De taak beginnend

Vervoerden zij rotsen, stenen en metaal;  
Negen honderd jaar ging voorbij.  
Vanuit naburige, laaggelegen heuvels  
Vielen primitieve hordes ons aan  
Om al dat gebouwd was te vernietigen  
Het kosmische doel onderging een terugslag  
Vastberaden en standvastig  
behielden de pelgrims hun tempo  
Onder de brokken uitkomend  
Plantten zij er bomen in de plaats  
Op de top van het eiland  
Werd de hoofd-tempel opgezet  
Welke op een dag door Sanat Kumara's  
Gezegende voeten zou worden aangeraakt.  
Twaalf marmeren treden  
Leidden naar de troon  
die perfect omlijst was  
door een hoge, vergulde koepel

Een massive gouden deur  
Glinsterende stralen in de zon  
Als een gigantische spiegel  
Om ieder te verwelkomen.

Hoge bomen begrepsden het pad  
Dat leidde naar de poort,  
Spiegelende poelen, regenboogfontijnen  
En bloemenparketten vol leven en energie.

Er was een heilige plaats gecreeerd  
Waar broederschap hoog in het vaandel stond  
De bouwers noemde het Shamballa  
Om hen aan thuis te herinneren.

De opdracht was voltooid  
De altaren waren verzorgd  
Met de fijnste bloemen  
Geplukt van de geurigste blossen.

Sanat Kumara zou nu komen  
Want het was bijna tijd

Om naar de Aarde te gaan

Met z'n trouwe hofhouding.

Hij nam afscheid van zijn Dame

Met een ontroerende omhelzing

En steeg op o'er Hesperus

In stellaire ruimte.l

De zielen die bijeen kwamen

Offreerden lieflijke hymnes van lof

En hij zegende hen in oprechtheid

Met een liefhebbende blik.

Tot hun verbazing

temidden een briljante lichtstreep

verdween hij

Als een enorme staart van een komeet.

In Shamballa wachtten de bouwers

Met ingehouden adem

Op de aankomst van hun meester

Zodat aarde tot rust kon komen.

De vogelzang verstilde  
De zeeën staakten hun ritmische beweging  
De gehele natuur werd stil  
op deze grootse dag.  
Langzaam en statig  
Kwamen zijn voeten op de grond  
En hoewel er geen geluid was,  
Voelde al dat leefde zijn aanwezigheid.  
Vernieuwde vrede, hoop en comfort  
Kalmeerde de verontruste zielen  
Wijl zijn Grote Geest  
Bossen, meren en heuvels bestreek.  
Verwelkte bloemen die waren gaan hangen  
Verhieven hun hoofd met hernieuwde kracht,  
Het gelach van kinderen  
Was wederom te horen.  
De bouwers waren gelukkig  
Zij waren niet langer vermoeid

En knielden in Dankbaarheid  
Uit eerbetoon voor hun Lord.  
  
Vervolgens, aan het altaar,  
Riep de Oude der Dagen  
Met een krachtig bevel  
Een lumineus stralende vlam op.  
Drievoudig en onsterfelijk  
Roze, Geel en Blauw  
Bron van liefde, wijsheid, kracht  
Vernieuwde het waardevolle leven  
Vanuit elke schitterende pluim  
kwamen filigrane draden voort  
Die ieder's hart verbonden  
in een mystiek netwerk.  
De crisis was voorbij,  
Het bestaan van de planeet was behouden,  
De Aarde gered  
Voor een nieuwe Gouden Eeuw.

Nu is het eind van dit verhaal  
Aan u om te schrijven  
Als u in uw ziel op zoek gaat  
Naar de sleutels dat het bevat.  
Sluit uw ogen en probeer  
Uw prachtige drievoudige vlam te zien  
Die diep in uw hart is verankerd,  
't Is uw spirituele claim.  
Al pulserend en vlammend  
groeit het en draait het in de rondte  
U helpende uw missie te vinden  
Zodat ook u kunt oprijzen.



The Ancient of Days at the Pantokratoros Monastery

# *The Legend of the Ancient of Days in Russian*

О, это было так давно –  
Не счесть ушедших дней.  
Великий собрался Совет  
Вершить судьбу людей.

Вопрос лежал как тяжкий груз  
На сердце у Владык:  
Что делать нам с планетой той,  
Где человек поник?

Упал в разладе и борьбе,  
Планету очернив.  
Жил, пребывая в темноте,  
Цель жизни позабыв.

