

Selected Article From The

## ZENITH NEWS NOTES

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The very foundation upon which the teachings of Builders of the Adytum rests is the acceptance of the unity of all life. Nature follows truly the laws governing her ever-changing role, however slowly it may appear in the richness of her robes and the fundamental unity within her manifestation is more easily seen.

In 1857, Longfellow wrote:  
And Nature, the old nurse, took  
The Child upon her knee,  
saying: "Here is a story book  
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,  
"Into regions yet untrod;  
And read what is still unread  
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away  
With Nature, the dear old nurse,  
Who sang to him night and day  
The rhymes of the Universe.

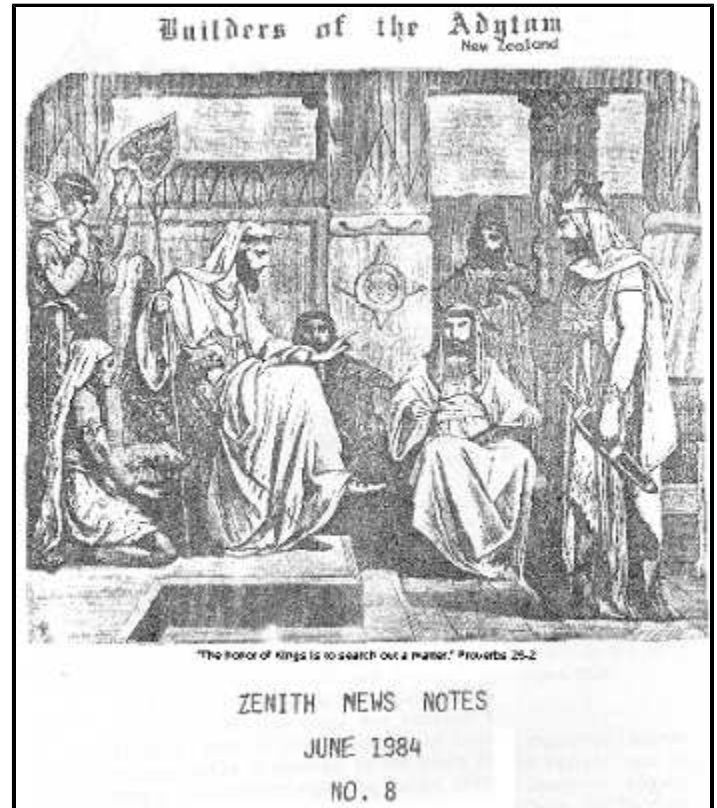
And wherever the way seemed long,  
Or his heart began to fail,  
She would sing a more wonderful song  
Or tell a more marvelous tale.

Whether known or not, all mankind is nurtured within nature, including his own, but because the human race is deeply involved in the evolution of consciousness ranging from the rather unevolved to the more evolved, its field of attention is confined more to human discordancy.

The *Vedanta* teachings of the East are identical to the Western Mysteries except, perhaps, in the means of approach by the respective disciplines. The word *Vedanta* means "the end of Vedas" or "sacred teachings" and that end has to do with the essential unity of all life as it flows from the Absolute.

The *Vedanta* says that the Absolute is uncaused and therefore is not subject to being acted upon by anything else not even time and space. We, in our meditative efforts to identify with the source of all life, can experience a sense of unity, soon to be dispelled by contact with someone against whom we will feel reaction or even repulsion which promptly re-establishes the pain of separation and accusation which always accompanies what our Eastern friends call *Maya* or illusion.

In the *Book of Tokens* is the declaration:



Apart from me  
There is neither wisdom  
Nor knowledge, nor understanding.  
Into every state of knowledge do I enter,  
Into false knowledge as well as into true,  
So that I am not less the ignorance of the deluded  
Than the wisdom of the sage.  
For what thou callest ignorance and folly  
Is my pure knowing,  
Imperfectly expressed  
Through an uncompleted image  
Of my divine perfection.  
Woe unto them  
Who condemn these my works unfinished!  
Behold, they who presume to judge  
Are themselves incomplete.  
Through many a fiery trial of sorrow  
Must they pass,  
Ere the clear beauty of my wisdom  
may shine from out their hearts  
Like unto a light  
Burning in a lamp of alabaster.

Whether in the East or West, the same situation applies, but the methods of developing perceptive consciousness differs. In the East it is possible to practice renunciation and non-attachment in a way which is not possible in the Western World. In the West, the racial experience is to overcome form, in other words, to re-mold and re-direct first the forces of nature and then the forces within the soul, but in all cases, as was often stated by Ann Davies, it is necessary to reach a point where we are able to intelligently cooperate with Deity, to bring about change. Nature resists change simply because after a great period of time a high degree of coordination has been reached in both physical and subtle levels which are unyielding

The poet Tagore lamented in prose:

"Obstinate are the trammels, but my heart aches when I try to break them. Freedom is all I want, but to hope for it, I feel ashamed. I am certain that priceless wealth is in thee, and that thou art my best friend, but I have not the heart to sweep away the tinsel that fills my room. The shroud that covers me is a shroud of dust and death; I hate it, yet hug it in love. My debts are large, my failures great, my shame is secret and heavy; yet when I come to ask for my good, I quake in fear lest my prayer be granted."