Почти на четвереньки встал,  
И с давних, давних пор  
В глазах и душах не сиял  
Божественный костер.

Всё. Решено. Земле не быть –  
Постановил Совет. –  
Вернуть энергию её  
В первопричины свет.

Тут я, Санат Кумара, встал,  
К Совету говорил  
И дать возможность для Земли  
Собравшихся просил.

"Прошу Совет дать новый шанс:  
С течением времен,  
Возможно, вспомнит человек,  
Что Богом он рожден".

"Я сам и путь им укажу,  
Встав на передний край.  
Я милосердьё понесу.  
Совет, возможность дай".

"Сын мой, – старейшина сказал, –  
Ты знаешь сам закон:  
Привязан будешь ты к Земле  
На множество времен,  
Пока огонь твоей души  
Людей воспламенит,  
Свободу принести Земле  
Любовью вдохновит.

Да будет так. И для землян  
Сегодня новый дан  
По милосердьё твоему  
Божественный их план».

Я в благодарности святой  
Колени преклонил,  
И Безымянный на пути  
Меня благословил.

И он ещё сказал: «Сын мой,  
Ты вечно юный тут,  
Но Ветхим Днями там тебя  
С почтеньем назовут.

И будут возносить хвалу,  
Признав Великий Дух,  
Коль Слово Истины твоё  
Порвет порочный круг.

Помазываю я тебя  
Духом Я ЕСМЬ Священным.  
Он есть Ковчег заветный мой  
И Агнец воплощенный.

На плечи мантия легла –  
Благословенный свет.  
В ней сила, мудрость и любовь –  
Основа всех побед.

И я отправился домой –  
Туда, где меня ждал  
С Венерой милою моей  
Отряд святых Кумар

Летели вестники вперед,  
Неся по миру весть,  
Что диспенсация дана,  
И шанс у Терры есть.

При встрече Мета обняла,  
«Отец, – сказала мне –  
За веру, мужество твое  
Так благодарны все».

О, как же радовались мы,  
И был большой прием,  
Но где-то в самой глубине  
Таился грусти ком.

Как трудно было в этот час  
Нам справиться с собой –  
Ведь каждый знал, что скоро ждет  
Его разлуки боль.

До встречи, может быть, пройдут  
Эоны долгих лет,  
Свершиться миссия должна  
Полнейшей из побед.

Спускались сумерки с небес,  
Как мира покрывало,  
Спокойно глядя с высоты,  
Моя звезда мерцала.

Вот я на горы посмотрел –  
И вдруг увидел: там  
Спираль из света извилась  
И приближалась к нам.

Узнал своих я сыновей,  
Летящих ко дворцу -  
Сто сорок четыре тысячи  
Так преданных Отцу.

И наполнял долину свет  
И гимна мощный звук:  
То ода Радости росла,  
Заполнив всё вокруг.

Они приблизились ко мне,  
Здесь под балконом встав;  
Блеск фиолетовых небес  
Горел у них в глазах.

Их предводитель – я узнал –  
Возлюбленный мой сын,  
Не раз он верность доказал.  
Тут он заговорил:

«Отец! Услышали мы весть  
О миссии твоей.  
Её разделим мы с тобой,  
Веди нас в бой скорей.

Тебе мы подготовим путь  
И пламя сохраним,  
И понесем любовь и свет  
Мы с именем твоим.

И рядом будем мы с тобой  
В сраженье до тех пор,  
Пока всем силам зла Земли  
Мы не дадим отпор.

Их бескорыстная любовь  
И верность без конца  
До самой тайной глубины  
Затронула сердца.

И мы стояли, замерев,  
И ангелы стояли.  
А слезы радости в тот миг  
В глазах у всех сияли.

И я призвал своих сынов  
Сто сорок четырех –  
Тех, кто отправится вперед,  
Кто первым стать готов.

И вот оставлен звездный мир,  
И занавес упал.  
Был каждый на Земле рожден  
И человеком стал.

То был мир хижин и лачуг –  
Ни замков, ни дворцов.  
Пещеры пламенным сердцам  
Дадут приют и кров.

Крепчали в мужестве они  
Среди своих племен,  
Но каждый сердцем и душой  
Был к звездам устремлен.

Ведь память тайная души  
Звала их за собой.  
Прекрасный город снился им,  
Что должен стать судьбой.