What then is the essence of the kind of cooperation which must be evidenced. When the soul has a capacity to truly search for hidden cause, rather than contribute to strife, it is noted on the inner planes and opportunities are soon presented. The body of knowledge contained in the Mystical Qabalah, the ancient and secret teaching of Israel together with the Sacred Tarot, the 13th Century symbolic presentation of that extraordinary knowledge of subjective consciousness always associated with the letters of the Magical Chaldean language and the paths of the Tree of Life and expounded in a no less ancient book, *The Book of Tokens*, together constitute both a knowledge and method of self-transmutation.

The cooperation which is so essential is to continue to work with the Keys - USE THEM - colour them, be familiar with the symbolism and their subtle meaning and to realize that the changes taking place in attitudes, quality of feeling and thinking and ability to relate to and function within life, are all taking on a vibrance and a beauty never previously thought possible. More still, is the gentle growth of true strength which is never

divorced from tenderness so that greatness of soul now starts to flow outward into all life where, indeed, it must if all life is inseparable and has no real existence in a purely individual isolation.

Thus, the very first stage of spiritual unfoldment lies with Key 15 - the ability to laugh, to sing, to see the illusion of separation with which we burden ourselves. But now, the tests - everything is tested as Diety has no way of knowing an issue except as it be tested. A test worth the name, of course, is hard to bear, especially according to Job. Little by little, we wrestle and learn of a deeper quality of that mirth, song and laughter.

Hear again of the exhaltations of Tagore, who as a saint did not refuse to live, but spoke of Life itself:

WhenThou commandest me to sing, it seems that my heart would break with pride; and I look to Thy face and tears come to my eyes.

All that is harsh and dissonant in my life melts into one sweet harmony - and my adoration spreads wings like a glad bird on its flight across the sea.

I know Thou takest pleasure in my singing I know that only as a singer I come before Thy presence. I touch by the edge of the far spreading wing of my song Thy feet which I could never aspire to reach. Drunk with the joy of singing, I forget myself and call Thee friend who art my Lord.

"I know not how Thou singest, my Master! I ever listen in silent amazement. The light of Thy music illumines the world. The life breath of Thy music runs from sky to sky. The holy stream of Thy music breaks through all stony obstacles and rushes on.

My heart longs to join in Thy song, but vainly struggles for a voice. I would speak, but speech breaks not into song, and I cry out baffled. Ah, Thou hast made my heart captive in the meshes of Thy music, my Master!

And of Longfellow:

## THE SINGERS

God sent his singers upon earth  
With songs of sadness and of mirth  
That they might touch the hearts of men,  
And bring them back to heaven again.

The first a youth, with soul of fire,  
Held in his hand the golden lyre;  
Through groves he wandered, and by streams  
Playing the music of our dreams.

The Second, with a bearded face,  
Stood singing in the market place,  
And stirred with accents deep and loud  
The hearts of all the listening crowd.

A grey, old man, the third and last,  
Sang in cathedrals dim and vast,  
While the majestic organ rolled  
Contribution from its mouths of gold.

And those who heard the Singers three

Disputed which the best might be;  
For still their music seemed to start  
Discordant echoes in each heart,

But the great Master said, "I see  
No best in kind but in degree;  
I gave a various gift to each,  
To charm, to strengthen, and to teach.  
"These are the three great chords of might  
And he whose ear is tuned aright  
Will hear no discord in the three,  
But the most perfect harmony."

Unhappiness, sorrow and silence of song would enslave any soul but being enslaved, how can escape be contrived? How can a slave find means of escape when forces beyond himself have assured his captivity? Surely, such a soul must look without and this touches upon an axiom - no one can grow except by stimulus from something outside himself. In the Sacred Teachings, the Keys are that something outside oneself and work with these universal principles assures the inner growth which will restore a Samson's strength which was lost with his locks.

There is a significant difference in the way the Inner School constituted the work of Builders of the Adytum as compared with earlier pioneering work. By pioneering is meant the emergence into open declaration of the Mysteries in the late 1800's after 1600 years of concealment necessitated by persecution. The difference lies in the greater value placed on learning how to relate to others (all others) rather than acquire knowledge in preference. This is why so much work is first applied to the work of self transmutation to which end the greatest unveiling ever of the Tarot has been made. Knowledge, when added to such a foundation, expresses itself more truly.

Those who were privileged to hear the late Ann Davies, as in fact many continue to do through the technological miracle of being able to reproduce many of her talks in class work in New Zealand, were always deeply affected by the profound depth of her spiritual insight, her humour and her infectious laughter. One day, we may be able to tell you in some detail that even from early childhood there was scarcely a grief or sorrow which she did not experience and by ordinary expectation she would have been a totally crushed soul. Great was her bewilderment as she sought to reconcile a world of sorrow with what she from earliest childhood experienced as endless bliss in the state of *samadhi* each night, the consciousness of the true central source of all life without any separation. Her life unfolded in preparation for her real work and for more than 30 years, her contribution in the many levels of the work was simply prodigious and always with sparkling laughter and good humour. What she had to bear was carefully hidden from those who came to expect her smiling figure to appear on the podium because, as was explained in the first of these *Zenith News Notes*, the passion of her soul was to ease the sorrows of this world and to make the pathway lighter by fun, laughter and beauty.

When her call came, although so frail in body, her face for some days was of a rose coloured hue as her consciousness was again enveloped in *samadhi* in which she went forth.