И день пришел – они ушли,  
Своих оставив жен,  
На поиски святой земли  
За синий горизонт.

Стремилась чистые сердца  
И день и ночь вперед,  
И каждый так был устремлен,  
Как будто кто ведет.

Стекались с четырех сторон,  
Со всех концов земли  
Те пилигримы, что моря  
И небо – всё прошли.

И море Гоби было им  
Назначено судьбой  
Тем местом, где должны творить  
Великий подвиг свой.

И вот все вместе собрались.  
Один из них сказал:  
Дано виденье было мне,  
И вот что я узнал:

Должны мы город возвести –  
Великий белый град.  
Там будут белые дома,  
Как на Венере сад.

Зеленый остров изберем,  
Чтоб храмы заложить,  
Число тех храмов ровно семь,  
Чтоб в них огонь хранить.

Сначала мы построим мост,  
И каждый, кто пройдет,  
Увидит, как прекрасен он  
Над изумрудом вод.

Там белый мрамор, словно снег,  
Из золота убор.  
Резные ангелы стоят,  
Как память о былом.

И вот работа началась  
И шла лет девятьсот.  
Гранили камень и металл,  
Рекою лился пот,  
И отбивали дикарей,  
Свой защищая стан:  
Стремилась те разрушить всё,  
Сорвать вселенский план.  
С упорством дивным мастера  
Свой продолжали труд.  
Где были глыбы из камней –  
Деревья расцветут.  
На островной вершине храм  
Воздвигнут первым был.  
Он ждал, чтобы Санат Кумара сам  
Его благословил.  
Прекрасный купол золотой  
Скрывал могучий трон.  
Из мрамора ступеней ряд  
На возвышенья вел.  
Под солнцем золотая дверь  
Как зеркало сияла,  
Как будто каждого войти  
С любовью приглашала.  
Вокруг деревьев чудный строй,  
Пруды, цветы и травы,  
И поднимались над землей,  
Как радуга, фонтаны.

О Шамбала – святилище,  
Свет Братства над тобой.  
О, Шамбала – священный звук,  
Что нас зовет домой.

Исполнилось: построена!  
Все алтари в цветах  
Благоуханных, что росли  
Вокруг в ее садах.

Готово всё, ждала Земля,  
Когда замкнется круг -  
Санат Кумара ступит сам  
В сопровожденье слуг.

Сказал любимой он «прощай» –  
В объятьях нежный пыл –  
Оставил, и к Звезде чужой  
С Геспера воспарил.

Он поднимался плавно вверх –  
Запели славы гимн –  
И взглядом огненным в любви  
Он всех благословил.

Из света разрастался шлейф,  
Как у кометы хвост,  
И в этом шлейфе вдруг исчез  
Тот, кто спасенье нес.

А Шамбала уже ждала,  
Ждал, замерев народ,  
Когда во славе и красе  
Его Господь придет.

И моря был неслышен шум  
И птиц неслышен крик,  
Никто не смел нарушить тут  
Торжественный сей миг.

И вот величественно он  
Земли ногой коснулся.  
Неслышно на неё ступил –  
А мир перевернулся

Надежда, утешенье мир  
Вошли в сердца и души,  
Когда великий дух летел  
Над гладью вод и сушей.

Головки подняли цветы –  
Те, что уже увяли,  
А голоса детей и смех  
Вновь Землю наполняли.

Строители счастливые  
Усталость позабыли  
И, Господу воздав хвалу,  
Колени преклонили.

Могущественный дал Указ  
Великий Ветхий Днями,  
Чтоб вспыхнуло на алтаре  
Сияющее пламя.

Сияя желтым, голубым  
И розовым, оно  
Всем силу, мудрость и любовь,  
А с ними жизнь несло.

Из язычков тянулась нить,  
Тонка – не рассмотреть,  
Соединяя все сердца  
В мистическую сеть.

И кризис был преодолен.  
Планета ожила.  
На век грядущий золотой  
Надежда вновь дана.

Конец истории, мой друг,  
Теперь тебе вершить.  
Ищи ключи, что скрыты в ней,  
Во глубине души.

Закрой глаза и посмотри –  
Ты в сердце посмотри:  
Горят три дивных лепестка  
На алтаре любви.

Они пульсируют, растут  
И светят на пути,  
Чтоб вознесение своё  
И ты сумел найти.



# The Legend of the Ancient of Days in Chinese

很久以前

在一個遙遠的星球上  
正很嚴肅地召開一個宇宙會議

每位長老的心頭都很沉重  
由於人類不斷的紛爭與戰亂  
地球將面臨被銷毀的命運  
但是如果地球真被毀滅了  
那麼人類的命運又將如何呢

人類不僅會忘記自己真正生命的目的  
甚至開始變回四肢爬行的動物  
而在他們的眼中再也看不到上帝的榮耀

議會長老們在沒有選畢餘地下宣佈  
“地球必須銷毀  
並將其能量回歸原始”

我，聖納車瑪拉，從座位上站起來  
為地球上的人類求情

“讓我們再給他們一次機會  
或許有一天他們會記得  
他們來自於哪裡  
而認識真正自我 ”

“如果長老們願意再給地球一次機會的話  
我願意前往到地球去帶領人類和引導他們  
並將上帝的恩慈帶給他們 ”

“我的孩子 ”，長老說  
“你是知道宇宙的法律  
你將會留在地球上  
直到你感化足□ **的人你才能回來 ”**

“要感化他們  
你必須教導□ 發他們如何去愛  
直到地球成為一個自由的星球  
而這不是一件容易的事 ”

“憑著你對地球人類的熱愛及慈悲之心  
我們答應你的請求  
再給地球及人類一個新生的機會 ”

我感激地跪在壇前  
並接受他們給我的祝福

“我的孩子，從此以後人們將稱呼你  
為古老的領導者  
榮耀並讚美你的精神

你也會以此知名於整個宇宙

願你的福音真理遍佈各地  
就像源源不盡的泉源 "

“我將神權交付於你  
願你肩負著這神聖的使命  
能早日帶領這些迷途羔羊回家 ”

頓時我感受到神的榮耀輻臨我身  
權力、榮耀、愛和智慧集於一身

我告別了長老們  
回到我的星球  
看到親愛的兄弟姐妹們早已在等著我的歸來  
原來天使們已經先來告知議會的決定：  
地球已獲得了一個重生的機會

我的女兒美塔在進門時給我一個親吻  
並說“父親，我們非常感謝你的勇氣及信心 ”

雖然大家很欣喜地在歡迎晚會上共聚一堂  
但我們內心都非常沉痛  
一想到別離後  
對至親所愛的思念  
和離別的痛苦實難以言□

不知要經過多少世紀之後  
我們才能達成任務  
歸來相見

天快亮了  
曙光照在身上就像覆蓋著一條寧靜安詳的毛毯  
放眼望向山頭

我很訝異地看到一片亮光在黑暗中  
向我的住所移動

原來是我那親愛的十四萬四千個孩子  
欣喜地朝我走來  
他們喜悅嘹亮的歌聲充滿了山谷  
他們來到我的陽台下  
我看到他們的領隊是我摯愛的兒子  
他所顯現出的忠心和堅韌的毅力  
無人能比

“我們父親”，他說  
“我們聽到了你堂議會的請求  
我們願意跟你去地球  
我們絕對不會讓你失望  
我們要去幫你打贏這一仗

我們會先去幫你鋪路  
我們會幫助人類找到自我  
我們會教他們如何去愛人  
我們會以你的名義傳福音

當你來到地球時  
我們會在你的左右擁護你  
我們會先去地球去戰勝那些惡魔”

他們的愛是如此感人  
他們的心胸是如此慈悲  
對他們成摯的奉獻  
我們感動地無話可說  
我親愛的孩子們

這是多大的犧牲啊  
我夫人和我流下了欣慰的眼淚  
於是在其中挑選了144個做先鋒  
去完成這前所未有的任務

頃刻間  
天上和人間分界了  
他們被賦予了肉身  
並投胎到人間

在地球上  
他們既無城堡也無華麗的宮殿  
只有簡陋的住處和基本的生活用具  
雖然他們和家人的關係不斷地成長及親密  
但他們的內心卻不斷地掙扎著  
要找尋他們來地球的目的  
因為在他們的記憶深處裡  
有一個永遠揮不掉的影像  
一座極為華麗美好的城市

有一天他們終於離開了家人和朋友  
開始去找尋這塊聖地  
雖然只靠著直覺引導  
但是他們心中充滿信心  
意志堅決地日夜尋找  
從地球的四面八方  
他們穿過高山，越過海洋  
終於來到了這選定的聖地—戈壁海  
就是在這裡  
他們要完成他們的任務

這些人終於到達了他們的目的地  
其中一人說出他們將完成的任務  
“建造出一座華麗燦爛的白色城市  
就像他們在金星上的一樣

在土地茂盛的島上建造出七個  
純白閃亮的聖殿  
神聖的火焰將永恆而長久燃在這裡

我們還要在這碧藍的海洋中  
建立一座美麗的橋梁供人跨越  
這橋是要用白色的大理石及最好的金子雕刻而成  
橋的兩側座落著許多小天使  
就像在金星上的建築物一樣”

工程開始了  
大家出力搬石頭打金屬  
九百年就這樣過去了

不幸臨界的野蠻人常來侵擾  
將建好的城市摧殘破壞  
但是這些人意志堅決  
不斷地在廢墟裡繼續建造

終於在島上頂端主要的聖殿蓋好了  
這是為了迎接聖納車瑪立的來臨而準備的

12 級大理石階梯通到半圓形覆蓋的寶座  
一扇純金的大門在陽光下閃閃發光  
好像一片大鏡子在歡迎每一個人

高聳的大樹在道路兩旁直通大門

門邊的也輝映照出燦爛美麗的花園及噴水池

一個聖地終於建成了  
在這裡人們彼此相親相愛  
建城者稱此地為香芭拉  
來紀念他們的家□

他們的任務達成了  
在祭壇上供奉著最精緻芬芳的花朵  
聖納庫瑪拉即將帶著他的跟隨者移到來

聖納庫拉瑪和他的夫人沉重的告別後  
即升於金星的上空  
聚集一起的道別者齊唱著聖歌為他祝福  
他也以熱誠的眼神回報於他們  
然後在大家的驚訝中  
在一束燦爛的光亮中  
聖納庫瑪拉就像彗星一樣的消失於天空

在香芭拉，築城者正焦慮不安的等著他的到來  
來拯救地球

鳥兒停止歌唱  
海浪也停止澎湃  
自然界的一切都安靜下來  
等著這一刻的到來

慢慢的他的腳踏入了聖殿  
雖然在一片寂靜中  
天地萬物都感受到他的降臨

他的慈光掃遍山林海洋

一切生命都得以重生  
憂愁的心充滿了希望  
凋謝的花朵重新開放  
兒童的歡笑聲也再次可聞

建殿者非常高興，他們不再擔憂  
跪在殿前感謝榮耀他們的主人

在祭壇之前  
聖納庫瑪拉一聲令下  
壇上的聖火就被點燃了  
同時也點燃了每個人心中的聖火  
所有的人類都得以重生  
這個三色火燄-粉紅，黃色及藍色  
象徵著愛，智慧和權力  
從閃爍的火苗散發出像金絲綉般的網  
將每一個人聯絡起來

地球的危機過去了  
它不但得以重生  
並能進入一個新的黃金時代

這個故事的結局就靠你自己去創造  
仔細搜尋你的心靈深處  
不難找到答案  
閉上眼睛試著去看你心中的三色火燄  
這就是你真正的來源  
希望這不斷旋轉跳動及成長的三色火焰  
能幫助你找到你來世的目的  
所以你能□ **早日回家**



I kept looking, and that horn was waging war with the saints and prevailing against them, until the Ancient of Days came and judgment was passed in favor of the saints of the Highest One, and the time arrived when the saints took possession of the kingdom. Daniel 7:21-22



## About the Author



Thérèse Rose Emmanuel is an inspirational author, teacher, speaker, songwriter, singer, poet, artist and web designer.

Her work draws people into communion with their own divine presence and helps them to develop a personal, one-on-one relationship with the ascended masters and the angels of the heaven world. Thérèse shares the teachings of the ascended masters, the inner family archetypes

and the golden age psychology, and her personal walk with God.

Thérèse founded Lightbearers Worldwide, an ecumenical online community that honors the divine flame in each heart, She has studied the Teachings of the Ascended Masters brought forth through the Summit Lighthouse, for most of her adult life. She has traveled to many countries and speaks several languages.

Thérèse also writes divine poetry, songs of divine love and websites for spiritual seekers. Her other books include *The Miracle Violet Flame*; *Miracles, Masters and Mirth*; *Songs of Divine Love*, *Journey to the Etheric Retreats of the Heaven World*, *The Legend of the Ancient of Days*, *New Beginnings: A Collection of Poems*, *Buddha's Hand* and more.

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